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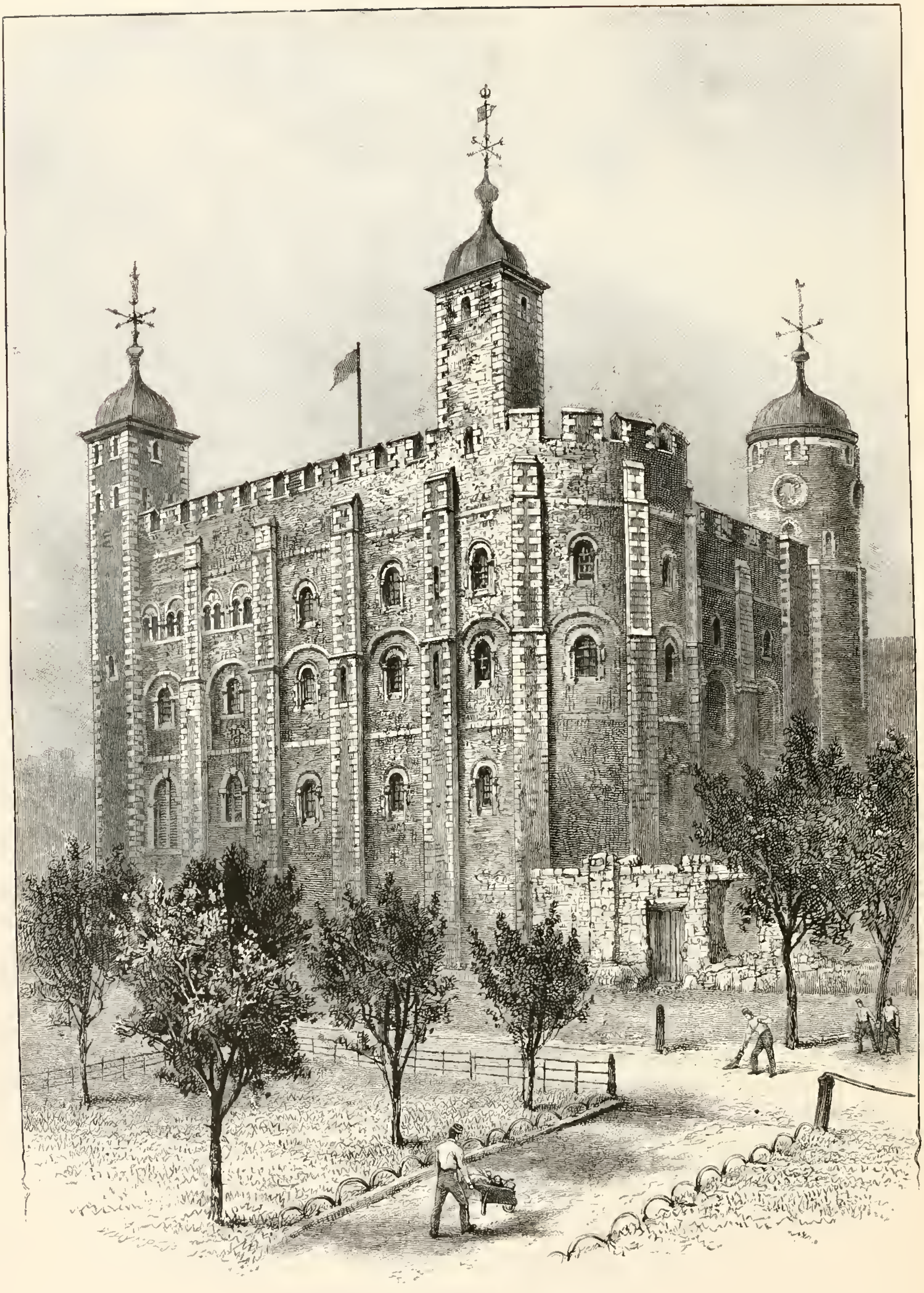

The White Tower from the South-East.

LONDON PICTURES

Drawn with Pen and Pencil

BY

THE REV. RICHARD LOVETT M.A.

AUTHOR OF 'NORWEGIAN PICTURES' 'IRISH PICTURES' ETC.

WITH ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY ILLUSTRATIONS

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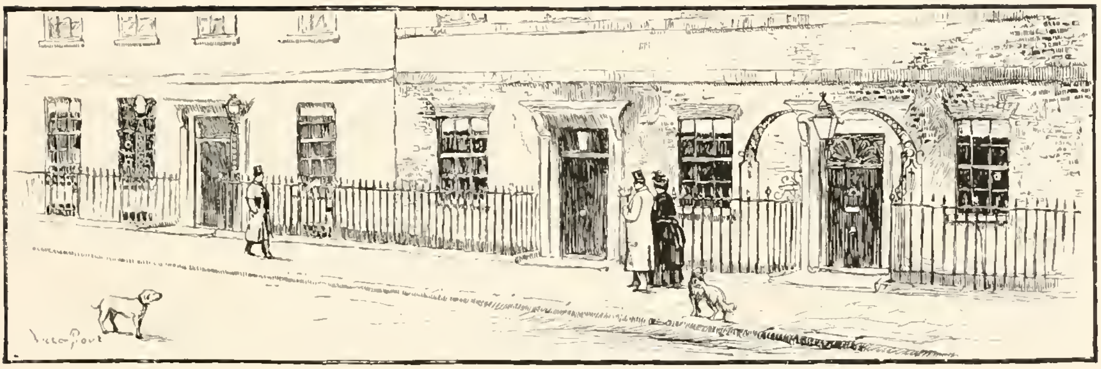


No. 10 Downing Street.

PREFACE.

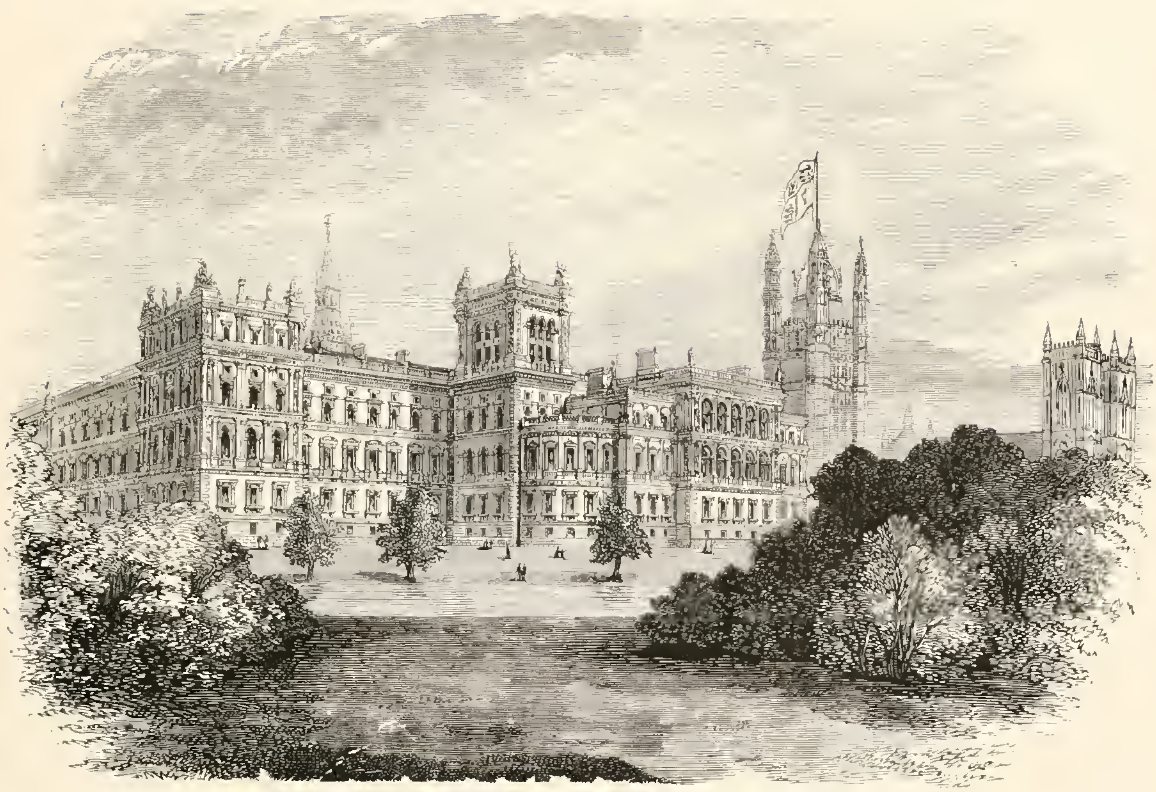
The 'Pen and Pencil Series' has hitherto included, with the exception of *Sea Pictures*, only volumes devoted to the description of a country. But many representations have been made to the publishers of the desirability of devoting a volume to London. The present book is an attempt to meet adequately that desire. The number of books dealing with the multifarious life and the antiquarian wealth of London is enormous, and the reader may at first be inclined to ask, 'Why add another to the long list?' And the reply must be to the effect that no work exactly suited to the place which this is intended to fill is in existence.

The author wishes here to acknowledge his indebtedness to many of the writers who have preceded him in this field. No attempt whatever at original research has been made, but the author has himself carefully inspected almost every place referred to in the volume; and he has consulted, so far as possible, all the easily accessible books on those portions of London with which he deals. He has also laid under contribution a great many books not easily accessible. It is hopeless to expect that amid such a multitude of detail all inaccuracy has been avoided, but his constant aim has been to make no statement of fact or history for which good authority is not forthcoming.

A superficial glance will show that many things the reader might naturally expect to find in the volume are omitted. This is due first to limitations of space, and secondly, to the author's conviction that it was better to try and treat a few well-defined chapters adequately rather than hastily to glance at a larger number. Hence the reader will find that whole subjects, like the city companies, the great museums, the art life of London, and many others, are entirely omitted. Perhaps, if this volume proves to meet a literary need, these may be included in some future work. The author's aim in this has been to try and give the reader a satisfactory and an accurate sketch of the present condition and the past history of the great City in relation to such subjects as the civic and commercial life, the Tower, the great ecclesiastical and governmental buildings, the legal and literary life. Each separate item in this list already possesses a library upon its special features, and hence the difficulty of trying to compress them all into a volume of 224 pages.

Special acknowledgments must be given to the Library Committee of the City of London for permission to copy some engravings from their *Descriptive Account of the Guildhall,* to Messrs. Longman & Co., for the use of the woodcuts on pages 118, 120, 121, and 127, to Mr. John Murray for the woodcuts on pages 93, 96, 100, and 101, to the London Stereoscopic Company for the photographs from which the engravings on pages 129, 180, and 202 were reproduced, and to the proprietors of the *Graphic* for permission to copy the admirable pictures of London scenes by Mr. Logsdail given on pages 12, 34, and 48.

The book goes forth with the author's earnest desire that it may recall many well-known haunts and pleasant experiences to those who already know and love London well, and that it may perhaps stimulate many who live within reach of her nearly inexhaustible stores of interest and information to avail themselves more freely of these treasures.



The Foreign Office from St. James's Park.

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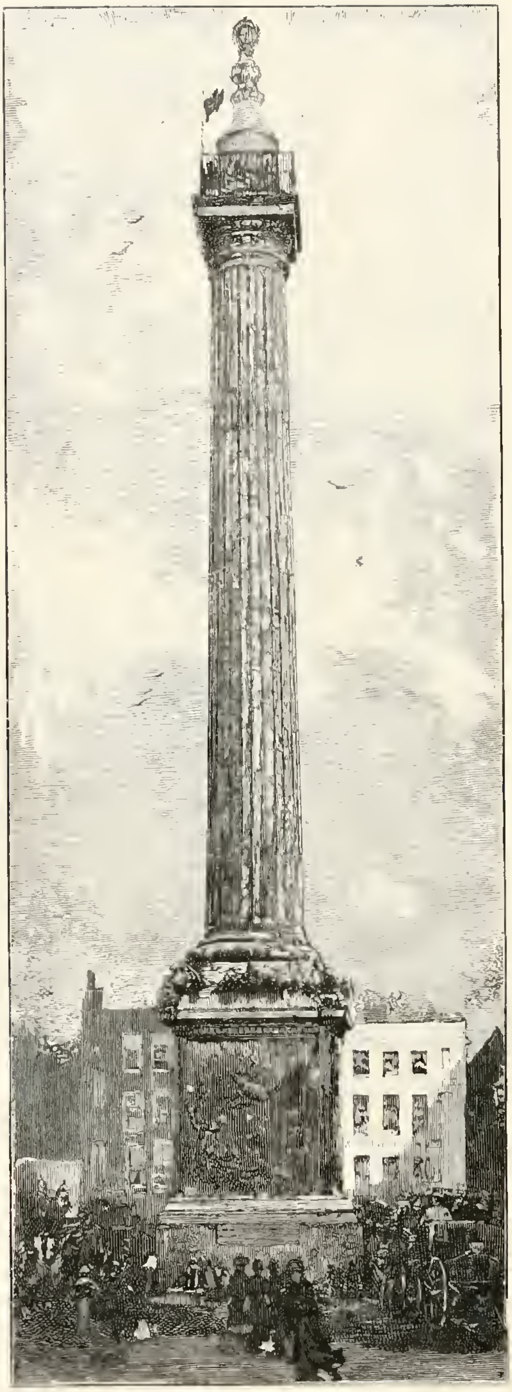
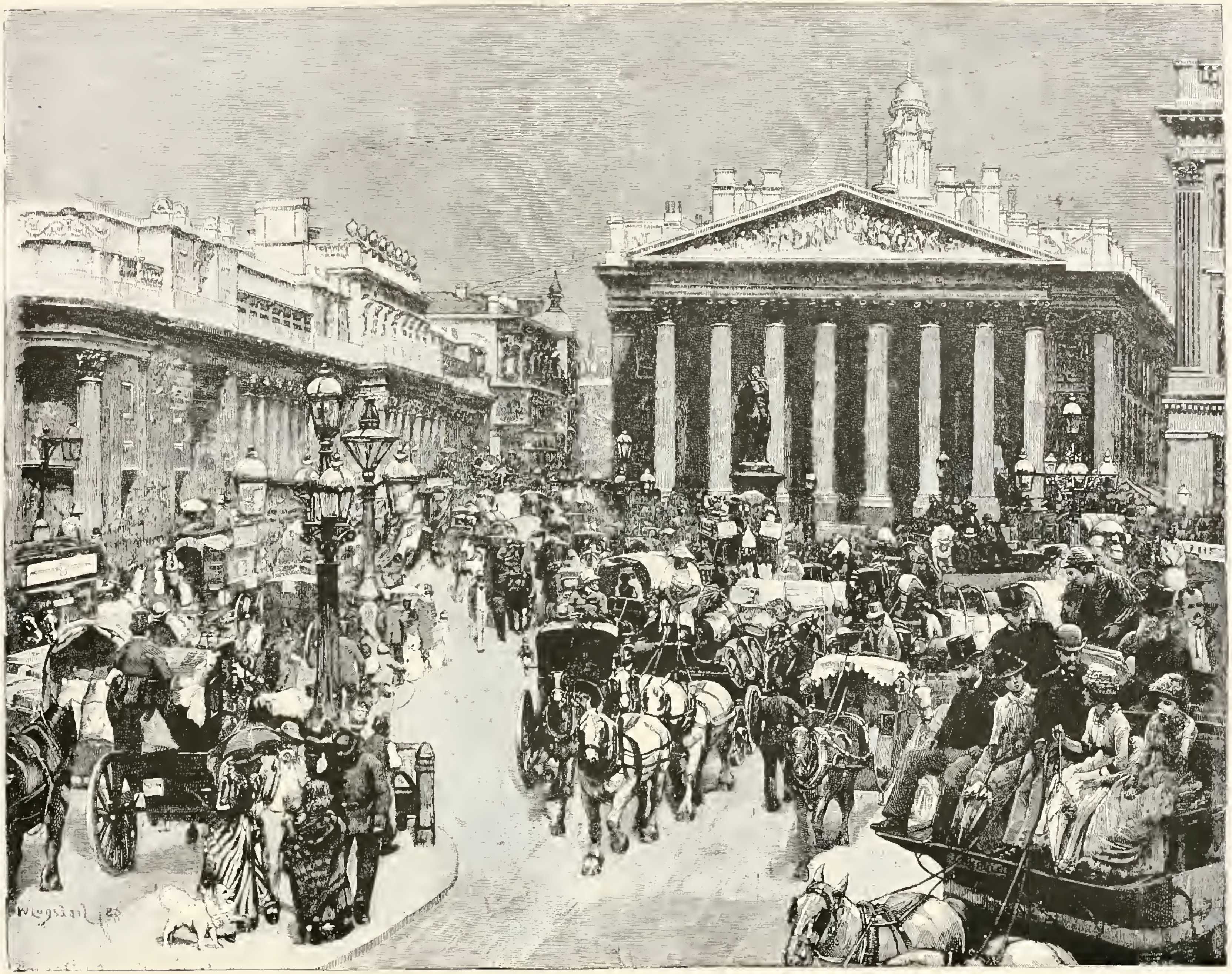


The Monument.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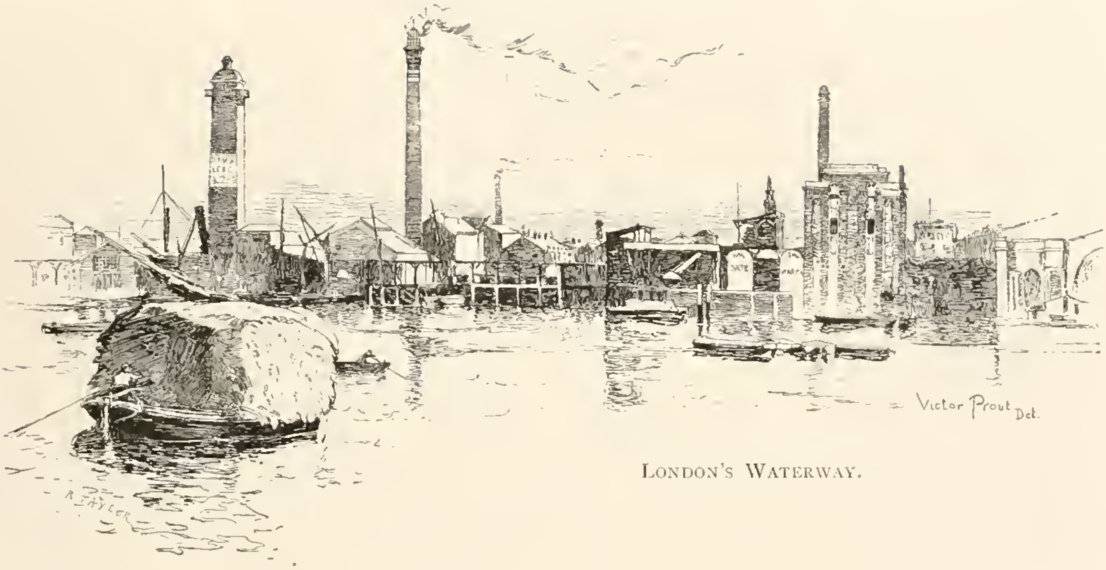
The Bank and Royal Exchange.



LONDON'S WATERWAY.

CHAPTER I.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

THE great orator, Mr. John Bright, once said, in the writer's hearing, in the course of a famous speech: 'A great many of you have been to London, but you know nothing about it. I have spent six months there every year for nearly forty years, and I know nothing about it. It is so large that nobody knows much about it. I don't believe there is a man in it who is fairly acquainted with all the parts and districts of that vast city. You have over four millions of people there.'

In these words the speaker touches upon those phenomena connected with London which are the first to strike the most superficial observer, and which also appear even more impressive and more marvellous to the observer who has spent many years in their close contemplation and study. We may study the enormous figures that represent the population of London; we may know in square miles the area occupied by its palaces and mansions and hovels; we may cull whole galleries of pictures, either from the endless panorama of human life, with all its strange vicissitudes and contrasts, or from the succession of famous buildings extending from the Tower of William the Norman, down to the great buildings of the Victorian era; we may scan the history of social development as expressed in Act after Act of Parliament passed with this object in view; and yet with those who think they know it best, and who have passed long years of their life in the very centre of its ceaseless struggle and turmoil, we shall have at last to admit, like John Bright, that in the sense of full and adequate knowledge we know nothing about it.

In 1881, when the last official census was taken, the population amounted to 4,766,661. The normal annual increase can hardly have been less than 100,000 per year; hence in 1890, Larger London almost certainly includes within her borders *over* 5,600,000 human beings. These figures form a hieroglyph of which we are apt to think we know the meaning, but which can never be grasped in any complete sense by the mind. And hence to make it easier the census students break it up into some of its many component parts. They tell us, for example, that Kensington alone—a mere drop in the ocean of London life—contains more people than Bradford, York, and Scarborough combined; that the total inhabitants of Newcastle might be dropped down in St. George's, Hanover Square, and yet fall some thousands short of the present population; that the Tower Hamlets with its 500,000 inhabitants could fill to overflowing ten such towns as Reading, and that you could fill four or five New Yorks with London's millions.

Never before in the life of the globe have so many human beings been compressed into so small a space. Larger London—that is, speaking roughly, a circle having Charing Cross for the centre, and a circumference running through the counties of Middlesex, Hertford, Essex, Kent and Surrey, at a distance of fifteen miles from Trafalgar Square—includes six hundred and ninety square miles. This area, as mapped, really forms a square of over twenty-six miles each way. In walking or driving these twenty-six miles, whether from east to west, or from north to south, for much the larger half of the distance the appearances presented are those of a crowded city. The wayfarer who starts from Stratford, in the east, may walk—with hardly a break in the streets of houses, through Whitechapel, the City, the West End, Kensington and Hammersmith—through twelve or fourteen miles of houses.

Then again, London is not one, but many towns. Hounslow is for all practical purposes of life, as far away from, and as little known to the dwellers in, say, Blackheath or Aldgate, as Rome or New York. Except for an occasional trip to satisfy a passing curiosity, the ordinary inhabitant of Belgravia knows no more of Deptford or Wapping than he does of Fiji or New Guinea. Myriads of people, even with the enormously increased means of locomotion, but rarely or never leave those districts of London in which their work is situated and in which they reside. And here we touch another peculiarity of this great London Certainly half a million people—according to some estimates 800,000—daily leave their homes in various parts of the suburbs, and ply their avocations within Lesser London, and for the most part within what is known as the City.

The way in which London has become a kind of maelström, drawing into its vortex the young and vigorous, the broken-down and criminal, the professional and scientific and literary classes, no less than the cultured and wealthy 'retired' classes, is shown by the fact that only 2,401,955 persons out of the 3,816,483 residing in Inner London in 1881 were born there. That is, no less than 1,414,528 were *not* born in London. Out of these—we give only round numbers—Ireland sent 80,000, Scotland 49,000, the county of Norfolk 49,000, Somerset 43,000, and the foreigners reach the large total of 60,000. In the last number are included no less than 21,000 Germans and 8,000 French.

But with facts and statistics of one kind or another, not only this book but a dozen more like it could easily be filled. And our object is not to collect these, but to present the reader with some pen and pencil pictures of London life, London buildings, and London history. Undoubtedly the best way to see London is to walk about it, just as the worst way to accomplish this object is to employ the railways, most of which go either underground, where nothing can be seen, or overground, whence only acres of roofs with smoking chimney-tops, and the most prominent towers and steeples can be observed. The hansom cab is a speedy and comfortable vehicle, and its popularity is shown by the fact that London possesses nearly 7,000 of them, as against 4,000 of its slower brother, the 'four-wheeler.' But in fine weather not only the cheapest but the best vehicle for London sight-seeing is the omnibus, and the best point of vantage thereon is the top. The old-fashioned style, which admitted of two passengers sitting on each side of the driver, and the roof of which could only be reached by a series of gymnastic exercises upon a perpendicular set of narrow steps, is being fast superseded by those which have cross-seats outside, all facing the driver, on the top, and which are reached by an easy staircase. For this reason it has come to pass that whereas a few years since it was comparatively rare to see a lady outside an omnibus, now the fair sex so frequent that part, that *Punch's* joke is hardly far-fetched when it represents the conductor asking the ladies above him whether one of them will consent to ride inside 'to oblige a gentleman.'

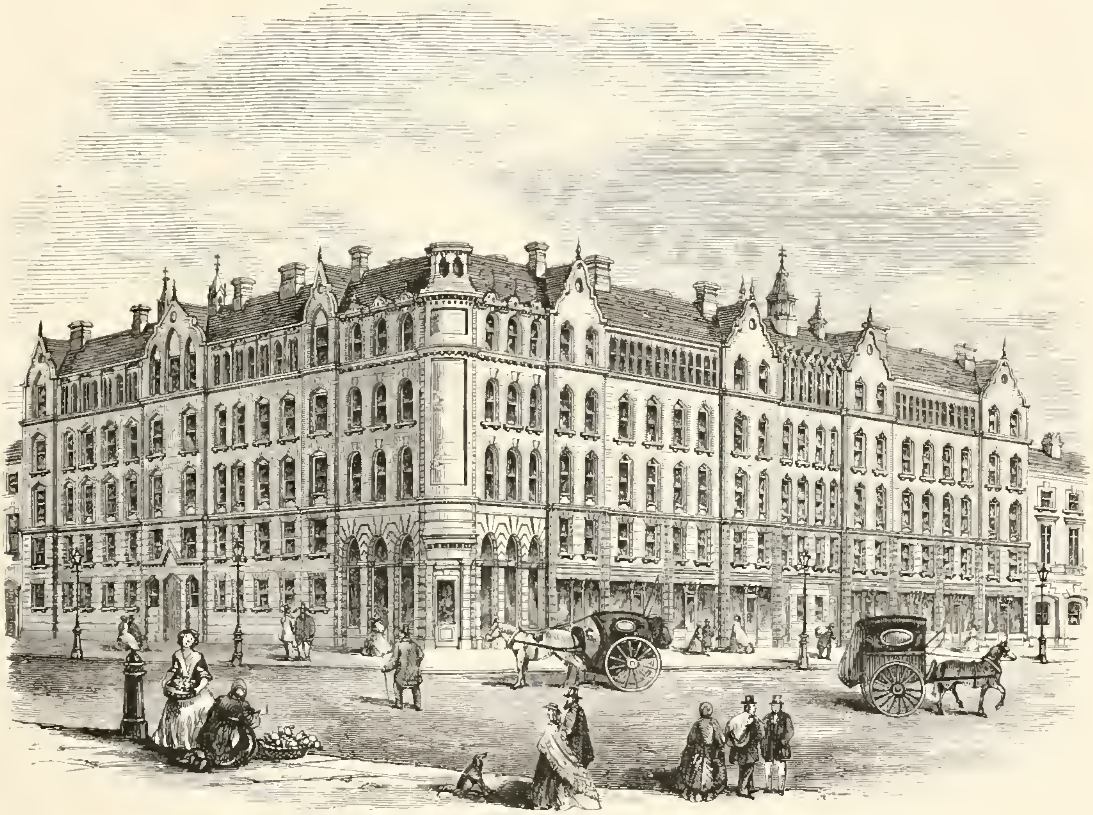
Between 2,000 and 3,000 omnibuses ply along the main thoroughfares. Competition has greatly lowered the fares, and also improved the accommodation. This multitude of omnibuses not only renders it possible to ride through most of the leading streets, at the same time doing much to congest the traffic, but it also gives the traveller a ready and pleasant way of visiting not only the nearer suburbs, such as Highgate, Hampstead, Clapham and Hammersmith, but also more distant favourite places of resort, like Richmond and Hampton Court. The stranger who gazes for the first time upon the hurrying crowds of Cheapside, Oxford Street, Whitechapel Road or the Borough, and the old resident who for the thousandth time studies the ever-varying, ever-fascinating panorama of London street life, cannot find and cannot reasonably desire a better point of view than that afforded by the top of a London omnibus.

It is in this way that we propose to get our first impressions of the great City. In the succeeding chapters no less than in this we shall limit our observations for the most part to the area lying between Westminster and the Tower in one direction, and the Angel, Islington, and the Elephant and Castle in the other. This area embraces what may be considered as London's heart. Within it lies the tiny area of Roman London, the larger Saxon, and the still larger Tudor capital. Here are to be found the centres and springs of not only London but Imperial Government, the home of all civic authority and rule, the source and fountain-head of most of the businesses of the richest city in the world. Here are to be seen the palaces of England's monarchs, the stately house of her Parliament, the mighty Cathedral of her patron saint, and the ancient Abbey wherein are interred so many of her illustrious dead. Within these somewhat narrow limits are to be seen the greatest extremes and contrasts that life can afford. Hard by mansions in which every luxury is enjoyed and upon the furnishing of which a fortune has been expended, are to be found rooms and tenements in which human beings live a life utterly unfavourable to moral and spiritual welfare. And go where you will in this area for a large part of the twenty-four hours in the day, you will find abundant evidence of active life, hard work, luxurious idleness, outward splendour, mingled with, alas! far too many traces of suffering, poverty, vicious indulgence and rampant vice. Heinrich Heine's well-known words still remain in many respects as true as when he wrote them: 'I have seen the greatest wonder which the world can show to the astonished spirit. I have seen it, and am still astonished—for ever will there remain fixed indelibly on my memory the stone forests of houses, amid which flows the rushing stream of faces of living men with all their varied passions, and all their terrible impulses of love, of hunger, and of hatred.'

Perhaps the best starting-point for any journey of inspection within this central London is that shown in the engraving on page 12. It represents the open space in front of the Mansion House, a spot which during the hours of daylight is thronged with foot and carriage traffic. Upon it converge Cheapside, one of the most ancient thoroughfares in the capital; Queen Victoria Street, one of the newest and handsomest of recent streets; Princes Street and Threadneedle Street, names which at once bring up associations connected with the greatest financial transactions of the modern world; Cornhill, Lombard Street, King William Street, and Walbrook, names which enshrine chapters of the ancient and modern history of the capital. In the background of the engraving stands the Royal Exchange, the home and the outward symbol of London's commerce. It was founded in Elizabeth's reign by Sir Thomas Gresham, and opened by the Queen in 1571, and destroyed in the Great Fire. It was rebuilt by Wren, who—had only the perverse and short-sighted men of authority in his day allowed it—would have caused all the principal streets of London to branch out from it.

In 1838 fire once again ruined it, and the present structure was erected and opened in 1844. Opposite the Exchange stands the Bank of England, which will be referred to in some detail later on. The engraving on page 12 admirably represents the variety of traffic here to be seen.

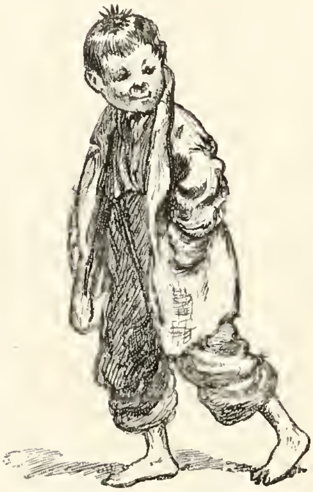
From this point omnibuses will convey the wayfarer to almost every part of London. Passing up Cornhill, a few minutes' ride will bring us to the congested districts of Whitechapel, Spitalfields, or Bethnal Green. Here are many of the saddest and some of the noblest features of the great City's life. While by no means confined to the East End, yet here are to be seen more of struggling life, of poverty, and of crime, than in other districts. Hundreds of thousands of human beings here spend their lives, dependent upon a weekly wage earned by the hardest toil, and which when it comes in regularly only just suffices to keep them out of the clutches of hunger. It is here that the sweater's victims toil, and here many of the labouring class, who leave the country in the hope of finding London an Eldorado, sink down into lives of hopeless drudgery. And yet in no part of London is Christian philanthropy more active, and nowhere else are the results more cheering. The great question of so housing these teeming



A Block of Peabody's Buildings, Spitalfields.

myriads that at any rate it shall be possible to observe the commonest decencies of life, is coming more and more to the front. Much has been done in the way of erecting artizan dwellings, but much yet remains to be done. The public conscience is, however, aroused, and men of all grades and of all shades of religious opinion are beginning to realise that in this sense they *are* their brother's keeper.

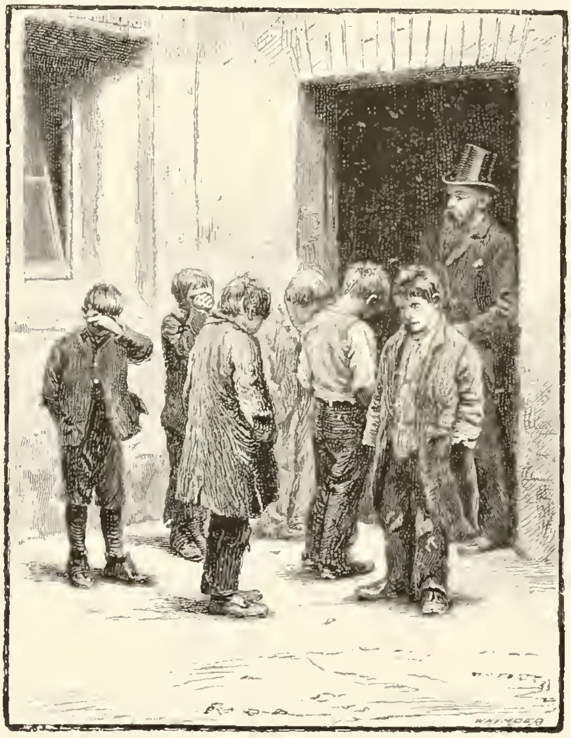
It perhaps cannot be denied that there has been too much indiscriminate charity, and that benevolent effort has not always followed the wisest advice ; but it is incontestable that never before in the world's history have so many devoted Christian men and women been working at the cost of self-sacrifice, money, and even health itself, for the bodily and spiritual welfare of their fellows as are to be found to-day in the east of London. Institutions like Mr. Charrington's Hall and the People's Palace have been founded. Churches and chapels and mission halls abound. Devoted clergymen, both of the Established and Nonconformist churches, city missionaries, nurses, and a multitude of voluntary workers of both sexes, are proving to-day that the New Testament is a living force. They live among these people, they give of their thought and sympathy and time and strength to the utmost of their power, from no desire, and from no possibility of reward here, but because a time will come, they believe, when the Saviour to whom they have consecrated their lives will say, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me.'



A LONDON STREET ARAB.

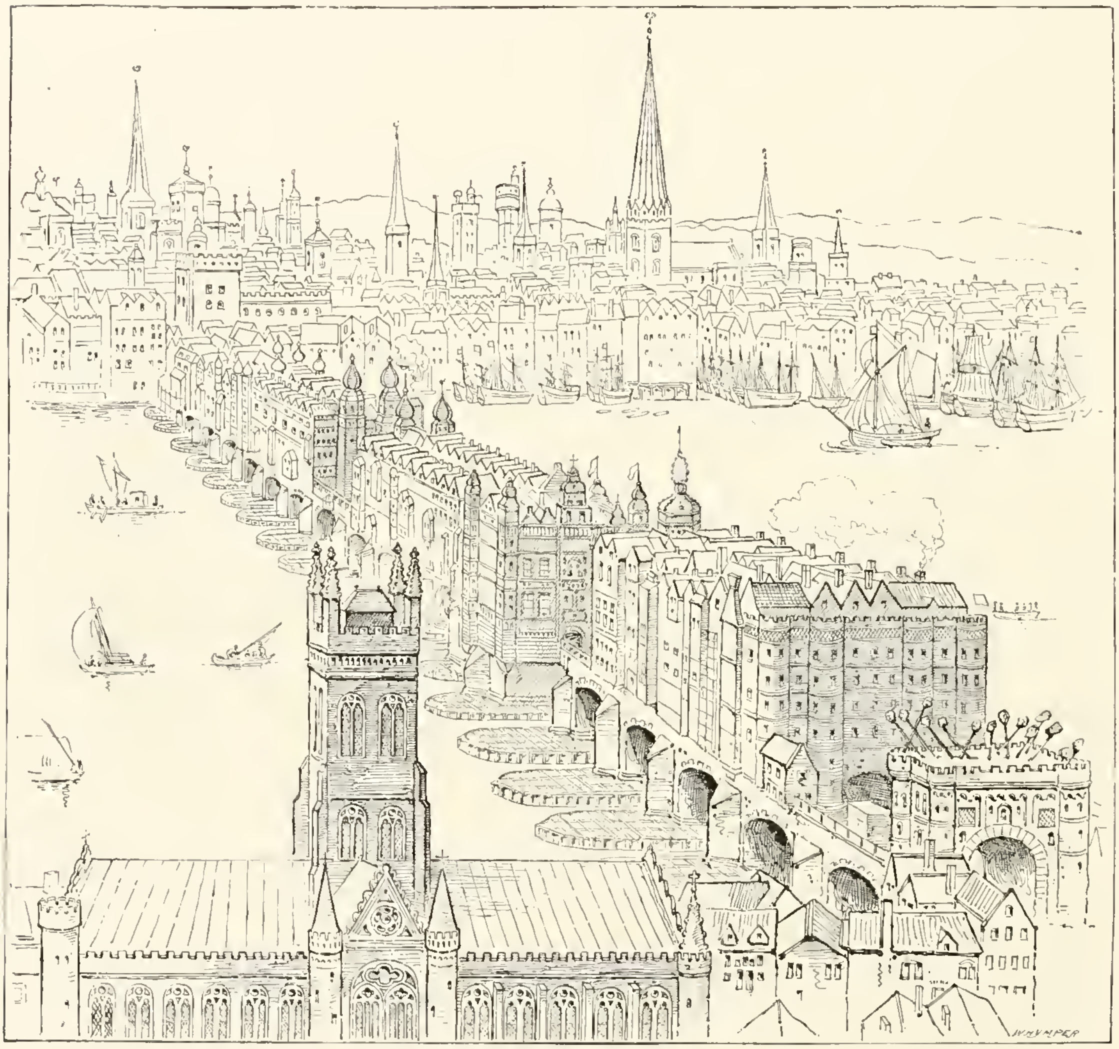
But to the average Londoner—that is, to the man who spends the working hours of the day in the bank, or counting-house, or warehouse, and then at night rushes off as fast as omnibus or train will carry him to the suburbs—the East End is as little known as Kamschatka. He never goes there. He knows that such a region exists, but his acquaintance with it is limited to what the newspaper reports about its dock strikes and labour troubles, about some crime more than usually atrocious, or about the efforts to help on its progress—efforts which not unfrequently he helps neither by his sympathy nor by his contributions. And yet no London scenes are more interesting or more full of matter for careful reflection than a walk by day through the London Docks, or a walk by night along Whitechapel Road or Ratcliff Highway. In the East End may be seen an abundant variety of the type of street Arab, and here also may be seen the result of the recent development in London of the education movement in the numerous board schools. Over the whole of Larger London there are to be seen these buildings, so full of hope and future promise to the State, and not unfrequently are to be witnessed scenes like that depicted in the engraving.

If we choose King William Street, and take one of the conveyances running southwards from the Bank, we soon reach the great waterway of London, the River Thames. It is here crossed by London Bridge, a name most famous in the City annals, the site of many an exciting and tragic event in London's history, and during twelve hours in the day probably the most crowded spot on earth. There is evidence for the belief that a bridge stood here in Roman times, and it is certain that our Saxon ancestors possessed one. The Sagas commemorate the great battle fought here in 1008, in which Olaf the Saint, King of Norway, and converter of that land to Christianity, took part. He has left traces of his influence not only in the fact that three City churches were dedicated to him, but also because the Tooley Street on the south bank of the Thames is really St. Olave's Street. The first stone bridge over the Thames was built in 1176 by a noted architect, Peter, the curate of St. Mary Colechurch in Cheap. And so well did he do his work that, with patchings and restorations and alterations, it actually stood until the nineteenth century. It took Peter thirty-three years to complete his work, and a very remarkable piece of building it was. There were no less than nineteen arches, the piers occupying at low water, it has been calculated, about 700 out of the 900 feet of waterway. Hence there was considerable obstruction to navigation, many an exciting adventure, and much loss of life and property. Royal personages and State prisoners on their way to or from the Tower by water, had to consult the tide before venturing to shoot the bridge. One reason for these numerous and substantial piers was that Peter built a little town as well as a bridge. Upon the central pier he placed a chapel dedicated to Thomas à Becket, 65 feet long, 20 wide, and 40 high. It could be entered from the bridge level, and also by steps from the river. In the crypt of this chapel he himself was buried in 1205. Upon the outer piers there stood for centuries houses of different kinds. A roadway



The School Board Inspector Abroad.

ran through the centre of the bridge, closed at either end by a massive gateway, and there were three 'vacancies' or gratings through which the boats passing up or down could be seen. Near the Southwark end was a drawbridge, and the gate at that end was known as the Traitors' Gate, from the fact that here the heads of many of those who had been executed for high treason were exposed. It was here that the head of Wallace, the Scotch hero, was exposed in 1305, and here, two centuries later, crowds came to gaze upon the disfigured features of Bishop Fisher and Sir Thomas More.



Old London Bridge.
(From a print by C. Vischer.)

Across the bridge in 1381 Wat Tyler and his undisciplined crowd of Kent and Surrey men streamed to the sack of the Tower; here, in 1390, Sir David Lindsay met and defeated, in deadly conflict, Lord Wells; over these old arches, in 1415, Henry V., then only twenty-seven years of age, amid the most extravagant civic rejoicings, passed in triumphant state, leading in his train the prisoners taken at the battle of Agincourt, little dreaming that, seven years later, his body would be borne along the same pathway, amid a nation's lamentations, to its final resting-place in Westminster Abbey. In the reign of Elizabeth, the bridge was restored, Nonsuch House, a four-story wooden edifice, was built just to the north of the drawbridge, and a new gate at the Southwark end was put up by the City. Fires in 1632 and 1666 destroyed many of the old houses, but they were not finally swept away until about 1760.

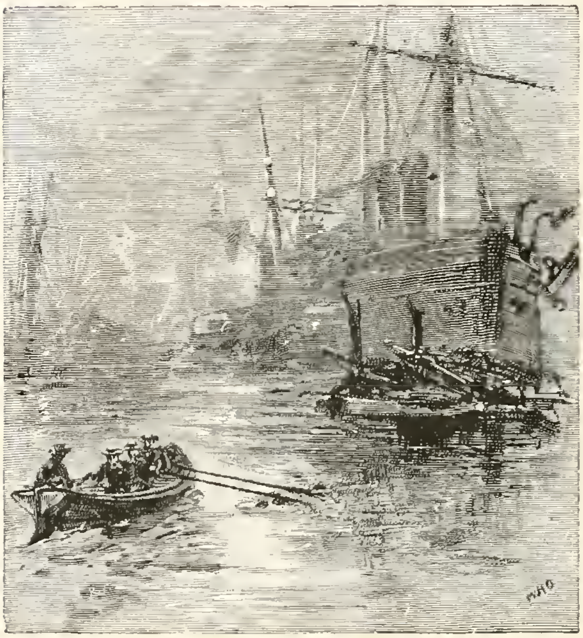
Pennant[1] thus describes the old bridge: 'This great work was founded on enormous piles, driven as closely as possible together; on their tops were laid long planks, ten inches thick, strongly bolted, and on them was placed the base of the pier, the lowermost stones of which were bedded in pitch, to prevent the water from damaging the work. Round all were the piles called the starlings, designed for the preservation of the foundation piles. These contracted the space between the piers so greatly as to occasion at the retreat of every tide a fall of five feet, or a number of temporary cataracts, which since the foundation of the bridge have occasioned the loss of many thousand lives. The water at spring-tide rises to about the height of eighteen feet. The length of this vast work is nine hundred and fifteen feet, the exact breadth of the river. The number of arches was nineteen, of unequal dimensions, and greatly deformed by the starlings and the houses on each side, which overhung and leaned in a most terrific manner. In most places they hid the arches, and nothing appeared but the rude piers. I well remember the street on London Bridge, narrow, darksome, and dangerous to passengers from the multitude of carriages; frequent arches of strong timber crossed the street, from the tops of the houses, to keep them together, and from falling into the river. Nothing but use could preserve the rest of the inmates, who soon grew deaf to the noise of the falling waters, the clamour of watermen, or the frequent shrieks of drowning wretches.'

Such being the character of the old bridge, it is no wonder that men used to say: 'If London Bridge had fewer eyes it would see better,' and 'London Bridge was made for wise men to go over, and fools to go under.' Even in Fuller's days he could write: 'The middle thereof is probably in none, the two ends in two counties, Middlesex and Surrey. Such who only see it beneath, where it is a bridge, cannot suspect it should be a street; and such who behold it above, where it is a street, cannot believe it is a bridge.'

It was not until 1823 that the Corporation decided to build a new bridge. But if tardy in taking the matter up, they did it thoroughly when it was once resolved upon. The work began in 1824, and the present structure was opened in 1831. It is a very fine piece of architecture and

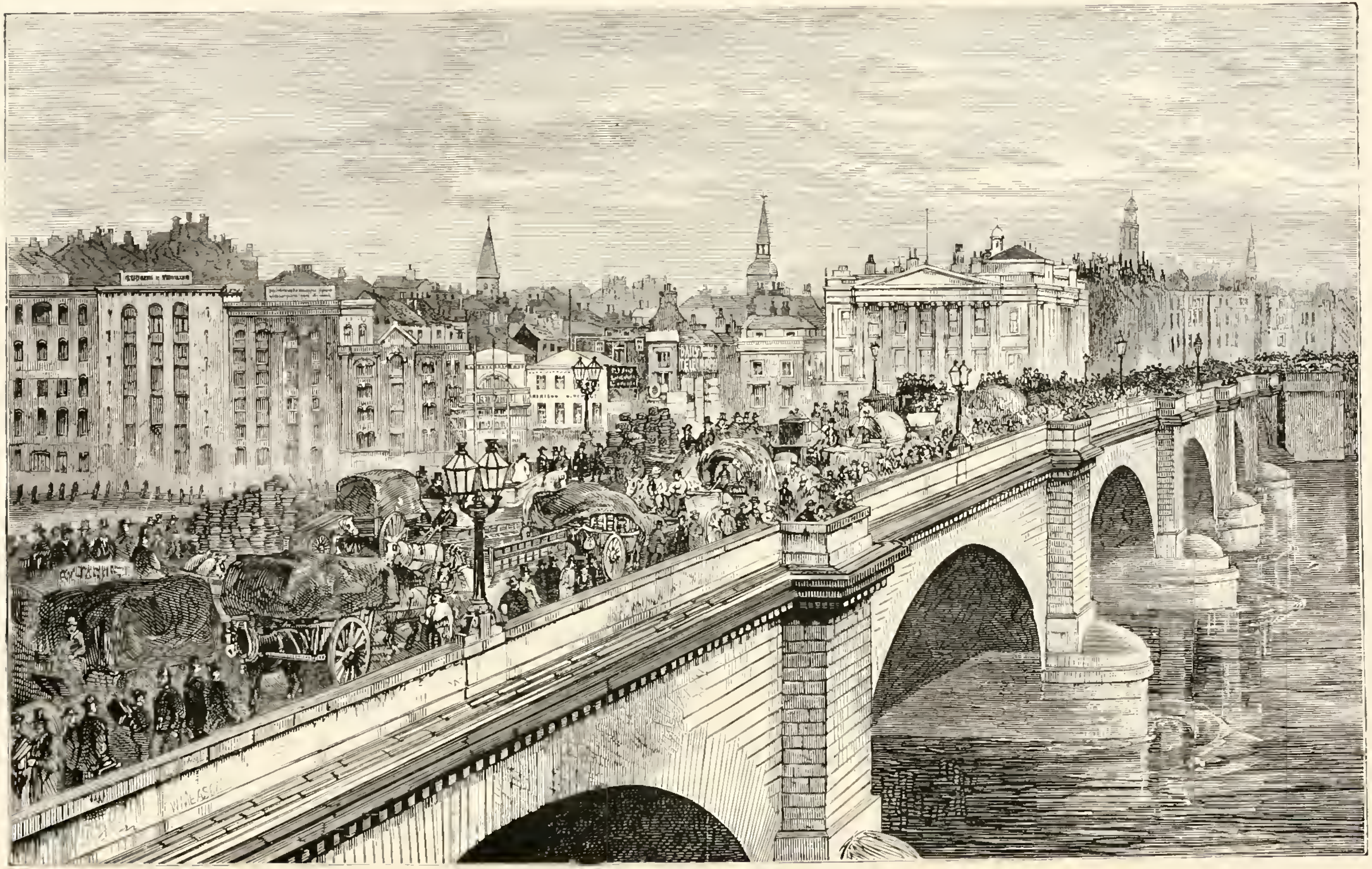
[1] *Some Account of London*, Fourth edition, 1805, p. 282.

cost, together with the approaches, £1,500,000. It spans the river in five fine arches, which offer little, if any, resistance to the tide or the stream. Notwithstanding the opening in recent years of others, such as Southwark, Blackfriars, and Waterloo, it is still the main crossing to the south bank of the Thames. The engraving gives a good impression of the normal condition of its traffic. From 20,000 to 25,000 vehicles cross it every day, the stream of foot-passengers, especially morning and evening, is crowded and almost continuous, swelled by the great railway terminus which adjoins the southern side. It has been estimated that over 150,000 human beings cross London Bridge every week-day.


The Pool by Night.

The region around the southern approach to London Bridge is full of interest to the lover of the past. Here stands the Church of St. Mary Overy, one of the finest in London; here formerly stood Winchester House, the ancient episcopal residence of the bishops of that see; hard by, along the river bank, stood the theatre in which both Shakespeare and Ben Jonson played their parts; within a five minutes' walk were situated the old Tabard Inn, to which Chaucer's pilgrims resorted—now, alas! a commonplace London gin-palace—and other famous hostelries, of which only the White Hart allows the visitor to see any traces of the ancient glory, the Marshalsea Prison, and Bermondsey Priory. Over the old bridge and along the Old Kent Road went for centuries the greater part of the traffic from London to Canterbury, Dover, and the Continent. Immediately below the bridge is the part of the Thames known as the Pool, and here the visitor interested in shipping may at almost any hour of the day or night obtain ample evidence of the importance and activity of London as a great shipping centre.

Returning to the Exchange, and turning our faces westwards, we have two routes before us, each abounding in associations of very great value, and illustrating the perennial interest of this great London. Choosing one of the newest streets, we cross at its very threshold a trace of the most ancient London. The street called Walbrook, running along the western side of the Mansion House, enshrines in its name quite a volume of ancient history

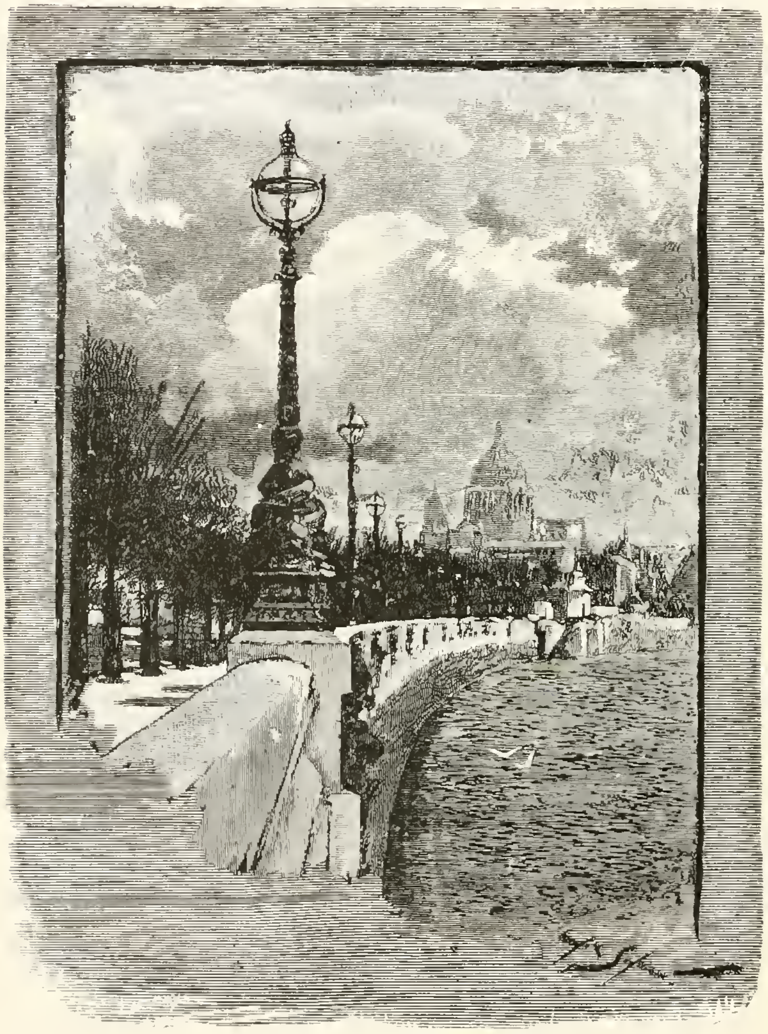


London Bridge.

and topography. For along its course, when Julius Cæsar invaded Britain, and for many centuries later, there ran a brook with precipitous banks. Upon the eastern bank stood the ancient wall, marking the western limit of Roman London, which found its eastern where the Tower now stands. It was not until centuries later that the wall extended to Ludgate Hill. How the surface has altered there and elsewhere in the City area during the last fifteen hundred years, may be seen in the Guildhall Museum. One of the treasures of that collection is a grand Roman mosaic found *in situ* in 1829, nineteen feet below the present level of the narrow street called Bucklersbury.

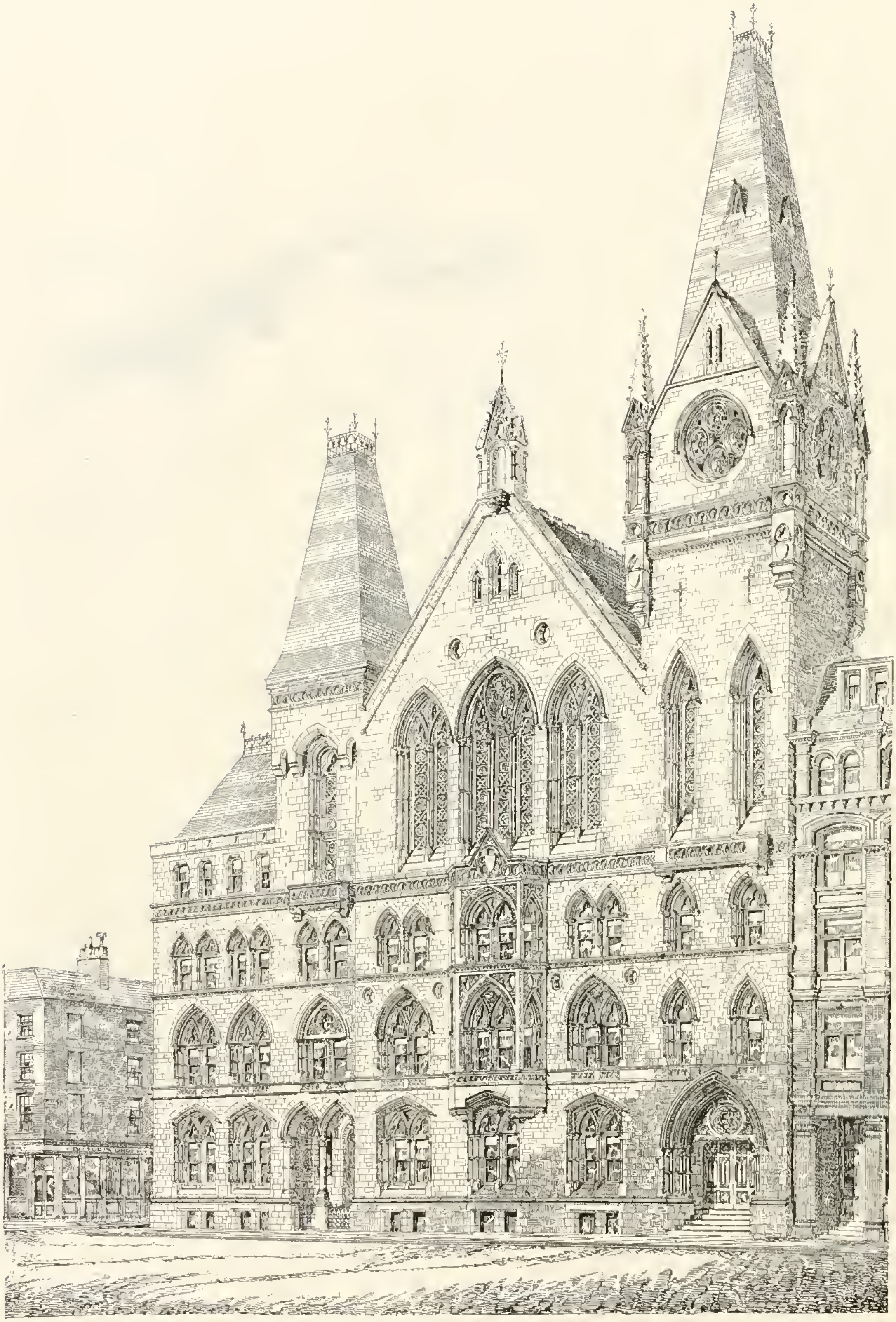
Crossing the north end of Walbrook there stretches before us Queen Victoria Street, a noble thoroughfare, typical at once of the increasing needs of London traffic, of the increasing wealth of the City, and of the New London which is so fast sweeping Old London out of existence. The *laudator temporis acti* may lament over the destruction of streets rich in London memories, but inconveniently narrow for the requirements of London business; the man who believes that the Tudor times were 'the good old days' of English life—if he can be found outside the pages of fiction—may regret the destruction of City churches, from which the congregation has long departed, and of old houses, picturesque indeed, and beloved of the artist, but not at all adapted to modern requirements. It is certain that London has been by no means careful enough of her ancient monuments. Far too many have been recklessly swept away, and there is ample need for an official whose business it shall be to see that all really valuable historic buildings and sites shall be carefully preserved. But no one who knew London fifty years ago, and who knows it to-day, will deny that such streets as Cannon Street and Queen Victoria Street, the Holborn Viaduct, and Shaftesbury Avenue, Northumberland Avenue and the Thames Embankment, are not only great architectural adornments to the capital, but were also absolutely necessary, if life in London was to be tolerable.

As we pass along Queen Victoria Street evidences of the commercial prosperity abound in the lofty and handsome buildings, and in the throngs of vehicles in the roadway and of foot-passengers upon the side walks. As the eye lights upon the handsome tower of St. Mary Aldermary, we see one of Wren's fine towers, and we recall the fact that not only is the building a good specimen of church architecture, but that also in the register of the church is preserved the signature of John Milton. The Mansion House Station, on the Underground Railway, reminds us that vast numbers of Londoners are daily carried about their avocations, not as in New York along a railway which disfigures great thoroughfares, but through the less, obtrusive if somewhat sulphurous tunnels that have cost such large sums to construct. We pass the Civil Service Co-operative Stores, one of the earliest of the great ready-money trading-houses which now abound in London. A short distance beyond stands a splendid building, the home and centre of one of the greatest religious movements of this century, the British and Foreign Bible Society. In these convenient premises the officers and committee carry on the great work, begun in 1804, of circulating the Word of God in nearly 300 of the languages spoken by men.



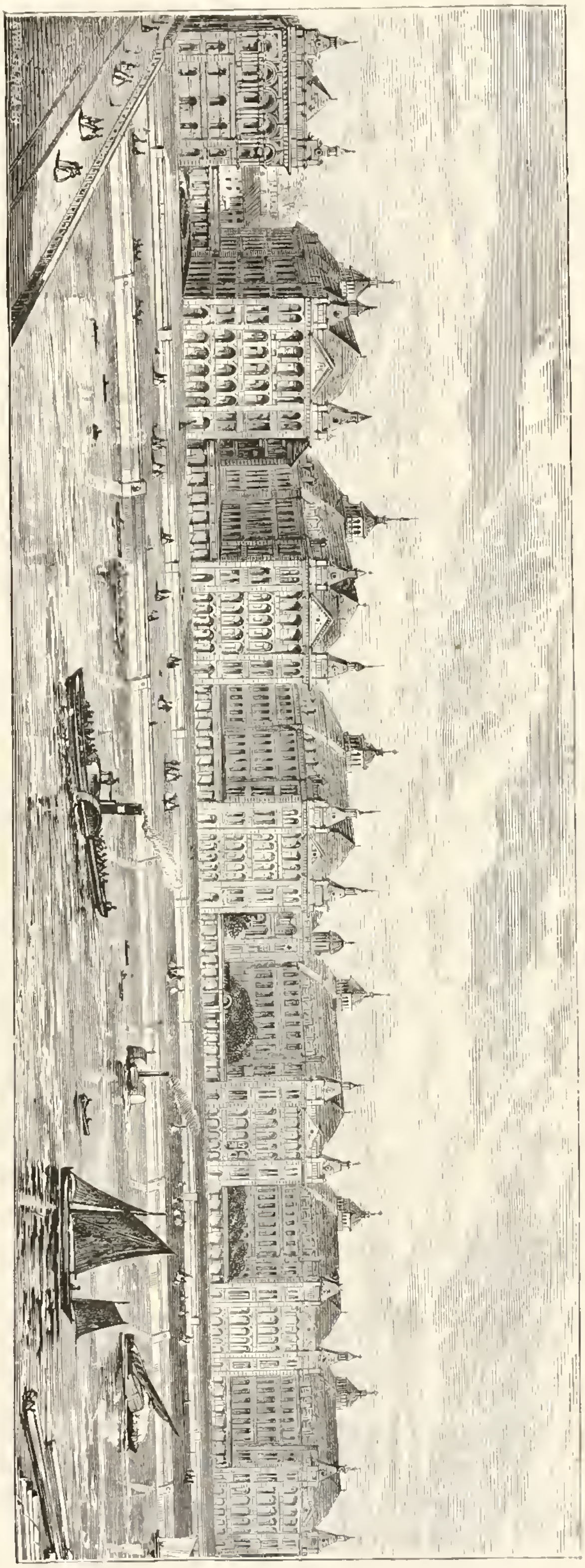
The Victoria Embankment.

Making our way beyond the office of the *Times*, and the large stations connected with the Chatham and Dover Railway, we reach one of the finest prospects that London can boast, and one probably not surpassed amongst the capitals of Europe—the Thames Embankment. This great work was undertaken by the Metropolitan Board of Works, and completed in 1870. It consists of a solid granite wall, running along the north bank of the Thames, eight feet thick, forty feet high, and seven thousand feet long, extending from Blackfriars to Westminster Bridge. The roadway is one hundred feet wide, and the footways on either side are planted with trees. By this great engineering feat land varying in width from two hundred and fifty to four hundred feet has been reclaimed from the river, amounting in all to about thirty acres, and a roadway, added to London which seen either by daylight or when illuminated by the long curving rows of gas lamps, presents a spectacle of the highest interest and beauty. It cost no less than £2,000,000, a sum raised partly by rates, partly by coal and wine dues, and partly by the sale of redeemed land.



THE MEMORIAL HALL, FARRINGDON STREET, OCCUPYING THE SITE OF THE OLD FLEET PRISON.

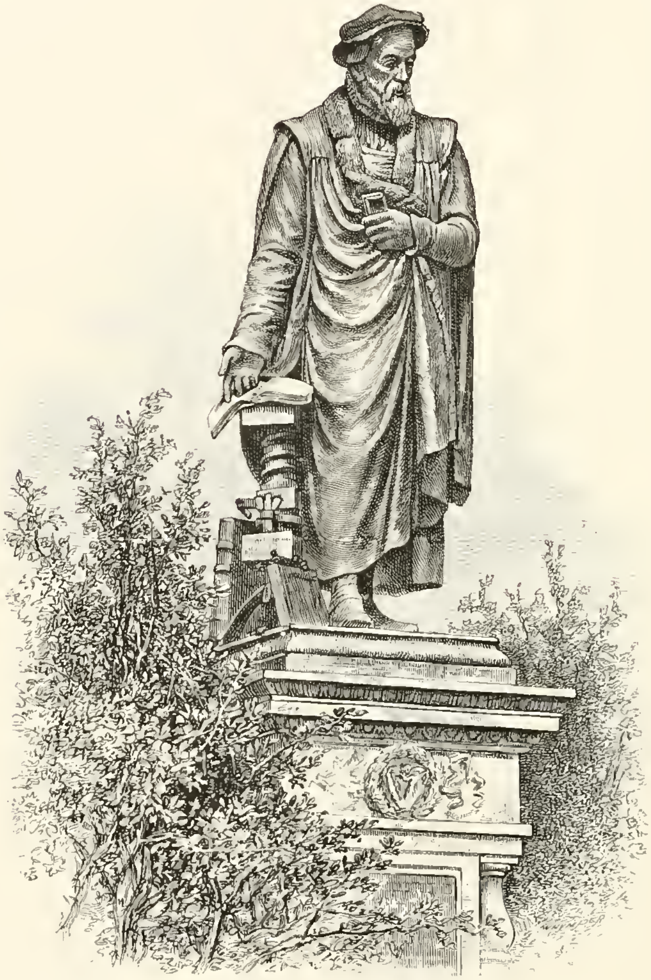
The Embankment has swept away not a few traces of Old London, and has completely altered the river front along that part which, during Tudor and Stuart times, was the site of great mansions and pleasure gardens. Standing upon the northern end of Blackfriars Bridge, it is hard to picture the time when New Bridge and Farringdon Streets were occupied by the Fleet River, up which vessels of considerable size could sail; when Baynard's Castle stood somewhere near what is now St. Paul's Station; when the eastern bank of the Fleet was a steep declivity, crowned by the mediæval wall of London; and when, instead of the great dome, the lofty spire of old St. Paul's seemed to pierce the clouds. And a stroll along the Embankment is now full of interest. On the left is the great water-way busy with small shipping of different kinds, while in the distance are seen the towers and warehouses of Southwark and Lambeth. On the right we pass a succession of handsome buildings. Here stands the new Sion College—a fine building—opened in 1886 to replace the old structure in London Wall. It is a meeting-place and centre for City clergymen, is possessed of considerable charitable funds, and also contains a very fine library, rich in early English Bibles. Near this stands another handsome



St. Thomas's Hospital.

edifice, the new home of the old City of London School. Then come, still going westward, the Temple, the offices of the London School Board, Somerset House, Waterloo Bridge, the splendid institutions, hotels, and buildings which cluster about the Savoy, the gardens just to the east of Charing Cross Railway, backed by the fine old gateway of York House and the Adelphi; while towering aloft upon the river front, in grim solitariness and with an air of absolute incongruity with its surroundings, stands that huge granite obelisk, the work of Thothmes III., upon which in all probability the eye of Moses has often rested, but which needs a clearer atmosphere than London's to enable the passer-by to make out the hieroglyphics which, though carved three thousand years ago, are still in many parts bold and sharp.

Passing beneath the railway bridge, one of four of the same kind, practically useful, but artistically disfiguring to the river, and leaving on our right the magnificent piles of building belonging respectively to the Hôtel Métropole and the National Liberal Club, we see before us Westminster Bridge, flanked at the northern end by the Houses of Parliament and the great Clock Tower, and at the southern by the seven huge blocks of buildings belonging to St. Thomas's Hospital.



THE STATUE TO WILLIAM TYNDALE ON THE EMBANKMENT.

Beyond this point for some distance the southern shore of the Thames is embanked, and further westward, in the neighbourhood of Chelsea, on the northern side again.

The open spaces afforded by the Embankment have been utilised for the perpetuation of the memory of famous men, by the erection here of their statues. London is not yet very rich in works of art of this class, a considerable portion of those already in existence being remarkable rather for the absence of the sculptor's genius. Those on the Embankment are among the most recent, and are artistically among the best. They represent men of very different gifts, and of widely varying views upon the best ways of securing human progress. Near the Temple Station stands John Stuart Mill; in front of the Savoy are statues to Robert Raikes, the founder of Sunday-schools, and to Robert Burns; near the foot of Northumberland Avenue is Sir James Outram, the Indian general, and still further west is the one we engrave, William Tyndale, translator and martyr, 'the Apostle of England,' the man who gave the English nation their English Bible, and who has left upon it for all time the impress of his own heroic spirit—that spirit which enabled him, after eleven years of exile, danger, and toil, to meet the martyr's death at Vilvorde, near Brussels, with the prayer upon his lips, 'Lord, open the King of England's eyes!'

Returning to the Mansion House, and taking the other and even more frequented route to the West, we pass at almost every step old historic sites, buildings that have played a great part in London's history, and the busy centres of a commerce which has reached a scale and magnitude never before approached in the world's history.

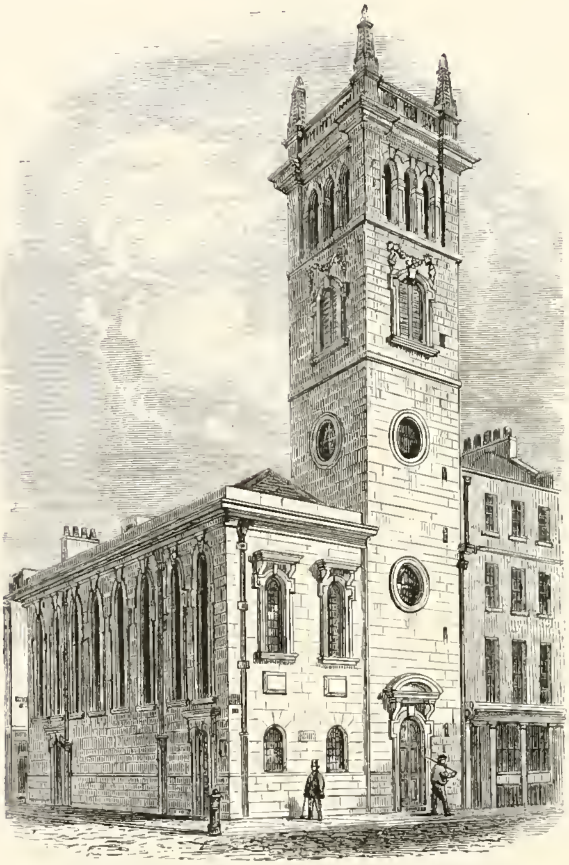
We enter first the continuation of Cheapside known as the Poultry. Cheapside and its approaches in the old Saxon days were occupied mainly by the caterers for domestic needs. The old occupations have ages ago named the different streets—Bread Street, Milk Street, Ironmonger Lane, the Poultry, &c. The Chepe, or open market, stood in olden times near the western or Paternoster Row end. On the right hand is the street known as Old Jewry, the district where those functionaries so useful to many of our early Norman and Plantagenet monarchs, the Jew money-lenders, lived. Hence they were expelled by Edward I. under circumstances of great hardship, and when allowed to return during the rule of Oliver Cromwell they returned not to this part, but to the region about Aldgate and Houndsditch, where to this day they congregate in great numbers. In Ironmonger Lane is the entrance to Mercers' Hall and Chapel, the home of one of the twelve great City companies, and occupying the site of the house where one of the most famous men of the twelfth century, viz., Thomas à Becket, was born. King Street and Queen Street have been widened and improved of recent years; and, in fact, the great majority of the houses in Cheapside itself have been pulled down, and replaced by the handsome structures which now line both sides of the roadway. King Street leads to the municipal centre of London, the ancient Guildhall, fully described in a subsequent chapter.

A little further westward we see towering aloft Wren's masterpiece in the way of steeples, the high spire of Bow Church. The church of course dates only from the close of the seventeenth century, the ancient building that had for many centuries occupied the site having been destroyed in the Great Fire. The name is said to have originated from the fact that it was the first church in London built upon stone arches, and was hence known as St. Mary *de Arcubus*, or St. Mary le-Bow. The ecclesiastical court in early times held its sittings in this church, and was hence known as the Court of Arches. The bells of the church used to ring the curfew, and by them the hour for shutting up the shops in and around Cheapside was regulated. This not being done quite so promptly as the lively apprentices, so well sketched in Sir Walter Scott's *Fortunes of Nigel*, desired, they are said to have remonstrated with the clerk in verse:

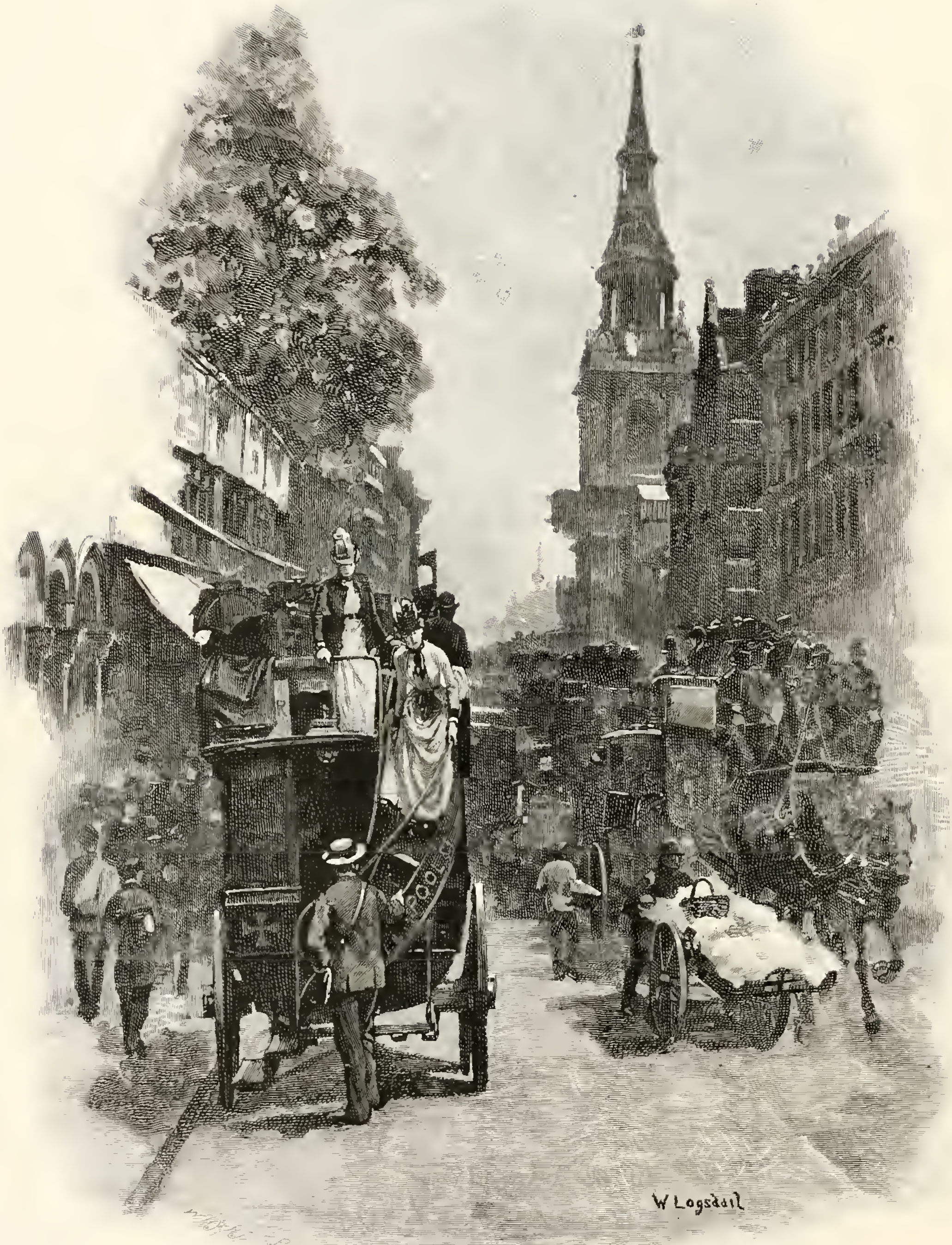
> 'Clerk of the Bow bell with the yellow lockes,
> For thy late ringing thy head shall have knocks;'

to whom, likewise in verse, the ready clerk discreetly responds,

> 'Children of Chepe, hold you all still,
> You shall have Bow bell rung at your will.'


The Church of Allhallows, Bread Street, demolished in 1877.

Legend will have it that it was these bells which Dick Whittington heard on Highgate Hill, entreating him to return, that he might enjoy the dignity of being Lord Mayor thrice. This dignity he certainly did enjoy; but the research of modern times has discredited the old story so dear to the youth of Britain, just as it has refused to give further credence to the fact that Thomas à Becket's mother ever wandered through Cheapside calling out the only English word she knew, the name of her lover, who afterwards became the father of the great archbishop. It is to the bells of this church that popular custom assigns the duty of deciding the area of true Londoners. To be born within sound of Bow bells stamps the fortunate being as a cockney beyond all dispute. Affixed to the wall of Bow Church is the tablet that formerly belonged to the Church of Allhallows, Bread Street, demolished in 1877. It contains Dryden's lines, commemorative of the fact that John Milton was born in Bread Street



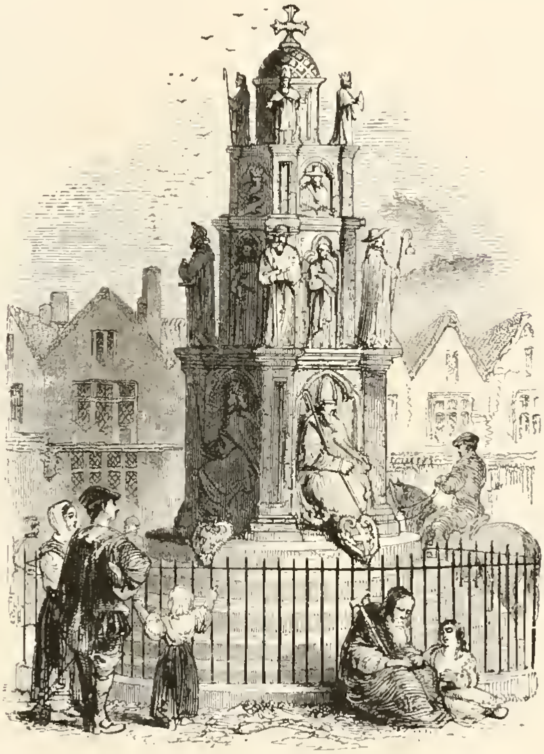
Cheapside and Bow Church Steeple.

December 9, 1608, and was baptized in Allhallows December 28th, 1608. They run :

'Three poets in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn;
The first in loftiness of thought surpassed,
The next in majesty—in both the last.
The force of Nature could no further go,
To make a third she joined the former two.'

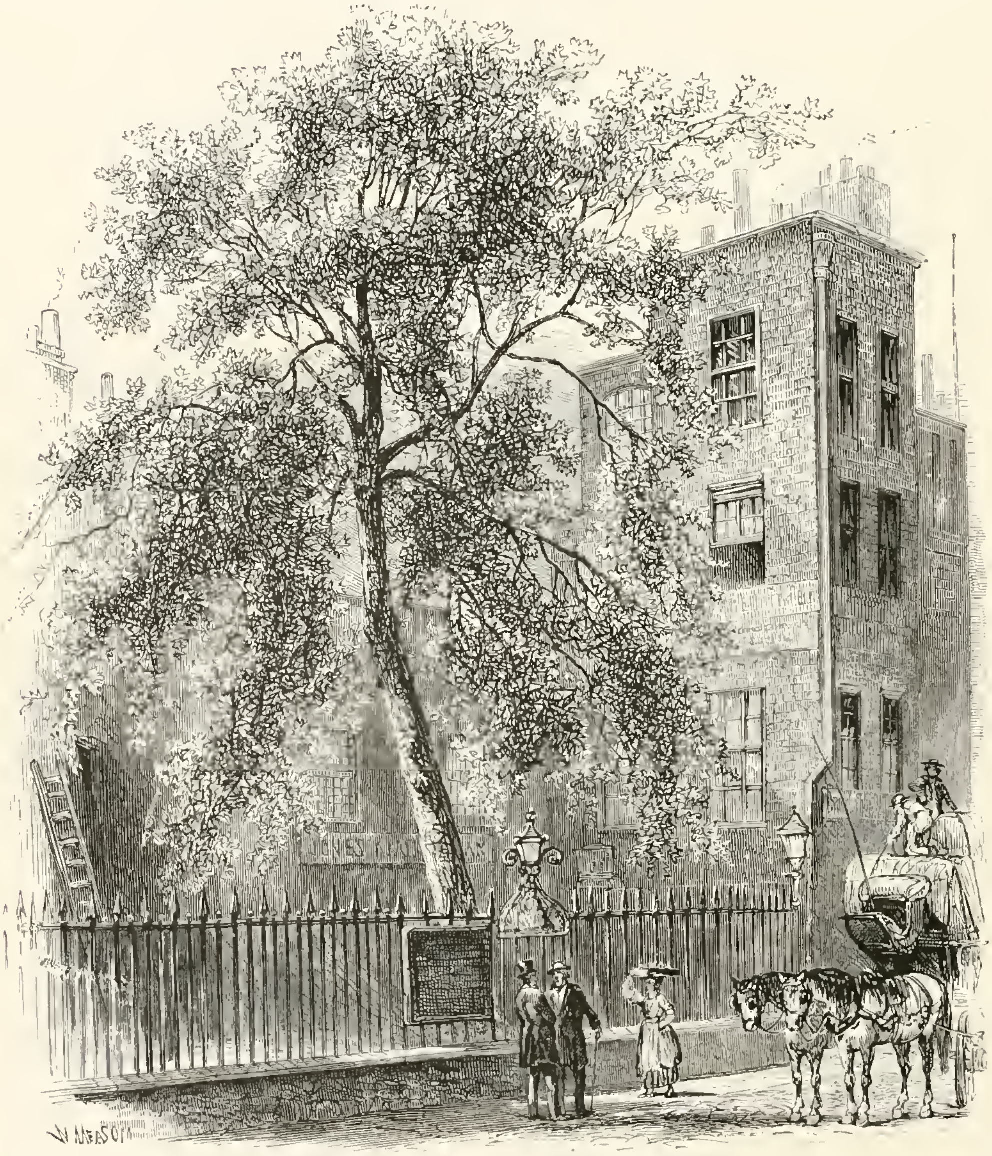
In early times the space to the north of Cheapside was open, and here jousts and tournaments were held. On the front of Bow Church tower is seen a balcony, built doubtless as a convenient spot whence to witness the mediæval trials of skill, and in modern days to see the great historic pageants which from time to time pass through Cheapside. In Hogarth's plate of the Industrious Apprentice who has become Lord Mayor, his procession is depicted as passing along this old thoroughfare.

Between Bread Street and Friday Street stood the old Mermaid Tavern, the place to which Sir Walter Raleigh, Ben Jonson, Shakespeare, and their contemporaries, used to resort; and nearly opposite, hard by the end of Wood Street, stood the famous cross of Cheapside, destroyed unfortunately during the Commonwealth in 1643. Opposite Honey Lane stood the Standard, the place of execution. While not attaining such notoriety in this respect as Tower Hill, Cheapside has witnessed not a few executions. It was here that many of Wat Tyler's excesses were committed, and here Jack Cade executed Lord Saye and Sele.



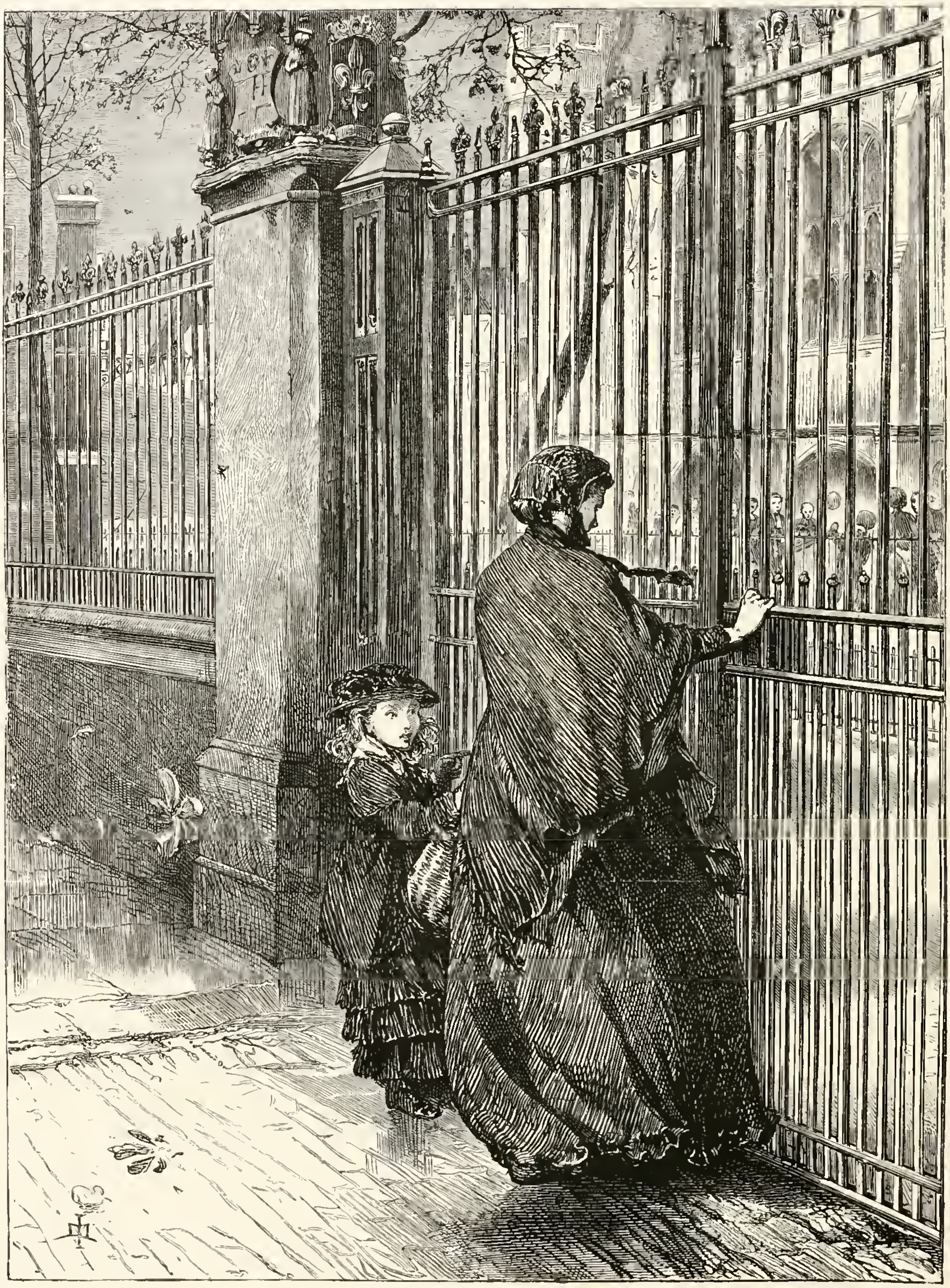
The Old Cross in Cheapside.

From early morning until late at night Cheapside is crowded with foot passengers and vehicles. With the single exception of London Bridge, no spot in the City is busier. And yet here, amid the very vortex and whirlpool of London's business and noisy tumult of commercial life, traces of country life exist. From the busiest part of the pavement, and at the noisiest hour of the day, by passing through a narrow court or two you may enter some quiet precinct, apparently absolutely untouched by the rush of modern life, where grass is to be seen, and trees in leaf, and where you may possibly hear a bird singing, under the mistaken impression that it is out in the country. We give an illustration of the well-known tree in Wood Street, whose upper branches reach out above the low house that shuts it off from Cheapside, and enable it to give, even in the most crowded street of London, a touch of summer green and life to the otherwise dingy view.



THE TREE IN WOOD STREET, CHEAPSIDE.

At the western end of Cheapside two great thoroughfares branch off. The right hand one passes St. Martin's le Grand, with the enormous buildings, old and new, of the General Post Office, and becomes first Newgate Street, formerly closed by the New Gate, which, however,



At the Gates of Christ's Hospital.

disappeared many generations ago, and famous for Christ's Hospital, which in recent days has become a great school, nominally for the poor, but actually in a great many cases for the children of those who can gain access to persons of influence connected with the government of the charity. Among the most familiar objects in the City are the bare-headed boys, clad in the long blue frock coat, yellow stockings, and broad leather belt, such as their predecessors have worn from the times of Edward VI. Between the great iron railings and gate that front upon Newgate Street may be seen the fine old hall of the hospital, and not unfrequently the passers-by stand for a minute or two watching the somewhat intricate manœuvres of the boys either at drill with their long skirts flowing free, or at football with the same skirts girded up into a curious-looking baggy hump at the small of the back.

At the corner of Newgate Street and the Old Bailey, yet stands the gloomy and forbidding pile of Newgate Prison, the place where during the last hundred years so many wretched criminals have suffered the extreme penalty of the law. The Old Bailey, formerly at executions the meeting-place for the foulest specimens of the London rough and criminal classes, who used to turn the night before an execution into saturnalia disgraceful to civilisation, has not only changed for the better in outward appearance, but it has also by the growth of a healthy moral sentiment ceased to be the witness of criminal executions. For the last twenty years the only external sign that the full rigour of the law has been wrought upon some unhappy wretch within those grim and blackened stone walls has been the hoisting of a black flag at the moment the drop falls.

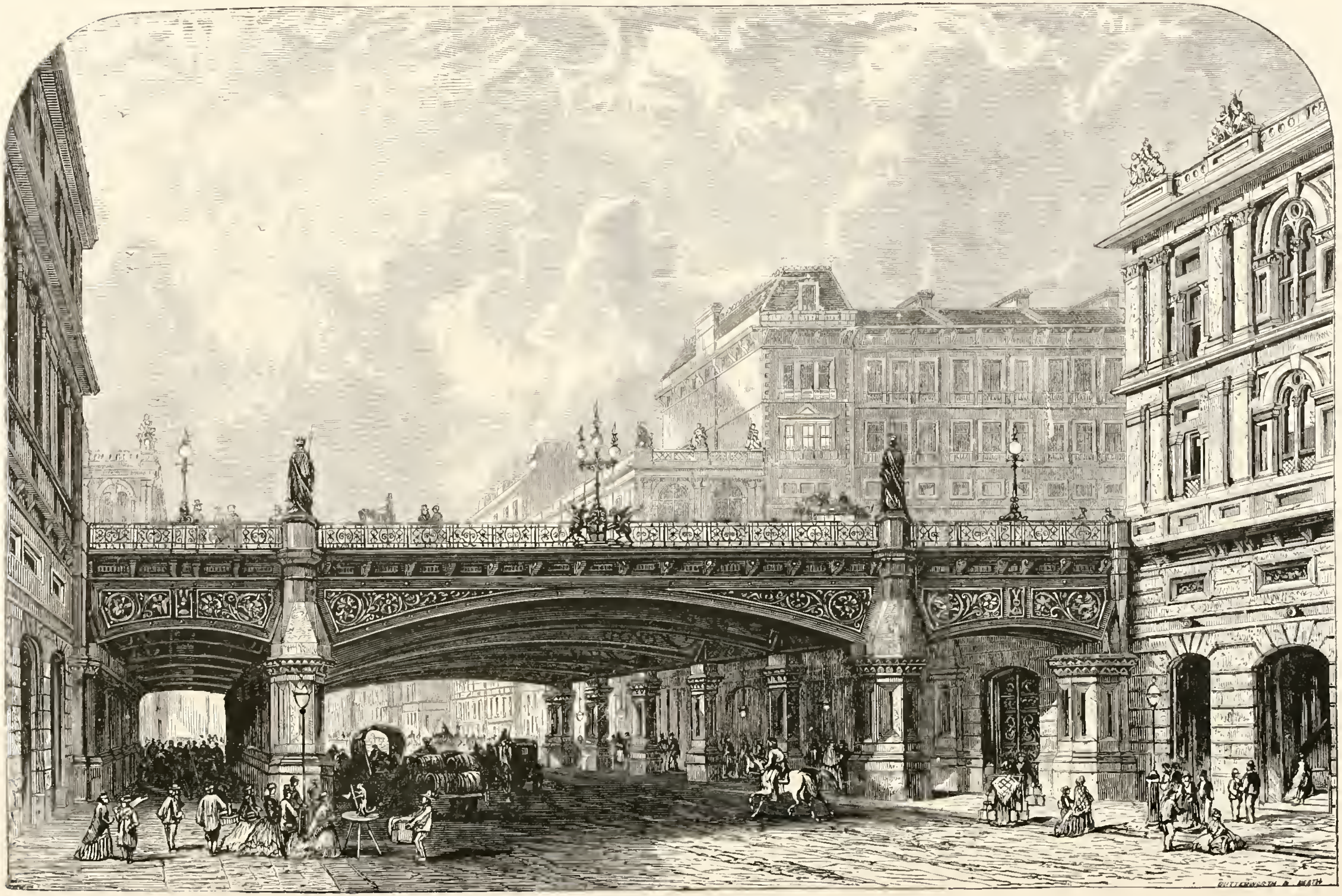
The story of Newgate would be a long and gruesome history of human crime and cruelty, into which we have no space to enter. The old prison was burnt down in the No Popery riots of 1780, as every reader of *Barnaby Rudge* remembers, and the present building was the work of George Dance, the architect of the Mansion House, and the disfigurer of the splendid old Guildhall porch. But upon the dark background of crime and suffering there have been thrown some of the brightest examples of Christian philanthropy, for here Howard laboured to introduce more humane methods into English treatment of criminals, and here Elizabeth Fry showed what it was possible for a Christian woman with the love of God and love for her fellow-creatures in the heart to do for the worst and most degraded of her sex.

Opposite to the gaol, at the corner of Giltspur Street, stands St. Sepulchre's, one of the many handsome City churches lately restored. The bell of this church has slowly and solemnly tolled the fatal hour for many an unhappy prisoner in the gaol opposite. The church was not destroyed, but only injured by the Great Fire, and possesses in the south-west porch a very fine example of Perpendicular architecture. Within the choir lie the remains of

Captain John Smith, the hero of the early colonisation of Virginia, who died in the year 1631.

At this church the thoroughfare changes in name, and becomes Holborn Viaduct, another noble specimen of modern building and recent improvement in London. Formerly there was here a steep descent to the banks of the Fleet known as Snow Hill, trying alike to men and horses, and then an ascent to High Holborn. To the east was a labyrinth of narrow and dirty lanes, the most notorious being Cock Lane, where Dr. Johnson went to see, if possible, the ghost. But some five-and-twenty years ago the Corporation decided to bridge over the valley, and in 1867 the present handsome roadway was commenced. It swept away some interesting remains of old London, but it was an enormous boon to all who had to travel that way. The Saracen's Head, on Snow Hill, Field Lane and Saffron Hill, a district notorious for its thieves, and the scene of much of *Oliver Twist*, and of the London doings of Mr. Squeers, have either disappeared or been radically altered. A splendid road now enables the visitor to see one of the finest streets in London, and also gain some idea of the extent of the great city. He can now travel mile after mile along the street, which bears successively the names of High Holborn, Oxford Street, High Street, Notting Hill, and Uxbridge Road, with abounding evidence on every hand of the wealth and business and splendour of the capital of England. And after he has thoroughly explored this whole region, he will have seen but one of the many districts of this great aggregate of human dwellings, he will have scanned but one out of the many great thoroughfares along which her five millions of residents daily travel.

Although we cannot examine with any degree of minuteness this district, we must point out a few of its many interesting features. On the Viaduct itself, in addition to the lofty houses of business, stand the great hotel and terminus of the Chatham and Dover Railway. Pausing on the broad bridge which spans Farringdon Street, the eye can range north and south along what was in ancient days the course of the Fleet River, and try to imagine what the landscape must have looked like when vessels sailed where now stand the massive piers of the bridge. On the left towards the river rise the towers of the Memorial Hall, the centre of English Congregationalism. Just beyond the bridge stands the commodious and handsome structure known as the City Temple, the new home of the old Congregational Church which for many years stood in the Poultry. Here the present preacher, Dr. Parker, holds, in addition to the regular Sunday services, a Thursday morning lecture, at noon, largely attended by City men and visitors. At the western side of the City Temple stands St. Andrew's Church, once high above, now considerably below, the roadway. Webster, the Elizabethan dramatist, is said to have been parish clerk here; Stillingfleet, the great theologian, and the notorious Sacheverell, were rectors.


BUTTERWORTH & HEATH

Holborn Viaduct.

Still going west, we pass Hatton Garden, the home of diamond merchants, named after Sir Christopher Hatton of Elizabeth's day, to whom she gave the property, after having extorted it in very high-handed fashion from the Bishop of Ely. The character of both queen and bishop is revealed by the fact that the former used, and the latter yielded, to the argument, 'If you do not immediately fulfil your engagement, I who made you what you are will immediately unfrock you.' Ely Place still commemorates the site of the ancient episcopal palace. Leather Lane, the residence mainly of Italians, including those London nuisances, the organ-grinders, is on Saturday night a sight worth seeing by all who would know how the poor of London live. The old Bell Inn hard by is a survival, one of the few, of the old coaching hostelries. A little beyond, and we come upon quite a colony of Inns, the homes and the haunts of lawyers. These we shall look at in some detail later on.

Further west, on both sides of the great thoroughfare, lie districts and buildings of great interest. In the street itself are many of the most noted shops of London, some of its best hotels and restaurants, like the First Avenue, the Inns of Court, and the Holborn Restaurant. To the left lie Lincoln's Inn Fields, and to the right the British Museum. Beyond Oxford Circus to the right lies Cavendish Square and the streets leading out of it, the home of the great medical and surgical specialists, to the left Regent Street, and the fashionable districts of Mayfair. At the Marble Arch, the north side of Hyde Park is reached, and hard by was the site of the gallows at Tyburn, whither in ancient days along the route we have travelled went many a dismal procession.

It is along routes like this that one frequently sees the varied and lively picture presented in the engraving on page 45. The policeman, omnipotent in all relating to street traffic, stays by the mere uplifting of his hand the stream of vehicles, summarily and simultaneously arresting the progress of the fashionable carriage, no less than the great dray and the costermonger's cart, while he secures a safe crossing for rich and poor alike. To ladies, and more especially to those who are naturally enough nervous at attempting to pass across a street crowded with traffic, the London policeman is a friend in need.

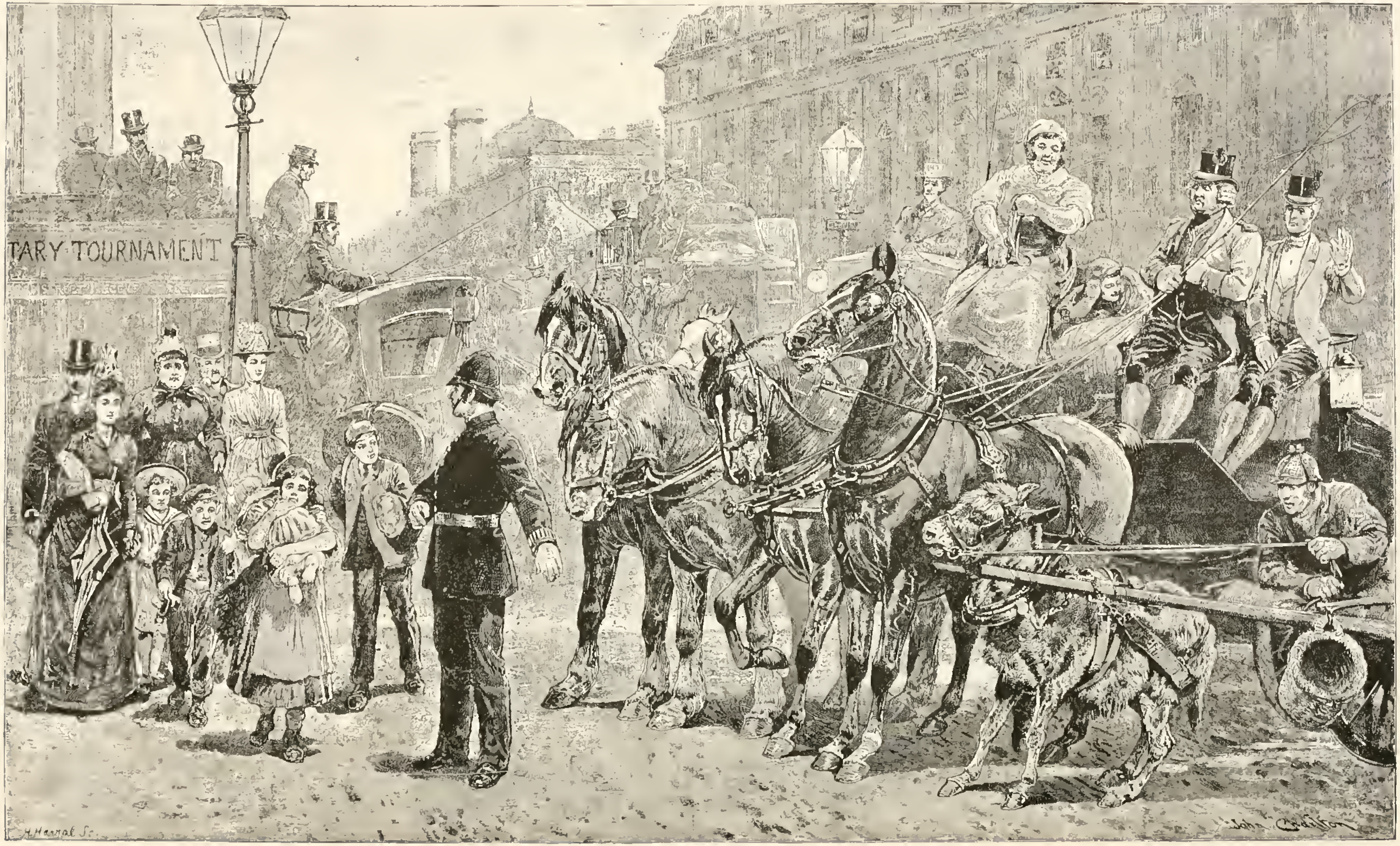
But we must return and glance at the other route leading westward from Cheapside. With St. Paul's and Paternoster Row we shall deal later. Passing round the great cathedral, we reach the descent of Ludgate Hill, leading to Fleet Street, the centre of so many literary associations, and the present home of the great newspaper enterprises of Great Britain. As the visitor from his seat on the top of omnibus scans the multitudinous notice-boards of Fleet Street, he will see the names of many of the prominent newspapers of the kingdom, not only those of the great London dailies, but also those of the leading press organs in England, Scotland, and Ireland,

and those of Australia and America. For the telegraph has so linked together the ends of the earth, that the daily events of London are flashed each evening all over the civilised earth, and into these numerous offices, all in the full swing of work when most people are preparing for bed, come pouring the latest items of intelligence and business from India, Africa, Australia, America—in short, from wherever the telegraph wire has penetrated, accompanied as it invariably is by 'our own correspondent.'

The part of the district between Ludgate Hill and the River Thames nearest the river is known as Blackfriars, so called from a Dominican monastery of the Black Friars, founded here in the thirteenth century. The church of the monastery was occasionally used for parliaments. Owing to the belief, common in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, that 'to be buried in the habit of the Order was a sure preservative against the attacks of the devil,' a large number of persons of high rank were buried in the church attached to the monastery. The heart of Eleanor, wife of Edward I., was kept here. Here also after his execution the body of the Earl of Worcester, the enlightened patron of William Caxton, was buried. Several parliaments met here, including that presided over by Sir Thomas More as Speaker, known from the place as the Black Parliament, held in 1529. Here also on June 21 1529, Cardinals Wolsey and Campeggio pronounced the divorce between Henry VIII. and Katherine of Aragon. Here also a few months later parliament passed that sentence of præmunire which placed not only Wolsey, but the whole Church in England in the king's power.

To the north of the Circus, and partly upon the site now occupied by the Memorial Hall, stood the old Fleet Prison. This was demolished in 1846, and the Hall was erected in memory of the fact that in this prison during the Tudor and Stuart reigns many suffered for liberty of conscience. Bishop Hooper was imprisoned here in 1555, and many of the victims of the Star Chamber. At the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries it became a prison for debtors. Like its neighbour Newgate, it was burnt in 1780, but was immediately rebuilt. Readers of the *Pickwick Papers* will remember how many scenes of that famous book are laid here. The whole region between Ludgate Circus and Temple Bar, on both sides of Fleet Street, abounds with associations and memories upon which many volumes have been written. To the west of St. Bride's Church and Salisbury Square—so called because here formerly stood the town house of that bishop—is Whitefriars, the Alsatia of *The Fortunes of Nigel*. Like the other districts of London which possessed the privilege of sanctuary, this also speedily became the refuge of criminals and bad characters of every kind.

To the east of Alsatia, and appropriately close at hand, stood the prison of Bridewell, demolished about 1863, but still commemorated in the name Bridewell Place, where now stand the offices of that most useful and


TARY·TOURNAMENT
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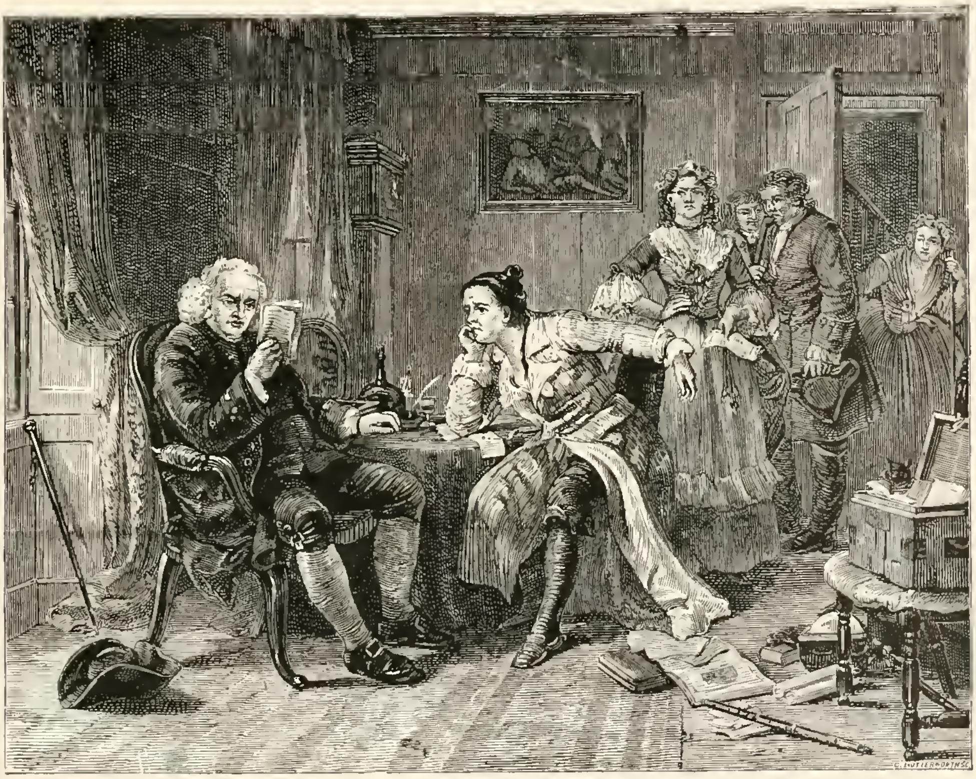
A Crowded Crossing.

deserving institution the London City Mission. Bridewell was founded by Edward VI. as a refuge for deserted children, then became a reformatory, and lastly a prison noted for all the savagery common in the prisons of the last century. Here formerly stood the old palace of Bridewell, and here Henry VIII. first publicly intimated his doubts about the legality of his marriage with his first wife. The name Bridewell commemorates the fact that in ancient days a well stood here. In the churchyard of St. Bride's Milton lived for some years; John Cardmaker, vicar of St. Bride's, was burnt at Smithfield in Mary's reign; and within the church are buried Samuel Richardson and Wynkyn de Worde, the colleague and successor of Caxton.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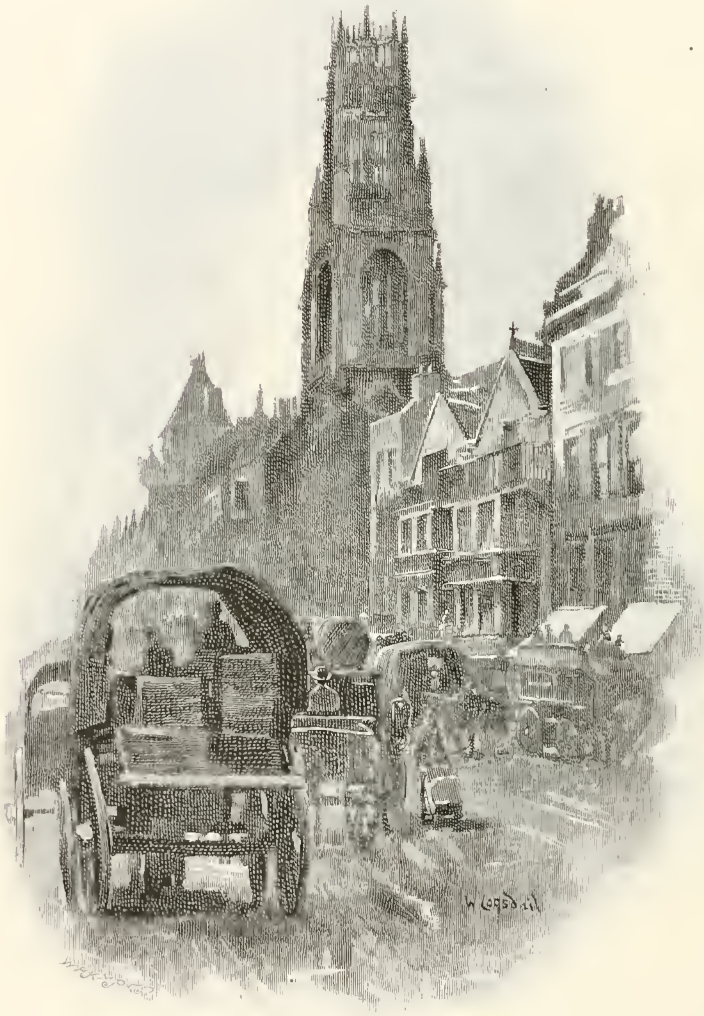
JOHNSON READING THE MS. OF THE 'VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.'

One feature of this district is the number of little courts and lanes running north and south from the main street, and each famous in its way. Dr. Johnson passed most of his literary life in this region. At No. 17, Gough Square, he wrote his Dictionary and much of the *Rambler* and *Idler;* at No. 7, Johnson Court, he lived from 1765 until 1766; and at 8, Bolt Court, in December, 1784, he died. At No. 6, Wine Office Court, Goldsmith lived, and the Cheshire Cheese, the tavern which both frequented, still exists. It was in Wine Office Court that the *Vicar of Wakefield* was written. In Crane Court stood formerly the mansion in which from 1710 to 1782 the Royal

Society held its meetings, and there Sir Isaac Newton presided over its assemblies. The house was burnt in 1877, and rebuilt in 1880. Fetter Lane has been a great centre of Free Church life in London. No. 32 is the old Moravian Chapel, which escaped the Great Fire, whose pulpit was occupied by Richard Baxter during the years 1672–1682, and to whose society for a time John Wesley belonged. Whitefield and Count Zinzendorf were also often here. No. 95 is the old Fetter Lane Congregational Church. Higher up is the splendid building known as the Record Office, built during the years 1851–1856. Here the priceless MSS. and documents previously kept in St. John's Chapel in the Tower, the Chapter House at Westminster, and other places, have all been brought together, and so arranged as to be easily accessible to the student. Here amid other treasures is preserved William the Conqueror's famous Domesday Book. In Falcon Court stood Wynkyn de Worde's printing office.

Between Fetter Lane, so called because of the faitors or beggars who frequented it, and Chancery Lane, stands the Church of St. Dunstan in the West, a late church dating from 1831. The old church, which stood upon the same site, except that it came thirty feet further into the roadway, was the building in which William Tyndale preached during that year (1523–1524) he spent in London, 'and marked the course of the world, and heard our praters (I would say preachers), how they boasted themselves of their high authority; and beheld



FLEET STREET, SHOWING THE OLD HOUSES AND ST. DUNSTAN'S CHURCH.

the pomp of our prelates, and how busy they were, as they yet are, to get peace and unity in the world, and saw things whereof I defer to speak at this time, and understood at the last not only that there was no room in my Lord of London's palace to translate the New Testament, but also that there was no place to do it in all England. The statue of Queen Elizabeth, here preserved, formerly adorned Ludgate, and survived unscathed the Great Fire.

Passing the New Law Courts on the one hand, and the Temple on the other, to both of which we shall return later on, *not* passing through the old gates of Temple Bar, for the sufficient reason that it now adorns the entrance to Sir Henry Meux's house in Hertfordshire, and being hindered, if the traffic in Fleet Street is in its normal crowded condition, by the hideous obstruction which the Corporation have put up to mark the site of the old Bar, we enter upon the Strand, which recalls the time when it once was the strand of the Thames, either open country or pleasure-gardens attached to great mansions. Here again a volume would be necessary to recount but briefly the associations indicated by almost every name we meet—Holywell, St. Clement's Danes, Norfolk Street, the Savoy, Essex Street, Burleigh Street, Somerset House, the Adelphi, etc. At every turn we are reminded of men and deeds from the times of John of Gaunt down to the present. Through Southampton Street Covent Garden is reached, and here at an hour far too early in the morning to come by omnibus, one of the sights of London can be enjoyed, viz., the life and bustle and beauty of the far-famed fruit and flower market. 'On Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, its especial market days, Covent Garden should be visited. It is one of the prettiest sights of London, and it is difficult to say whether the porch given up to flowers, or the avenue devoted to fruit, is most radiant in freshness and colour. How many London painters, unable to go farther afield, have come hither with profit to study effects of colour, which piles of fruit give as nothing else can.'[1]

Thackeray, who knew this region well, and who was a frequenter of the noted Bedford Tavern in his early life, has sketched this whole region with all his skill and life: 'The two great national theatres on one side, a churchyard full of mouldy but undying celebrities on the other, a fringe of houses studded in every part with anecdote or history, an arcade often more gloomy and deserted than a cathedral aisle, a rich cluster of brown old taverns—one of them filled with the counterfeit presentments of many actors long since silent, who scowl and smile once more from the canvas upon the grandsons of their dead admirers—a something in the air which breathes of old books, old painters, and old authors; a place beyond all other places one would choose in which to hear the chimes at midnight; a crystal palace—the representative of the present—which presses in timidly from a corner upon many things of the past; a squat building with a hundred columns and chapel-looking front, which always stands knee-deep in baskets, flowers, and scattered vegetables; a common centre into which Nature showers her choicest gifts, and where the kindly fruits of the earth often nearly choke the narrow thoroughfares; a population that never seems

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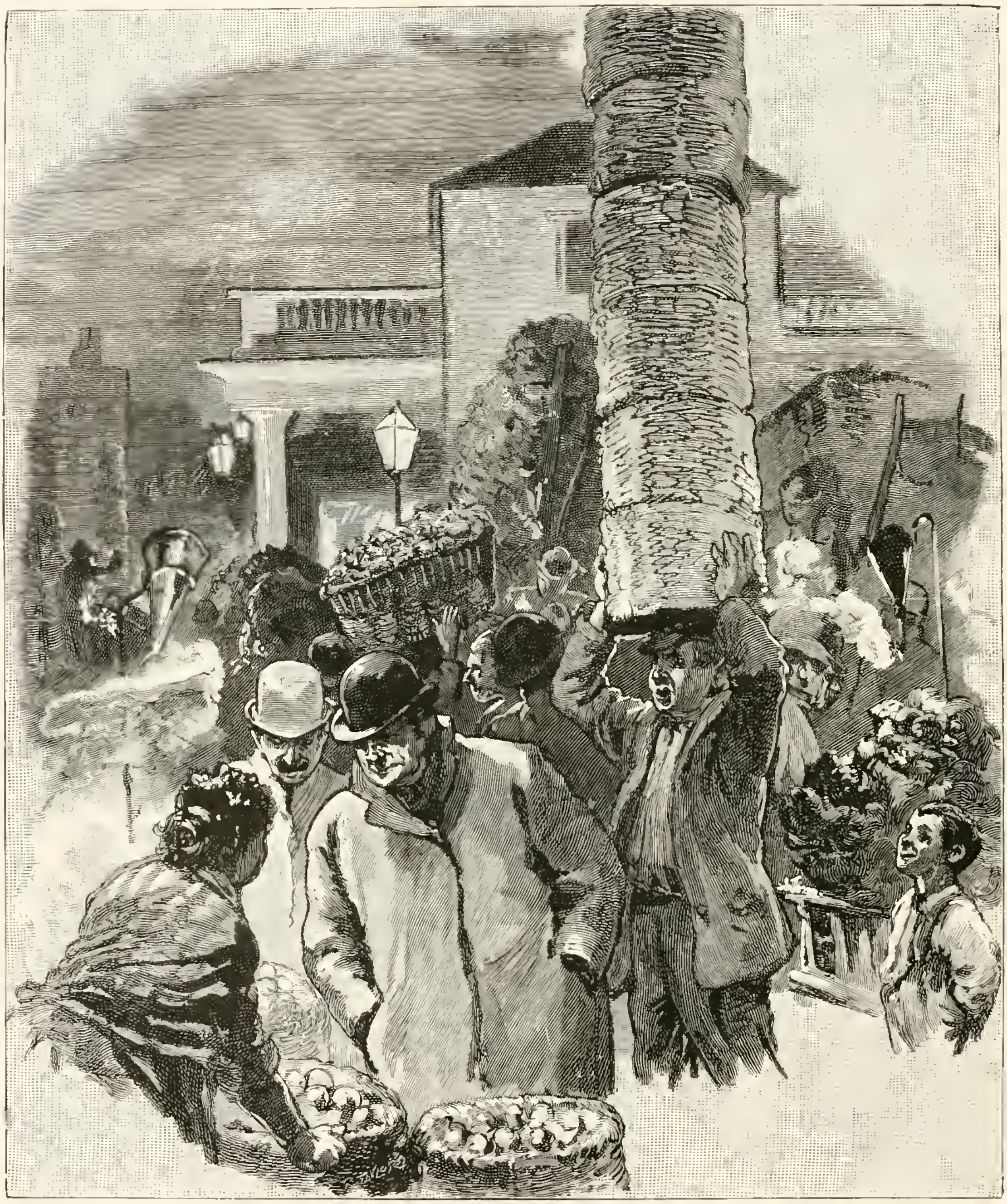
[1] *Walks in London*, by A. J. C. Hare, i. 50.

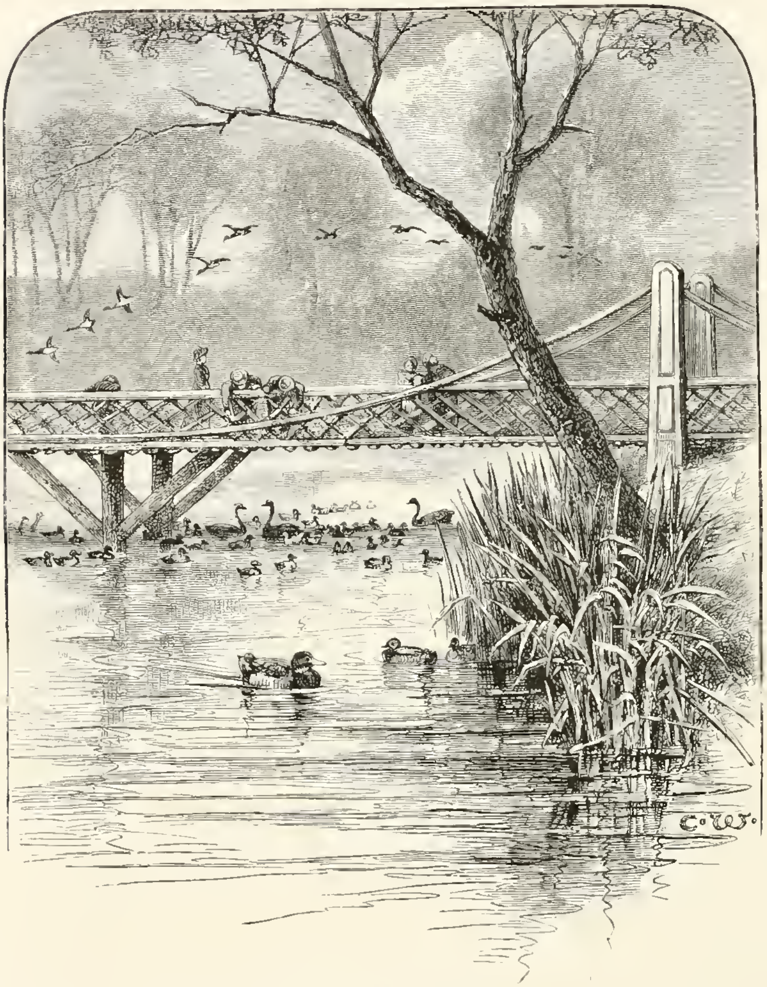


Early Morning in Covent Garden.

to sleep, and that does all in its power to prevent others sleeping; a place where the very latest suppers and the earliest breakfasts jostle each other over the footways.'

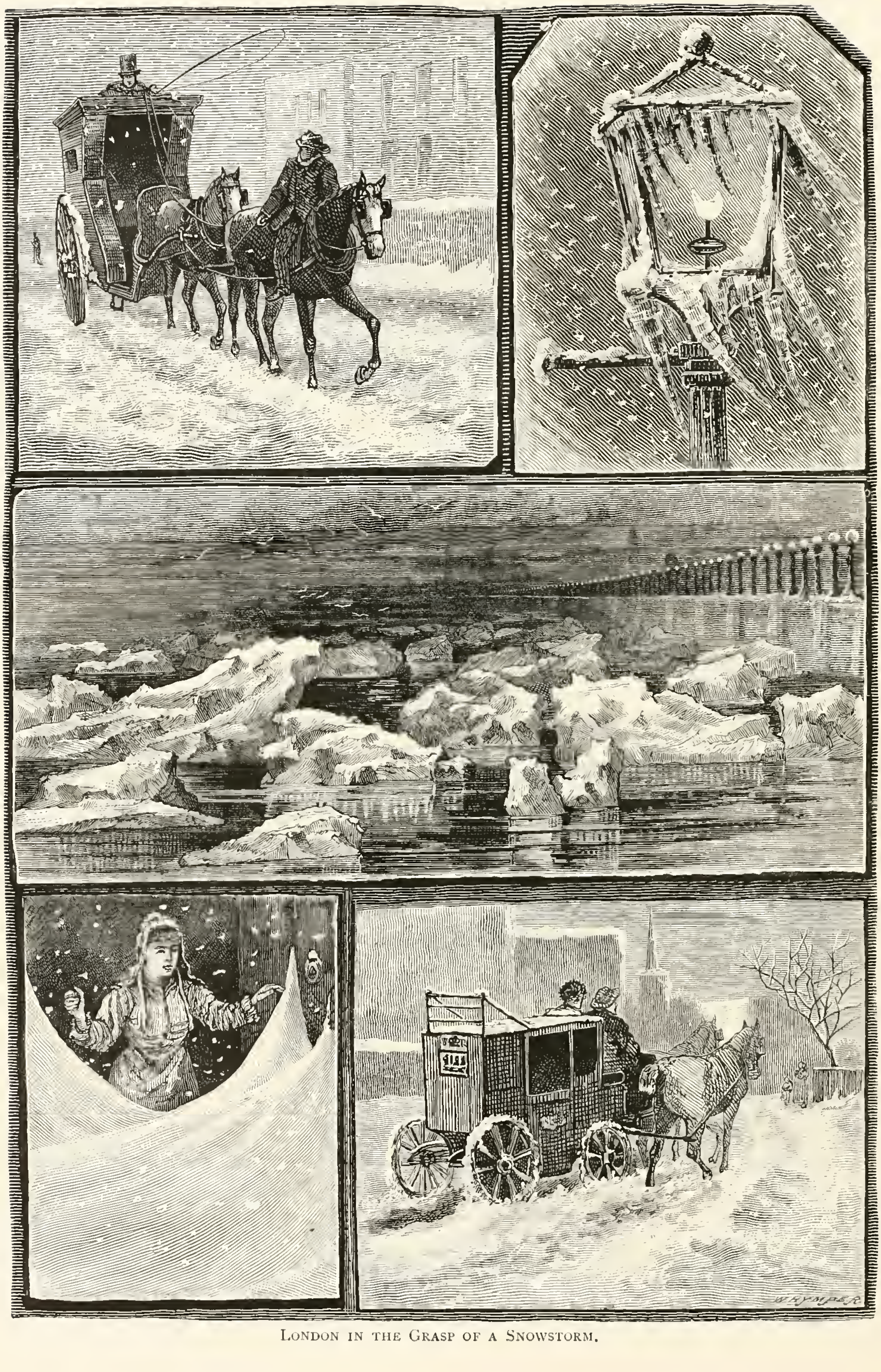
But space warns us that we must bring these preliminary excursions to a close. We cannot dwell upon Trafalgar Square with its Nelson Monument, Landseer lions, and National Gallery, upon Whitehall with its palace and government offices, upon Pall Mall with its clubs, upon Piccadilly with its ceaseless streams of carriages and its long list of famous houses. But no one can wander over the area we have thus briefly indicated without gaining among his first impressions of London some notion of its complexity and almost infinite variety. The student of human nature finds a fascination ever fresh and ever strengthened by familiarity in watching the myriad faces that hurry past him at Hyde Park Corner, Regent's Circus, Cheapside, or London Bridge. Here he sees London life in the exhaustless variety of its great and normal streams. In five minutes at any one of these points the gamut of human existence may be run up and down. Faces that indicate high social station, mental culture, resolute determination, and business concentration on the part of the men, beauty and luxury, not unfrequently, on the part of the women, flit past side by side with faces that bear the look of loneliness engendered by the heedless crowd around, unacquainted with, and caring nothing for the individual burden, anxiety, sorrow, or joy; faces upon which poverty, hardship, and social wrong have left their indelible impress; faces bearing upon them the mark of vice, flaunting and prosperous, to be followed perhaps the moment after by faces which haunt the keen observer like some ghastly dream, and which tell of a soul utterly engrossed in doing wickedness. And no one can habitually tread these London streets without asking himself often and seriously what will be, what can be, the ultimate issue of all this energy in action, of all this varying love and hatred, prosperity and adversity, success manifested by almost extravagant gladness, and failure writing despair in ineffaceable characters upon the brow. Whither are they all tending, and what master do they serve? So hard and reckless oftentimes does the spirit of selfishness seem, so absorbed is each man in his own affairs, to the seemingly total exclusion of the claims of others, so strong are the forces of evil, and so unblushing their outward manifestation, so heart-breaking the evidences of suffering and ruin wrought by lust and drink and the fierce struggle for life, that the heart is sometimes ready to fail, ready to relinquish the seemingly hopeless fight. Well is it for us at such times to be able to hold fast the belief that God is over all, and cares for all, and loves all—that His mercy in Christ Jesus can avail for even the most vicious and degraded and despairing—and that in the wilds of London, seemingly so far away from all that is good and pure, ready and willing to overcome by His love and mercy the selfishness and heartlessness and crime of man, God is ever near, yearning to deliver men and women from the bondage of sin and evil habit, the strength and refuge of the many who in the midst of London are striving not only 'to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction,' but also to keep themselves 'unspotted from the world.'

Again, the phenomena of life in London vary much within the compass of the twenty-four hours. Billingsgate and Covent Garden and Smithfield Market are all alive at five in the morning, preparing for the feeding and adornment of the great city; for nearly twelve hours of the twenty-four, Cornhill, the Bank, Queen Victoria Street—in short, the whole area technically known as the City—is as empty as during the rest of the day it is crowded with high-pressure life. You may wander in the early morning or afternoon on a fine day—and notwithstanding all that is said about London weather it has many fine days—through Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens, or through Regent's Park, and fancy yourself hundreds of miles away from the fashion and too obtrusive life of Regent Street, or from the ceaseless roar of the Strand.



A QUIET NOOK IN REGENT'S PARK.

And to the careful observer the atmospheric changes are a source of charm. London under a pea-soup fog is not a cheerful sight, and the experience one which the resident would gladly part with for ever. Still, as an American once remarked to the writer when commiserating him upon having to endure the visitation, 'This is one of the sights of London, and I'm real glad to have seen it.' Nevertheless the great and frequent atmospheric variations

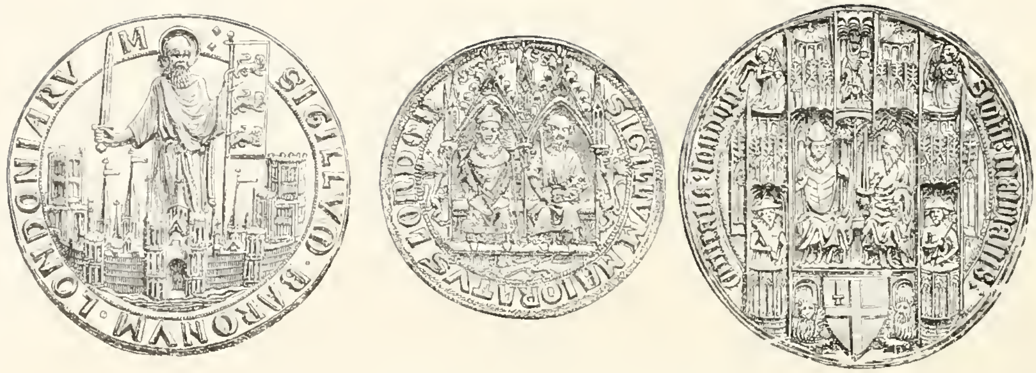


London in the Grasp of a Snowstorm.

add to the charm of London. It is quite a different city under the shining summer sun from that under a grey February sky; and the sunset effects from Westminster Bridge, or the sunrise lights in the eastern sky of a sunny January morning, defy even the skill of a Turner to reproduce.

Perhaps the one aspect under which most Londoners would admit that they least desire to see their city, is when wrapped in a mantle of snow. For a brief, *very* brief period only, does it retain any of its pristine whiteness or beauty. But for hours, nay sometimes for days, it is a most unmitigated nuisance. Rarely does snow visit London in any great excess, but every few years we get an approach to a 'blizzard,' and then scenes like these depicted in the engraving occur, and language fails to describe the experiences of those compelled to face the inconveniences of the streets.

Again, London by night differs widely from London by day, not only in the natural change from day to night, but in the pursuits followed and in the composition of the throngs that fill the main thoroughfares. By a large section of Londoners the work of life has to be done in the night. Those who toil in the daily press, who prepare for the early markets, whose duty it is to watch while others sleep; those who cater for the amusement of others, those who enter with ardour into the enticements and fascinations of London social life, turn a good part of the night into day; while those who minister to the vicious desires, or who seek to live by the commission of crime, find in the night their most fruitful time of harvest. But whether seen by night under the judgment-confusing glare of artificial light, or in the calmer, clearer light of the grey day, whether seen for a few brief days, or studied week by week for many long years, this great London deeply impresses the reflective mind, and its varied and crowded pictures of life become a permanent mental possession. Here as elsewhere a little knowledge may be a dangerous thing, puffing up the mind, and leading its possessor to think that he has really a fair idea of what London is and what London means in the world of life. But the thoughtful student, and the man who as the years pass by gains ever new and ever fresh experience of the boundless variety of London life, comes at length to the conviction so well expressed by John Bright, that although he may have spent half of each year there for forty years, he yet, in the sense of any full or adequate knowledge, knows nothing about it.



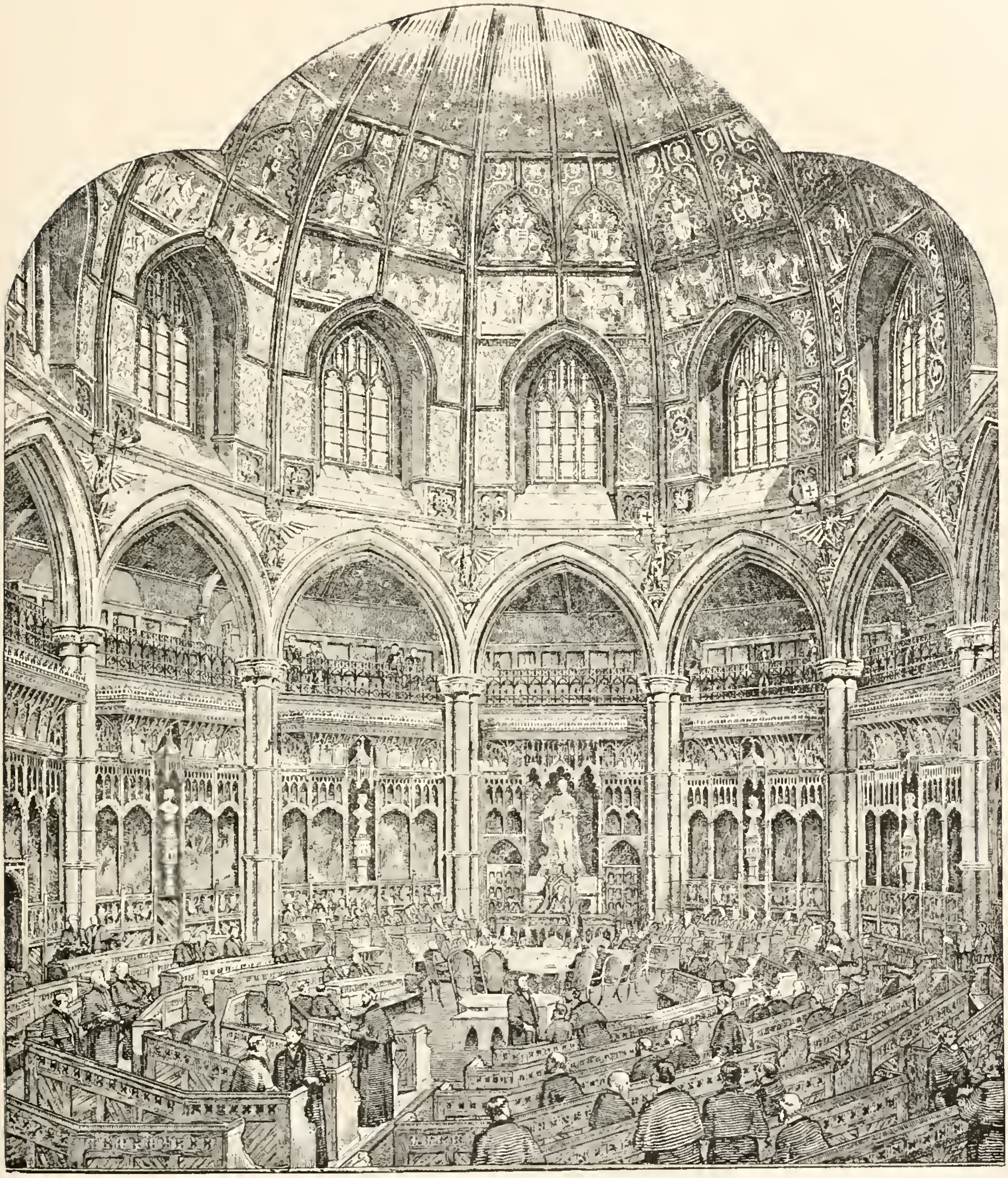
Seals of the City and of the Lord Mayor.

CHAPTER II.

Civic and Commercial London.

THE rise and development of municipal life in the City of London is a somewhat intricate subject, full of interest and importance, but demanding far larger space than can be given to it in these pages. We can attempt only to summarise the chief facts which are the result of long-continued labours on the part of men interested in this great theme. Controversy has raged over the question whether any decided traces of Roman influence are to be found in the mediæval and modern civic life of London, or whether our modern institutions are the development of Saxon customs. The weight of authority appears unmistakably to be on the latter side. It is, however, certain that during the Roman period, whilst York was the centre of imperial government and rule, London was, to use the words of Tacitus, 'most celebrated for its merchants and trade.' After the departure of the Romans, a blank of over a century occurs in the history of London. We know little of that time beyond the broad fact that the Britons were being practically annihilated by the Saxons, whose life and habits completely altered all the institutions of the country. But when the mists roll away we find London again an important centre of trade.

Attempts have been made to prove, or render likely, the contention that the prefect under the Romans, and the port-reeve to whom William the Conqueror addressed his famous charter, were lineal ancestors of that crown and glory of London civic life—the Lord Mayor. But all such attempts have so far proved unsatisfactory. The first of the long line of civic dignitaries to whom the title of mayor can be applied was Henry Fitz-Alwyn, and the date in his case is well ascertained, viz., 1189. But the splendid collection of municipal records preserved in the Guildhall go back to a much earlier date than this. The power and importance of London in the eyes



The New Common Council Chamber.

of William I. is shown by the charter he granted to the citizens. This precious document, a narrow slip of parchment, contains in Anglo-Saxon the following words: 'William, King, greets William, bishop, and Gosfrith, port-reeve, and all the burghers within London, French and English, friendly; and I do you to wit that I will that ye two be worthy of all the laws that ye were worthy of in King Edward's day. And I will that every child be his father's heir, after his father's day. And I will not endure that any man offer any wrong to you. God keep you.'[1] Dr. Stubbs, in his *Constitutional History*,[2] holds that this charter shows that London was the only town in England which at this time had attained to anything like later civic life, and that 'London under its port-reeve and bishop, the two officers who seem to give it a unity and identity of its own, is only a bundle of communities, townships, parishes, and lordships, of which each has its own constitution.' He further adds: 'the word *port* in *port-reeve* is the Latin *porta* (not *portus*), where the markets were held, and although used for the city generally, seems to refer to it specially in its character of a mart or city of merchants. From the position assigned to the port-reeve in this writ, which answers to that given to the sheriff in ordinary writs, it may be inferred that he was a royal officer who stood to the merchants of the city in the relation in which the bishop stood to the clergy; and if he were also the head of the guild, his office illustrates very well the combination of voluntary organisation with administrative machinery which marks the English municipal system from its earliest days.'

The evidence of old charters and documents seems to establish the fact that the port-reeve continued to be the chief official in the civic life of London down to the reign of Richard the First. Henry the First, in a charter, the date of which is generally supposed to be 1101, granted two most important privileges. The citizens of London were put in possession of the ferm or farm[3] of Middlesex, with the right to appoint the sheriff; and they 'may have their chaces to hunt, as well and fully as their ancestors have had, that is to say, in Chiltern and in Middlesex and Surrey.'

Among the first acts of Henry II. was one to confirm this charter of his grandfather. The number of the sheriffs had by this time become fixed at two, and although the exact date of the establishment in London of a *communa*,[4] or commune, after the French model, is unknown, it probably dates from this king's reign. It is said by the old historians to have taken place at the deposition of William Longchamp in the year 1191, but there is no official record of this. The first year of the reign of Richard I., 1189, is generally held to be the date of the first appointment of a *mayor* of London, and the first mention known of such a dignitary is recorded in the *Liber de antiquis legibus*, viz. Fitz-Alwyn's Assize of Buildings (1 Richard I., 1189); the first official mention is the appointment, in 1194, of the mayor as one of the treasurers of Richard's ransom. He was Henry Fitz-Alwyn, the son of a man who had been a wealthy and powerful alderman of the old Knightenguild, a wealthy and aristocratic organisation which exerted a very powerful influence in London during the twelfth century. He was also known as Henry of Lundenstone, because his house was in St. Swithin's parish, close to the spot where the ancient 'London Stone' is still to be seen. It was one of the great epochs of English history. The absence of Richard from his realm, and the character of John, led up to that enormous revolution which conferred upon the English nation Magna Charta. Fitz-Alwyn died in 1212, after more than twenty years of office. By a charter dated 1215 John either confirmed or conferred upon the citizens of London the right of electing their own mayor; and although it was not until a much later day that the election became annual, with the exception of a break during the reign of Henry III., the succession of mayors has not failed for nearly seven centuries.

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[1] Stubbs's *Select Charters*, p. 83.

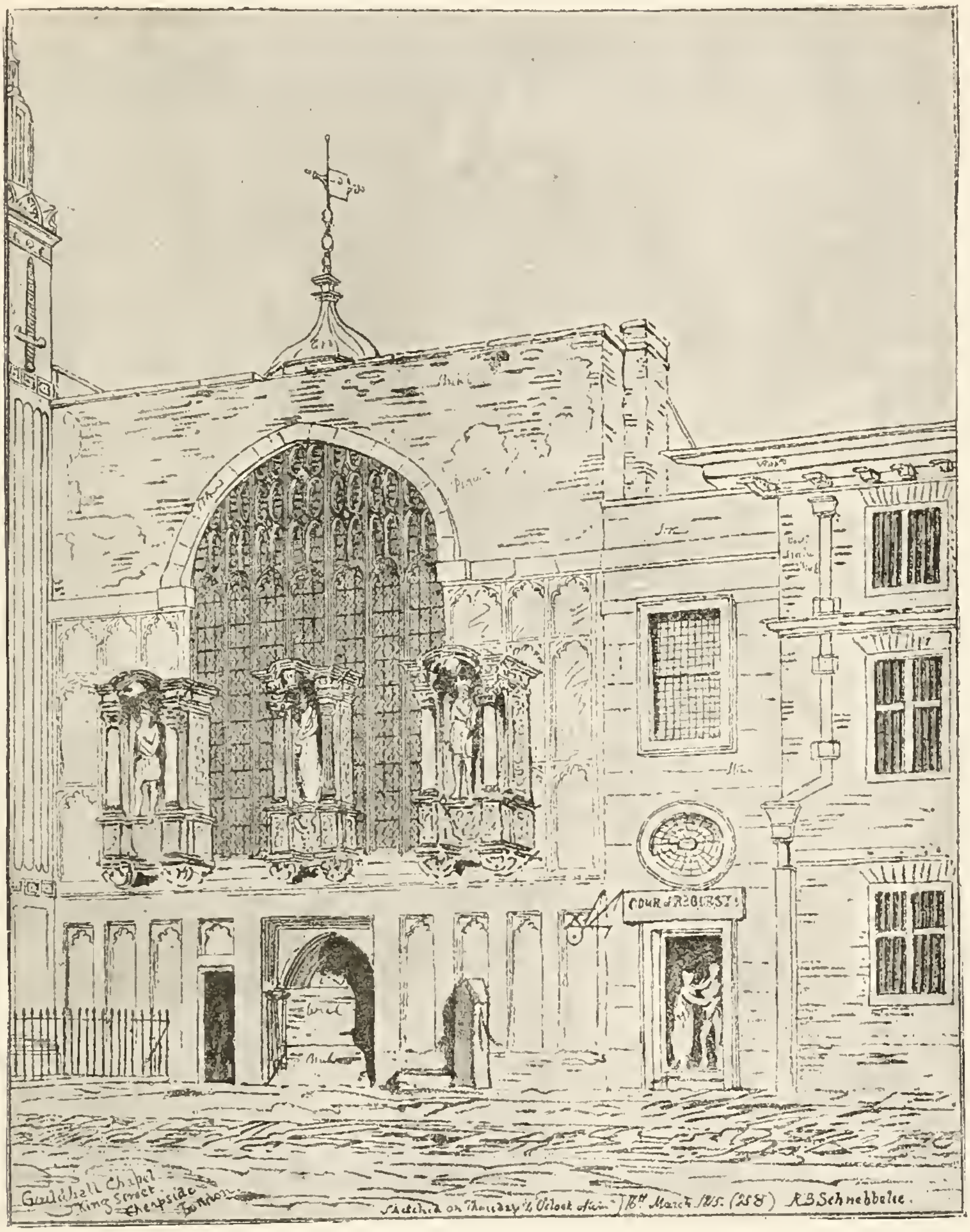
[2] Stubbs's *Constitutional History*, i. 460 (Library Edition).

[3] That is, the profits of the jurisdiction were to belong to the citizens, subject to a fixed payment to the king of £300 annually.

[4] The term *communa* indicates 'an organised body possessing rights and property in common.' It sometimes means a chartered town, and sometimes the community dwelling in such a town.

Closely connected with the mayoralty is the ancient Guildhall, and the association or group of associations or guilds from which the Hall takes its name. The word *guild*, or, as it may more correctly be spelt, gild, comes according to some authorities from the Anglo-Saxon *gildan*, 'to pay;' according to others it is a Celtic word signifying 'contribution.' The Guildhall has been sometimes called, as in Reading, the Yield hall, and if this be the true interpretation, it would mean the place where burgesses had to *yield* or pay their taxes. Into the question of the origin of guilds and city companies we cannot enter. But the guild gradually came in many instances to be the governing body of the town, and the ancient Guildhall the ancestor of the modern Townhall. This has been the case with the Guildhall of London. The Guildhall originally stood upon the east side of Aldermanbury, and the references to it by name begin with a regulation intended to prevent fires in the City, passed towards the end of King John's reign. Hence it seems clear that a building stood on or very near the present site, at least as early as the thirteenth century. The City records contain entries relating to works at the Hall and Chapel in 1326 and 1337, and one of the letter books contains a record to the effect that Thomas de Maryns was rewarded for 'his pains and diligence about the repairs of the Guildhall' in the years 1341–1343.

Towards the close of the fourteenth and at the beginning of the fifteenth century London began to increase in power and commercial influence. The mythical nursery hero, but the strong and very real civic personality, Richard Whittington, reached and upon three several occasions filled the office of mayor. Commerce increased, the City companies grew in power and influence, the old Guildhall was found unsuitable for the increased requirements of the City, and in 1411 a new building was commenced. The following entry in Fabyan's *Chronicles* refers to this event: 'In this yere also was ye Guyldehalle of London begon to be newe edyfied, and of an old and lytell cottage made into a fayre and goodly


COURT of REQUESTS
Guildhall Chapel
King Street
Cheapside
London
Sketched on Thursday ½ 6 o'clock a.m. 16th March 1825. (258) R.B. Schnebbelie.

THE GUILDHALL CHAPEL.

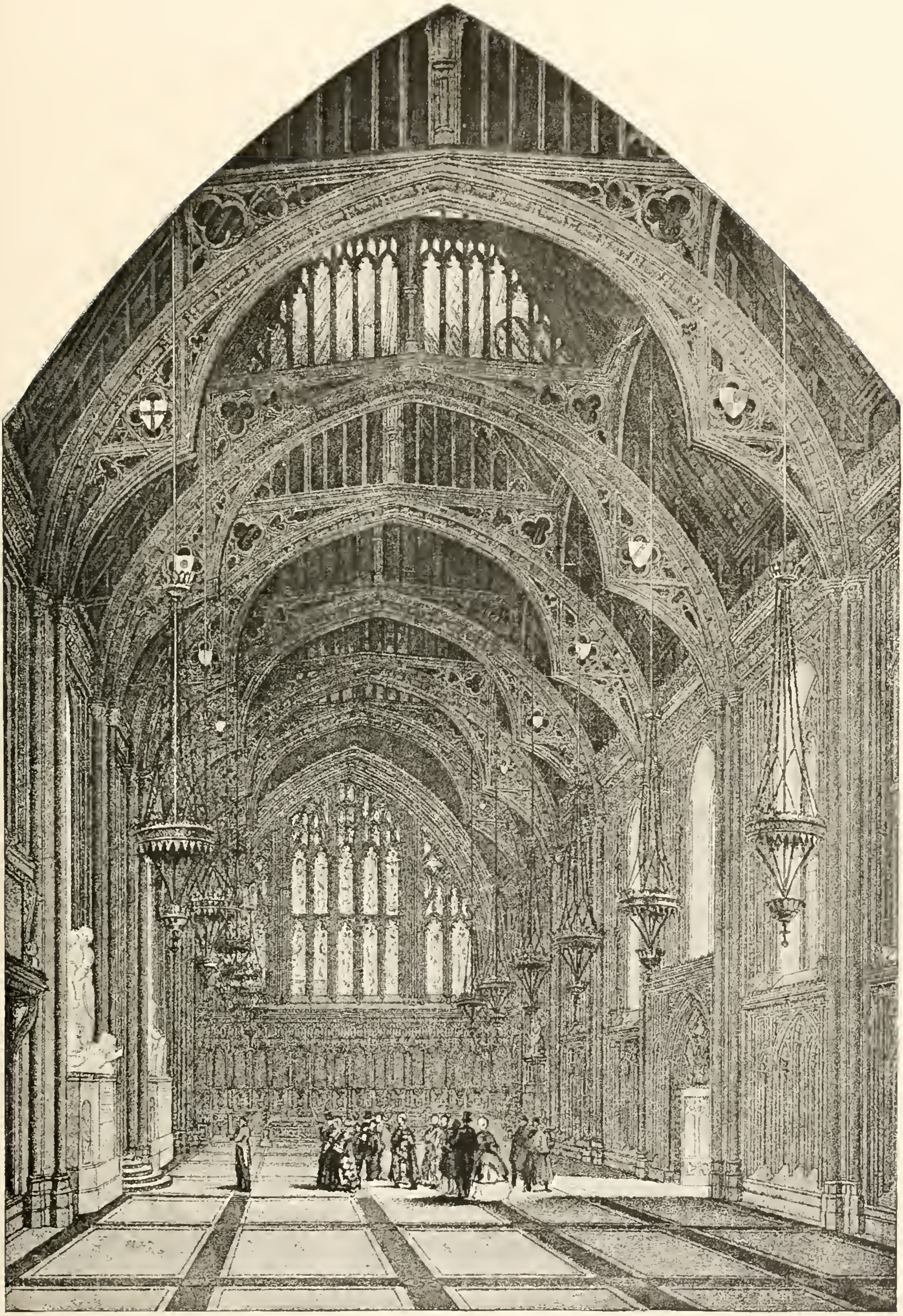
house, as it now apperyth.' About the same time the companies began to build private halls for their own use, leaving the Guildhall entirely for civic employment. But the 'fayre and goodlye house' occupied a long time in construction, and cost more than the burgesses had anticipated, insomuch that the records of the first half of the fifteenth century are full of fines and levies exacted for this object. In 1422 the executors of Whittington, one of whom, John Carpenter, was the compiler of the famous *Liber Albus*, gave twenty pounds towards the paving of the Hall with Purbeck stone, and in 1423 an additional fifteen pounds, at the same time glazing some of the windows of the Hall and of the Mayor's Court. Whether Whittington ever heard Bow bells while resting on Highgate Hill, or ever possessed the famous cat, may be doubtful. But that he was a capable, powerful, and prosperous citizen during his life is certain, and he so arranged his affairs that his wealth continued to do good after he had passed away. Dr. Nowell, one of the Deans of St. Paul's, thus sketches him and his deeds :

'This Sir Richard Whittington three times mayor,
Son to a knight, and prentice to a mercer,
Began the library of Grey Friars in London,
And his executors after him did build
Whittington College, thirteen almshouses for poor men ;
Repaired St. Bartholomew's in Smithfield,
Glazed the Guildhall and built Newgate.'

These Guildhall windows, many of which doubtless were religious in choice of subjects, were in all probability destroyed about 1643 by order of the House of Commons.

The building begun in 1411 seems to have been completed about 1433. Since then the Guildhall has passed through many vicissitudes, and only one or two portions of the present structure can with any certainty be identified as parts of the original edifice. But one of these faces every visitor who enters from the Guildhall yard. He sees before him a fine porch, and although here, as so frequently in London, modern restoration has done nearly as much as possible to ruin and deface ancient work, in the lower part of the porch, and especially in the interior work, he sees a structure which dates from the year 1425. It consists of two bays of groined vaulting, the walls being deeply recessed, moulded, and panelled. In the western side is the door leading to the comptroller's office, in the eastern one leading to the New Library and Museum. The vaulting of the roof is a fine specimen of early work. The upper story, in the Roman style, an utterly incongruous restoration, was added by George Dance after the fire of 1666.

The porch opens upon the great hall, one of the most spacious and handsome apartments in London, being a hundred and fifty-two feet long,



The Interior of the Guildhall.

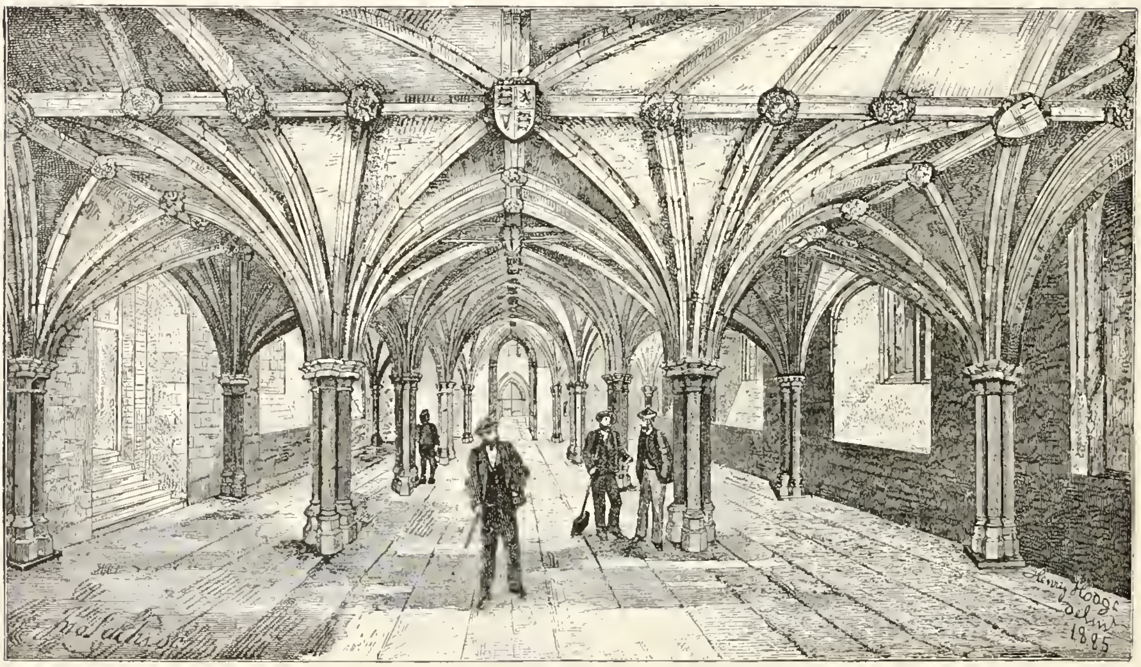
forty-nine and a half feet wide, and eighty-nine feet high. It is divided into eight bays, separated by clustered pillars. At each end, east and west, is a magnificent window, occupying the whole width, and very rich in design and decorative detail. At the east end is a raised daïs, reached by three steps. In this hall is held the Court of Hustings, the meetings of the Common Hall for election of Lord Mayor, sheriffs, &c., and the various public meetings of the citizens of London called by the Lord Mayor. Here also the great ninth of November banquet takes place every year, and here are held the great meetings for conferring the freedom of the City upon distinguished men.

One of the glories of the hall is the magnificent roof, erected in the year 1865. The original roof of timber perished in the Great Fire, a contemporary account stating that 'the sight of Guildhall was a fearful spectacle, which stood the whole body of it together in view for several hours together after the fire had taken it, without flames (I suppose because the timber was of such solid oake) in a bright shining coale, as if it had been a palace of gold, or a great building of burnished brass.' After this event, which greatly injured not only the roof, but the whole fabric, the walls of the hall appear to have been raised twenty feet, and a flat roof placed upon them. It is thus that the hall appears in the last century prints. But in the years 1864 and 1865, under the superintendence of Mr. Horace Jones, the late City architect, the present handsome roof, which is believed to be on the same plan as that destroyed in 1666, was erected.

In the great hall are some interesting memorials, notably those to William Beckford, Lord Mayor in 1763 and 1770; William Pitt, Earl of Chatham; the Duke of Wellington; Lord Nelson, and William Pitt, son of the Earl of Chatham. The old Guildhall, which was glazed by the munificence of Whittington, was doubtless very rich in mediæval glass and ornamentation. In very recent years civic and private wealth has been devoted to a similar purpose, and the hall can boast of some magnificent stained and painted glass. The great east window was erected by Lancashire operatives in commemoration of the liberal help afforded to them by London during the hard times of the cotton famine. It depicts the rebuilding of London by King Alfred, and the grant of the first charter by William the Conqueror. It contains full-length portraits of Sir Richard Whittington, Sir Thomas Gresham, John of Gaunt, and Sir Thomas Stanley, and it also exhibits the arms of the twelve great City companies. The other windows commemorate important events in London life, such as the coronation of Edward VI., Rahere's dream and the founding of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, the death of Wat Tyler, the expulsion of the Jews under Edward I., their petition to Cromwell for liberty to return, and the swearing in of Sir David Salomons, in 1855, the first Jew who attained to the dignity of Lord Mayor. The great window at the west end is a memorial to Prince Albert.

One of the most recent additions is the window presented by Mr. J. T. Bedford, commemorating that great beneficial act of the Corporation, by which between the years 1871 and 1882, the City succeeded in saving 5500 acres of Epping Forest from the builder, and preserving them in perpetuity for public use. The two scenes depicted are Queen Elizabeth starting for the chase from her hunting lodge in the forest, which is still preserved; and Queen Victoria receiving an address from the Corporation in 1882, prior to the dedication of the forest to public use.

No one can enter the hall without noticing the huge figures of the two giants placed in the angles at the western end, and probably few objects in London are more frequently mentioned in descriptions of civic ceremonials than these effigies, known as Gog and Magog. They are fourteen feet six inches high, and were in all probability carved by Captain Richard Saunders, a Cheapside carver, in the first few years of the eighteenth century. Originally they represented Gogmagog and Corineus, two mythical personages, who were supposed to have engaged in the prehistoric conflicts between the Trojans and early Britons. But in process of time the latter name has been dropped and the former divided, in order to serve for the two. A not unreasonable supposition as to their origin and use is that they owe their introduction into London life to a desire on the part of the citizens to imitate in their civic processions the custom of the Flemish municipalities, which on great festival days were in the habit of parading their com-



THE CRYPT OF THE GUILDHALL.

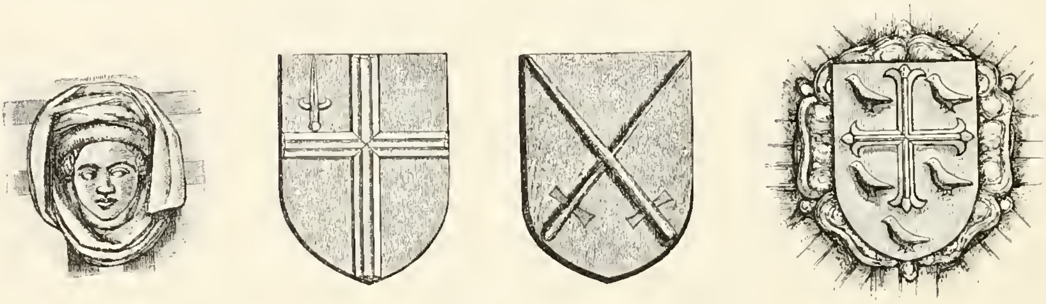
munal or local giant. It was formerly the custom to parade large wickerwork figures resembling these images in the Lord Mayor's procession. For a long time these two grotesque effigies stood over the north doorway of the hall, but during the repairs of 1815 they were removed to their present position.

In addition to the porch the only part of the Guildhall now extant that dates from 1411 is the crypt, and of this probably only the eastern portion remains in its original state. It is seventy-six feet long, forty-five and a quarter feet wide, and thirteen feet seven inches high. It is an unsually fine specimen of Early English architecture. It is a vaulted chamber consisting of three aisles, separated by pillars, each aisle being divided into four vaults. A very interesting feature is the large number of unusually interesting bosses. Among these may be noted the arms of Edward the Confessor, the shield with the crossed swords, and those of heads and of animals.

In ancient times there adjoined the south-east wall of the hall a chapel, but this, after sharing the vicissitudes of the Guildhall for centuries, was finally destroyed in 1822, and the site is now occupied by the New Art Gallery. From sketches and plans of this structure still extant, enough is known of it to make it a matter of regret that permission was ever granted for its removal. A reproduction of one of the sketches is given on page 61.

The three stone figures of Edward VI., Elizabeth, and Charles I., which formerly occupied niches on the west front of the chapel, facing Guildhall Yard, are now preserved on the principal staircase of the Guildhall Library.

The custom of giving the great banquet on the installation of the new Lord Mayor, in the Guildhall, originated with Sir John Shaa, who was mayor in 1501, and who built the kitchen. Previously it had been held in the hall of one or other of the companies. But from Sir John Shaa's day to the present the feast has been held there, except during the period after the Great Fire, when the hall was uninhabitable. But at a much earlier date the hall had been used for pageants and state occasions, and that hospitality for which the City of London is so famous. The great victory of the Black Prince at Poitiers was celebrated by a grand entertainment on May 2, 1357. In 1419 Sir Richard Whittington entertained Henry V. and his queen, on which occasion, the story goes, that while Henry was admiring the fire of wood mixed with cinnamon and other spices, Whittington threw into it bonds for £60,000, representing the debt owed to him by the king. If true, and many hold that the incident is authentic, well might Henry, as reported, exclaim, 'Never had Prince such a subject!' To which Whittington responded, 'Never had subject such a Prince!' On August 12, 1554, the City gave a magnificent reception to Mary and her husband, Philip II. In 1641 Sir Richard Gurney entertained Charles I. The reception was very brilliant, and seems to have led Charles to fancy that his influence in the City was stronger than he had thought. It encouraged him to proceed with his resistance to Parliament and begin the eight years' conflict that for him was to close in utter destruction. Gurney paid the penalty for his share in this business by being expelled from Parliament. In 1643 Charles appeared in the Guildhall to demand the surrender of the five members, but he found the temper of the great body of the citizens anything but what he wished, and retired thence as baffled as he had been the previous day in the House of Commons. Seventeen years later, in 1660, his son, Charles II., visited the Guildhall in state to commemorate his 'glorious restoration.' Pepys describes at length a banquet he attended in 1663, the arrangements not meeting with his entire approval. 'Anon comes the Lord Mayor, who went up to the Lords, and then to the other tables to bid welcome, and so all to dinner. I sat near Probyn, Baron and Creed, at the merchant strangers' table, where ten good dishes to a messe, with plenty of wine of all sorts, of which I drank none; but it was very unpleasing that we had no napkins, nor change of trenchers, and drank out of earthen pitchers and wooden dishes. . . . I expected musique, but there was none, but only trumpets and drums, which displeased me. The dinner, it seems, is made by the Mayor and two Sheriffs for the time being, the Lord Mayor paying one half and they the other. And the whole, Probyn says, is reckoned to come to about 7 or £800 at most.'



Ancient Bosses in the Guildhall Crypt.

William of Orange, George II., George III., and other recent sovereigns have all accepted the Guildhall hospitality, it being the invariable practice for the sovereign to honour the City by being present at the first mayoralty banquet after his accession. One of the most gorgeous banquets of this century was that given on November 9, 1837, when Queen Victoria was present.

In many minds the chief idea connected with the Mayor and Corporation is that of lavish, if not altogether too excessive hospitality—and with the Guildhall that of almost perpetual feastings. But those ancient walls have looked down in their time upon many a state tragedy. They have witnessed many a trial of great moment in English history, and within them many a man and woman has had to await the verdict, which, if adverse, condemned them to speedy, and in many cases very cruel execution. In 1509 Edmund Dudley, Speaker of the House of Commons in the reign of Henry VII., and with Sir Thomas Empson the agent of that monarch's financial oppression, was here sentenced to death, and executed upon Tower Hill. In 1547 Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, a man of great intellectual force and of high poetic gifts, to whom is assigned the credit of having been the first to introduce the sonnet and blank verse into English poetry, was here found guilty of treason, and executed on January 19th. His father, the Duke of Norfolk, was one of the very few who escaped from Henry the Eighth's cruelty. He was sentenced to death on January 27, 1547, and the warrant for his beheading sent to the Lieutenant of the Tower; but fortunately for the duke the great Tudor monarch died in the night, and the warrant was never executed. In 1570 John Felton, one of the many Romish conspirators of Elizabeth's reign, was here condemned to an execution the details of which are horrible to read, and enable us to understand the absolute disregard of humanity in Tudor times in the punishment of treason. Here the men who had poisoned Sir Thomas Overbury in the Tower, Richard Weston and Sir Jervis Elwes, discovered in 1615 that their sin had found them out. Weston was hung at Tyburn, and Elwes formed one of the long list of Tower Hill sufferers.

But in the Guildhall even in Tudor and Stuart times a prisoner sometimes escaped with life. In 1554 Sir Nicholas Throckmorton was declared not guilty by a jury whose action was so resented by the Commissioners presiding over the trial that they sent them all to the Fleet, releasing them only after the payment of heavy fines.

Of all the sad scenes that took place within those ancient fifteenth-century walls, two, in each of which a woman was the victim, stand out above all others in the mournful series. Here, in 1546, Anne Askew, a name ever to be reverenced in the annals of English Evangelical Christianity, was tried or examined no less than three times, prior to that revolting scene in one of the gloomiest vaults of the Tower, where Lord Chancellor Wriothesley and Master Rich are said to have laid their own hands to the rack, in order to increase her torture. She died, as bravely as she had lived, at Smithfield, at the early age of twenty-five years. Seven years later another trial, in which a woman was the chief figure, took place. Under the year 1553 the chronicles of the Grey Friars record: 'Thys yere the xiii day of Novembre the Byshoppe of Cantorbury Thomas Creme and Lady Jane that wolde abene Queen and iii of the Dudleys condemyd at the yelde-halle for hye-tresone.' Out of this company the Lady Jane died on Tower Green, Guildford Dudley on Tower Hill, and Cranmer was burnt at Oxford in 1555.

But we must leave the shadows no less than the sunshine of the past, and glance at those portions of the buildings included under the general term, Guildhall, utilised for modern civic needs, and for the benefit of the citizens generally.

Our limits of space do not permit us to enter with any fulness of detail into these matters. But before quitting the Guildhall we must consider briefly the chief provisions for municipal government, and the valuable aid given to the intellectual development of the citizens by the handsome and well-stocked Library and Museum.

The Corporation consists of the Lord Mayor, the Aldermen, and the Common Council. We have already mentioned some facts in the history of the mayoralty. Authorities seem generally agreed that the first official in any real sense answering to the Lord Mayor was Henry Fitz-Alwyn, who appears to have held the office from 1189 until his death in 1212. During Henry the Third's and Edward the First's reigns constant struggles occurred between the royal and civic powers, resulting finally in the triumph of the latter, and in 1299 the commonalty exercised the right of electing the Mayor, conferred upon them by the charter of King John in 1215. From this time forward the power of election appears to have been vested entirely in the commonalty. In 1383 it was resolved: 'That no person shall from henceforth be Mayor of the said City, if he have not first been Sheriff of the said City, to the end that he may be tried in governance and bounty, before he attains such estate of the Mayoralty.'

In 1406 Richard Whittington was elected Mayor for the second time, and the record, yet preserved in the archives, gives an interesting picture of how City affairs were administered in the early part of the fifteenth century. 'On Wednesday, the Feast of the Translation of St. Edward the King and Confessor (13th October), John Wodecok, Mayor of the City of London, considering that upon the same day he and all the Aldermen of the said City, and as many as possible of the wealthier and more substantial Commoners of the same City, ought to meet at the Guildhall, as the usage is, to elect a new Mayor for the ensuing year, ordered that a Mass of the Holy Spirit should be celebrated, with solemn music, in the chapel annexed to the said Guildhall; to the end that the same Commonalty, by the grace of the Holy Spirit, might be able peacefully and amicably to nominate two able and proper persons to be Mayor of the said City for the ensuing year, by favour of the clemency of Our Saviour, according to the customs of the said City. Which Mass having in the said chapel been solemnly celebrated . . . . the Commoners peacefully and amicably, without any clamour or discussion, did becomingly nominate Richard Whytyngtone, mercer, and Drew Barentyn, goldsmith, and presented the same. And hereupon the Mayor and Aldermen, with closed door, in the Chamber of the Mayor's Court, chose Richard Whytyngtone aforesaid, by guidance of the Holy Spirit, to be Mayor of the City for the ensuing year.' This method struck the citizens as so satisfactory that it was resolved to continue it; but, like many others of those good ancient resolutions, has been more honoured in the breach than in the observance.

The Court of Aldermen is first mentioned in 1200, in which year were 'elected 25 of the most discreet citizens, and sworn to consult for the City together with the Mayor.' These 'discreet citizens' were originally styled 'Barons,' a title which to this day stands upon the Common Seal. The election by wards dates from 1293; in 1393 the office was made a life tenure; and in 1413 it was decided that birth within the kingdom and descent from an English father was essential. The Court now consists of twenty-six members, and from them the Lord Mayor is annually chosen. The Court-room in the Guildhall is a handsome apartment. The ceiling was painted by Thornhill, and the stained-glass windows exhibit the arms of past Lord Mayors.

The only section of the Corporation that can be considered in any modern sense as representative is the Common Council. It originated when the City was divided into wards, certain citizens of each being appointed to assist the Alderman in the discharge of his functions. In 1273 they numbered in all forty; in 1840 they had increased to 206, the present number. The first date that refers to their Chamber is given by Stow, who says that in 1424 'was built the Mayor's Chamber and the Council Chamber, with other rooms above the stairs.' Between 1611 and 1615 a new Council Chamber was built, which was destroyed in 1666. In 1883 the magnificent apartment in which the Common Council now transact their business was begun, and the first business meeting was held in it on October 2, 1884. It is described as duodecagonal in design; its diameter is fifty-four feet, and it is surrounded by a corridor nine feet wide, above which is a gallery for the press and the public. The height from floor to dome is sixty-one feet six inches, and above this rises an oak lantern, the top of which is eighty-one feet six inches above the floor. This lights and ventilates the whole apartment. Seats are provided for twenty-six Aldermen, the Recorder and other officers, the Sheriffs, and 206 Common Councilmen. The details of the stone and wood work and the whole interior decoration are worthy of careful study.

The Guildhall Library contains a very fine and easily accessible collection of books, housed in an appropriate and beautiful home. There have been facilities for literary research connected with the Guildhall from very early times. A library was founded here either by Sir Richard Whittington, or by his executors and those of William Bury. The original Library was a building adjoining the south side of the Chapel, and was for the use of the students connected with Whittington's College. The Library seems to have possessed, almost from the foundation, a valuable collection of books, but in Edward the Sixth's reign, Somerset, the Protector, borrowed *three cartloads*, and never returned them. This spoliation practically suppressed the Library, and in 1552—how great a fall!—the building became a 'common market for the sale of clothes!' Early in Elizabeth's reign, however, the scandal was removed by a renewed attempt to 'founde a very mete and apte house to make a lyberary of,' which library appears to have finally perished in 1666. In 1824 a committee was appointed by the Corporation to establish a Library at the Guildhall. In 1828 the first librarian, William Herbert, was appointed. In 1832 the first building was erected, and in 1840 the first catalogue issued contained ten thousand volumes. In 1859 the number had increased to thirty thousand. In 1869 it was determined to erect the present handsome building, which, together with the land, cost £90,000, and was formally opened as a Free Library on November 5, 1872, by the then Lord Chancellor, Lord Selborne.

'The Principal Library, now daily thronged with readers and students, is one hundred feet long, and sixty-five feet wide, and fifty feet in height, divided into nave and aisles, the latter being filled with oak book-cases, forming twelve bays. The room is well lighted, the clerestory over the arcade of the nave, with the large windows at the north and south ends, together with those in the aisles, transmitting plenty of light to every corner of the room. The beautiful roof comprises arched ribs which are supported by the arms of the twelve great City Companies, with the addition of those of the Leathersellers' and Broderers', and also the Royal and City arms. The timbers are richly moulded, and the spandrels filled in with tracery. Each spandrel of the arcade has, next to the nave, a sculptured head, representing History, Poetry, Printing, Architecture, Sculpture, Painting, Philosophy, Law, Medicine, Music, Astronomy, Geography, Natural History and Botany; the several personages chosen to illustrate these subjects being Stow, Camden, Shakespere, Milton, Gutenberg, Caxton, William of Wykeham, Christopher Wren, Michael Angelo, Flaxman, Holbein, Hogarth, Bacon, Locke, Coke, Blackstone, Harvey, Sydenham, Purcell, Handel, Galileo, Newton, Columbus, Raleigh, Linnæus, Cuvier, Ray and Gerard. There are three fireplaces in this room. The one at the north end, executed in D'Aubigny stone, is very elaborate in detail, the frieze consisting of a panel of painted tiles, the subject being an architectonic design of a procession of the Arts and Sciences, with the City of London in the middle, emblematised by an enlarged representation of the ancient seal, viz., St. Paul, and some mediæval buildings with a river in the foreground. The quatrefoil panels on either side have sculptured heads of Carpenter, the founder of the City of London School, and Chaucer, the "Father of English Poetry." The screens in front of the fireplaces at the south end are executed in oak, the panels being inlaid with coloured foreign wood, and the bases of the screens forming dwarf book-cases which are fitted to receive large folio books.'[1]

The number of books now exceeds 70,000, and among these are a very large number illustrative of the history, life, and antiquities of London. Every facility is offered by the committee and their officers to place the

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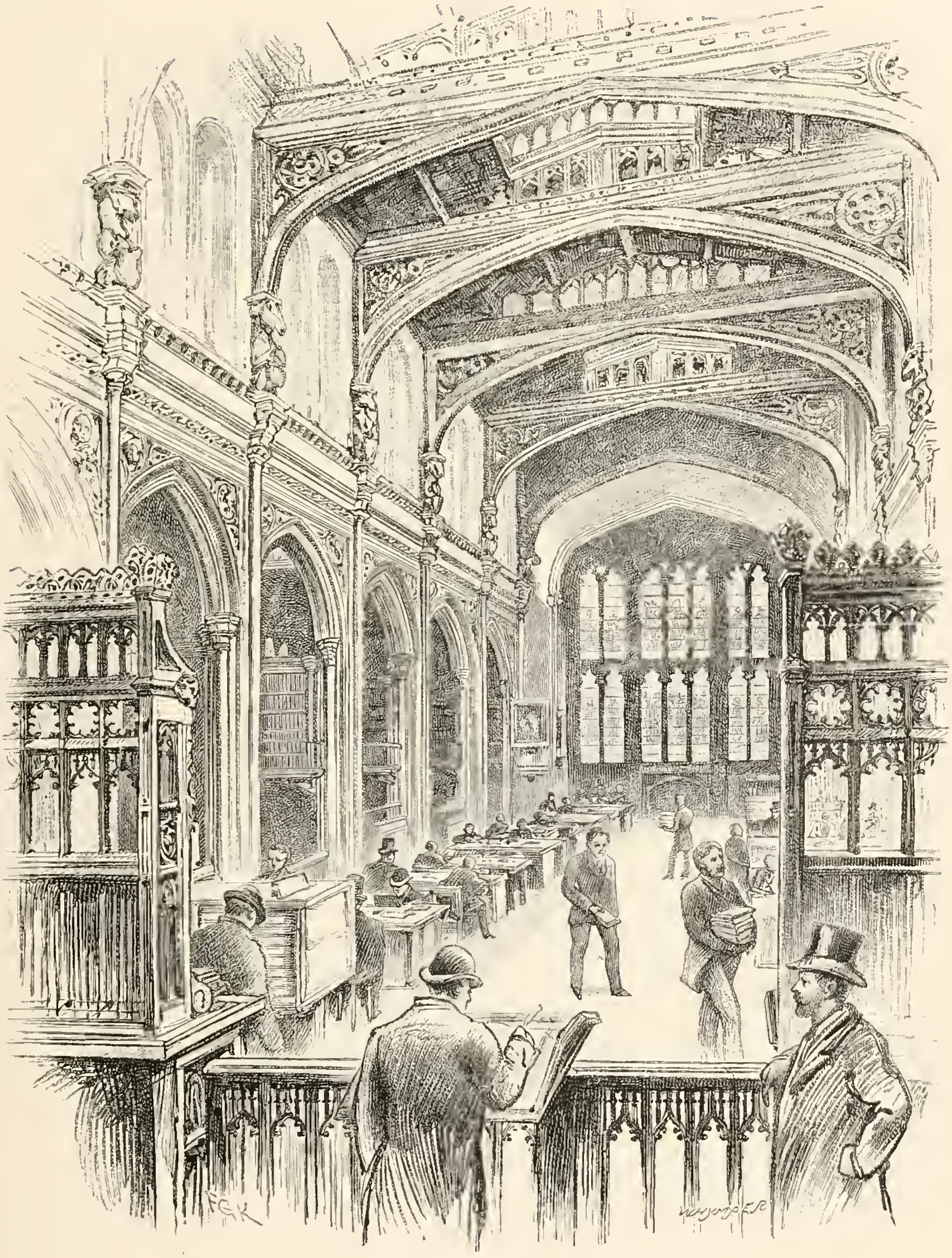
[1] *A Descriptive Account of the Guildhall*, pp. 229, 230.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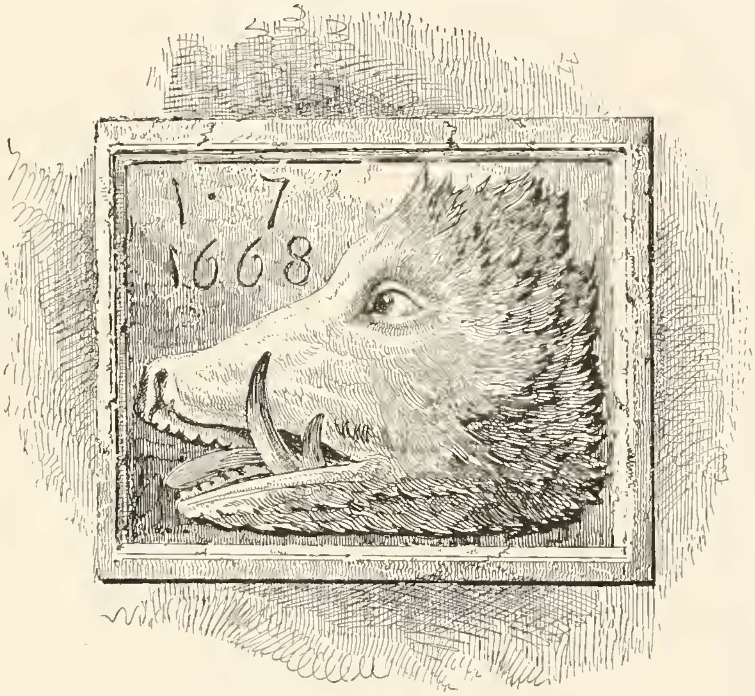
THE GUILDHALL LIBRARY.

treasures of the collection at the service of those who are able to make use of them, or desirous to consult them for special work. The historical records of the Guildhall, including as they do MSS. from the time of William I. to the present day, form a rich mine for the students of English municipal life to work. The Library is open free daily from 10 A.M. to 9 P.M. to every person above sixteen years of age. In addition to the principal apartment described above, a free reading room is provided, well furnished with dictionaries, directories, and legal and commercial handbooks.

Beneath the Library is the Museum, with a varied collection of early antiquities. The many excavations in recent years, connected with changes which have resulted in the practical rebuilding of the City, have greatly enriched this department. Here, for example, may be seen the superb Roman mosaic, twenty feet long and thirteen feet six inches wide, found in Bucklersbury at a depth of nineteen feet below the present surface level. Here are specimens of Roman memorial statues, funeral monuments, architecture, pottery, lamps, needles, bronzes, &c. Not a few objects of Scandinavian settlement times, and of the period between the Conquest and the Revolution, are also preserved here. The famous London signs are also represented by several good specimens—the Boar's Head in Eastcheap, and the George and the Dragon from George Yard, being the best. Not the least of the literary treasures is a very fine autograph of Shakespeare. Moreover, the whole collection is so admirably arranged that the visitor with the seeing eye has there spread out before him a most interesting, instructive and valuable series of object lessons in London history.



THE OLD BOAR'S HEAD SIGN.

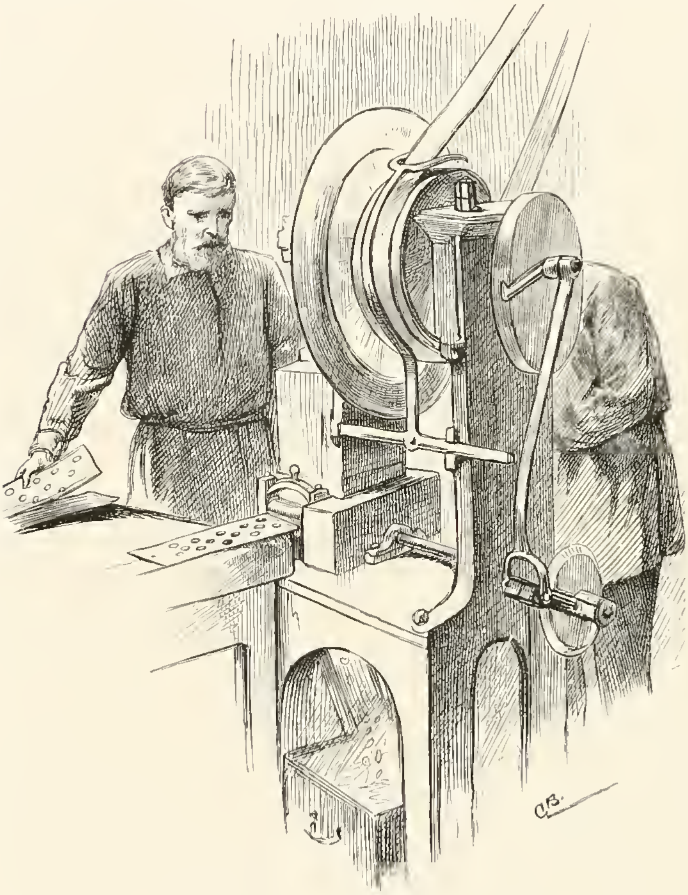
While the Lord Mayor has to discharge most of his official duties at the Guildhall, his residence is at the Mansion House. This prominent building, with the heavy Corinthian pillars of the portico, known by sight to every Londoner, and seen by almost every stranger who visits London, stands in the very heart of the City, facing the Bank of England. Here during his term of office the Lord Mayor makes his home, and here he extends much of that hospitality which has made the Mansion House famous. In addition to the private apartments, and to a number of rooms devoted to official duties, the Mansion House contains a handsome suite of state rooms, which look remarkably well when lit up on a grand evening, and thronged, as they often are, by a distinguished company. The largest room is the Egyptian Hall, so called from the character of the decoration. It is very spacious, and here are held the balls, banquets, and the numerous afternoon and evening meetings by which every successive chief magistrate of London seeks to help forward the great religious, social and philanthropic efforts of his time. From no house, probably, in the civilized world do more appeals for benevolent help issue, and certainly to none do more liberal responses return. Whether it be for an Indian or a China famine, for a disaster in a sister country, like the great Chicago fire, for a home calamity like the Cotton Famine, or some one of our too numerous colliery accidents, for some local benevolence—whatever the object, if it be good in itself and one in which, without distinction of creed or political conviction, all good citizens can unite—the appeal goes forth, and the response is almost invariably prompt and generous.

While near the Mansion House we must glance at commercial London, although obviously our glance must be brief. It is not desirable to load these pages with statistics on a subject which affords an almost endless supply, whose significance would be neither clear nor interesting to one in a hundred readers. Nor can this vast subject be referred to in any detail. The best plan seems to be to limit our view to a few well-known buildings and to the great interests and commercial movements represented by them. We begin, therefore, with one of the most famous; viz., the 'Old Lady of Threadneedle Street,' or, in other words, the Bank of England. Part of the southern front of this great building is shown in the engraving on page 12. It impresses the visitor more by its extent and solidity than by its architectural beauty. It is irregular in design, and covers about four acres of land, much of the present structure dating from the last century. The outer walls contain no windows, in order to obtain greater security, the various apartments being lighted either by skylights or from interior courts. The Bank was founded in 1694 by a Scotchman named William Paterson. The Government of William III. were then in financial difficulties, and Paterson, in conjunction with others, lent them £1,200,000. The subscribers were to receive eight per cent., and were incorporated by a charter dated July 27th, 1694, into a society known as the Governor and Company of the Bank of England. It thus became the first joint-stock bank in England, and continued until 1834 the *only* bank of that kind in London. In the two centuries that have passed, the Bank has grown with the extension of

England's commerce and finance. The capital is now over twelve times the original sum. In the vaults are usually from ten to twenty millions sterling in gold and silver. Notes to the amount of twenty or twenty-five millions sterling are in constant circulation. These are legal tender everywhere, except at the Bank itself, and the Bank alone in London has the power of issuing notes. All the Government finance, such as the management of the National Debt, which amounts now to £700,000,000, negotiation of Treasury bills, &c., is managed here. The dividends on all kinds of Government stock and on many colonial loans are paid here. In addition to this a very large banking business, receiving deposits, discounting bills and making advances, is also carried on. It has been estimated that over £2,000,000 daily are negotiated at the Bank.

The Bank is now so complete that it is quite self-contained. Not only are all the processes connected with its business, with the sole exception of coining, carried out on the premises, but even the account book making and binding, and all structural repairs, are done by the Bank staff. For these purposes, quite an army of assistants, some nine hundred in number, is required, who receive annually in salaries about £210,000, that is, just a trifle more than the Bank receives from the Government for managing the National Debt. The Bank furnishes a library and reading room and other conveniences for the staff, and the various members are entitled to a pension upon retirement. The ordinary offices where notes are cashed, deposits accepted, and cheques and dividends paid, are always open to the public during banking hours. But to inspect the other departments, a special order from the governor or deputy-governor is necessary. These include the Court Room and offices connected with the management of the Bank, a very handsome and comfortable suite of apartments. The Court Room, in which the directors hold their meetings, is quite an imposing chamber. In the strong vaults the visitor sees, laid upon trucks, great piles of bars of solid gold. He may take up in his hand a small fortune, but if he could take from the Bank only as much gold as he could carry, he would not be excessively rich. One bar of gold taxes his muscular strength, but in the note department he can easily hold in one hand a fortune of a million. The stock of gold in the vaults varies constantly, the Bank being compelled by statute to buy all gold bullion brought to it at a fixed rate of £3 17*s.* 9*d.* an ounce. In the room adjoining the bullion vaults is a very complicated and delicately adjusted hydraulic balance, by which gold can be weighed to the thousandth of an ounce. It is used to weigh, and by weighing to test the quality of the bullion brought for sale to the Bank.

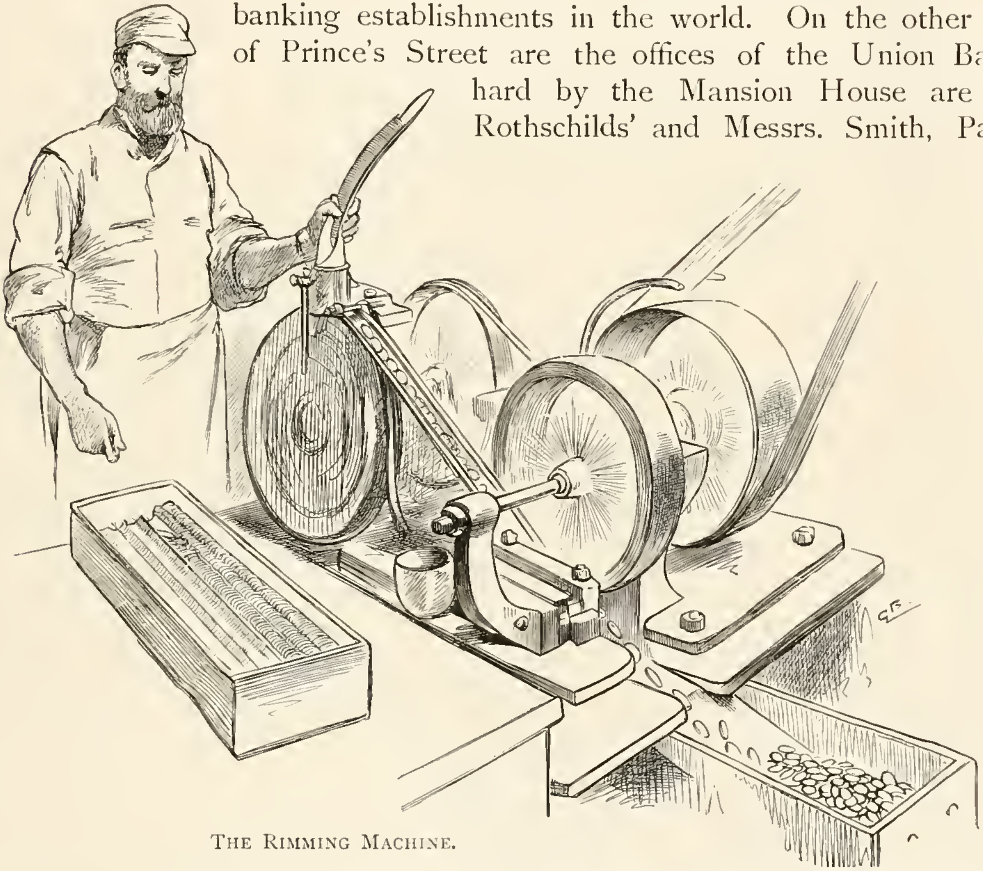
A very interesting apartment in the Bank is the Weighing Room, that is, the room in which all the sovereigns and half-sovereigns paid into the Bank are weighed. Those only are accepted as full value which are up to the standard weight. All such as have become light by the wear and tear of circulation are rejected and recoined. The machines that decide this question are very ingenious. The coins are placed in a tube and are pushed down by their weight upon a little delicately adjusted table. If the coin is the proper weight, it sinks to a lower level, and a little lever sweeps it into the proper receptacle. If it is light, it fails to depress the table sufficiently, and a lever, working the opposite way, sweeps it into the receptacle for condemned coins. The light coins are then taken to a machine which rapidly cuts a slit in each coin, from the circumference to the centre. The person from whom these come is debited with the amount of deficiency, and then the defaced coins go to the Mint to be recoined. These machines can weigh thirty to forty coins a minute.



Punching out the Blank Coin.

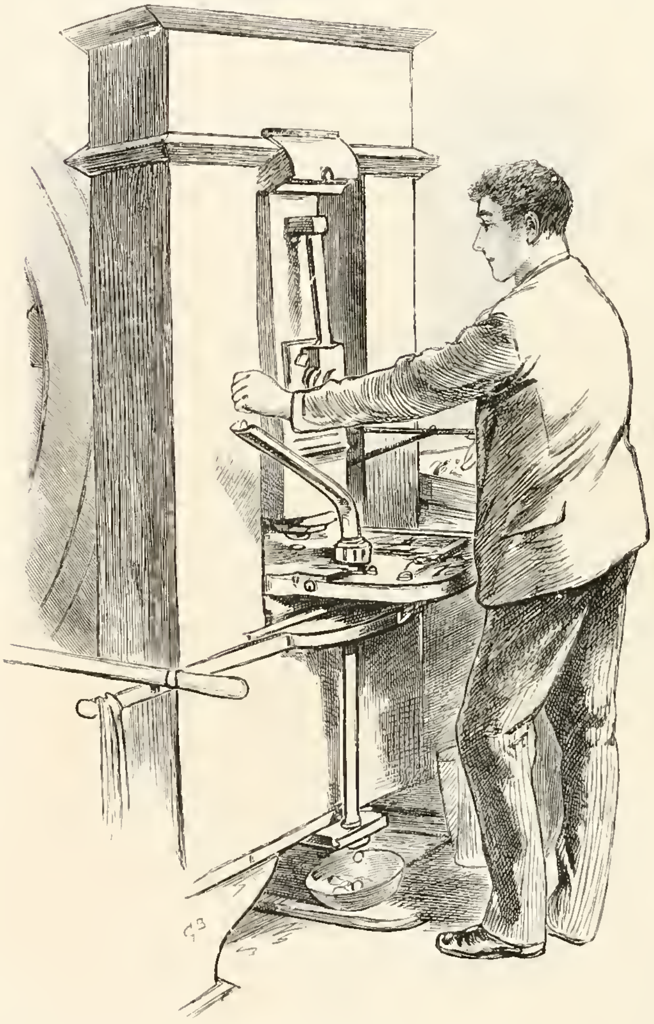
At the Bank, all processes connected with the notes, except the making of the paper, are carried on. As the note paper comes in from the makers, each bundle is carefully counted. There are men in the Bank whose whole time is given up to counting blank notes. Then, as each variety of note is needed, the proper paper is sent to the printing department, there transformed by the agency of the press from blank paper into notes that will soon represent hundreds and millions sterling, and then carried off to the bank-note store room, whence they are sent out as required into circulation. It is in this room that the presiding official amuses the visitor by handing him a little oblong packet composed of £1000 notes, which enables him afterwards to say that he once held in his hand one million sterling. The life of a note may be long, and it may be very brief. The same note never twice goes forth from the Bank. In the store rooms, where the returned and cancelled notes are kept ten years before being destroyed, you are shown a note that was in circulation for a century. Not unfrequently a new note returns the very day it is issued. Each month all the notes issued in the corresponding month ten years before are burnt. In one of the note rooms an autograph book is preserved, containing the signatures of many of the royal and distinguished visitors to the Bank during the last and the present centuries.

Directly behind the Bank of England, in Lothbury, stands the London and Westminster Bank, the first of the many joint-stock banks that have come into existence since 1834, and within a radius of a quarter of a mile stand a number of the wealthiest private and public banking establishments in the world. On the other side of Prince's Street are the offices of the Union Bank; hard by the Mansion House are the Rothschilds' and Messrs. Smith, Payne and Smith's; within a stone's throw are the National Provincial, the City Bank, and a host of other great commercial institutions. A visit to the Bankers' Clearing House in Post Office Court, Lombard Street, is the best evidence of the enormous financial business of London. There daily the accounts of the different bankers are settled. As each house holds cheques, &c., of the others, instead of a long series of negotiations, a balance is struck, a cheque on the Bank of England given, and the account is at once settled. In this way, transactions to the amount of over *six thousand millions* sterling are annually settled in the City.



THE RIMMING MACHINE.

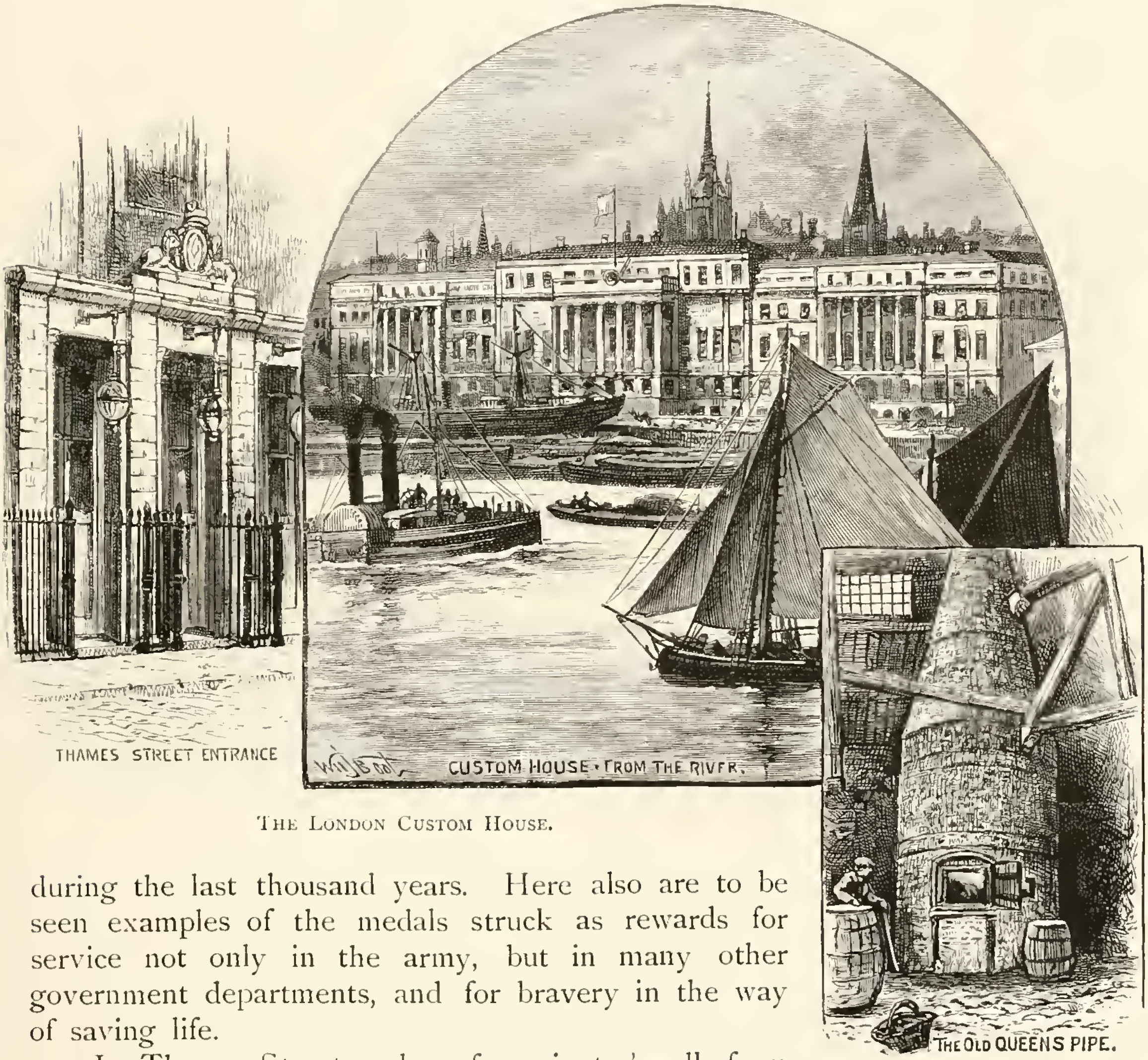
The coinage of England was for many generations struck in the Tower of London, but since 1811 it has been done in the Royal Mint, which stands on the eastern side of Tower Hill. The premises were enlarged, and new and greatly improved machinery introduced in 1881 and 1882. Sir Isaac Newton and Sir John Herschel were among the past holders of the Mastership, an office now abolished. The processes are very interesting, and the rate at which the coins can now be produced is very rapid. The visitor is shown in quick succession the melting of the bullion, the casting it into bars, the various processes of rolling, annealing, punching out the blank coins, rimming, and finally stamping them. Possibly the rimming and the stamping most impress the visitor. In the former the perfectly flat metal discs, that have just been punched out from bars of metal rolled until they have reached a standard thickness fixed by very accurate gauges, are pushed forward until they reach a rapidly revolving wheel, which seizes them, and, faster than the eye can follow it, raises a rim or protecting edge evenly all round the disc. The stamping or coining is accomplished by one act of the coining-press, in which two dies are concerned. The lower one is fixed, the upper one moves up and down under a pressure of several tons. The attendant puts the blank discs in the tube with his left hand. Their weight presses them down. A metal finger pushes each in succession upon the fixed lower die, this is encircled by a movable ring so cut as to give the milling to the edge of the disc. As soon as the disc rests upon the die, this ring rises, the upper die descends, forces the disc against the lower, the one blow stamping both the obverse and reverse pattern, and giving at the same time the milling, the metal driven out by the stamping being forced against the ring. As the die rises, the metal finger which is bringing



THE COINING PRESS.

forward the next disc pushes off its completed predecessor into a shoot, through which it falls into the tray below. These machines, of which there are fourteen, can each stamp at the rate of a hundred and twenty coins a minute.

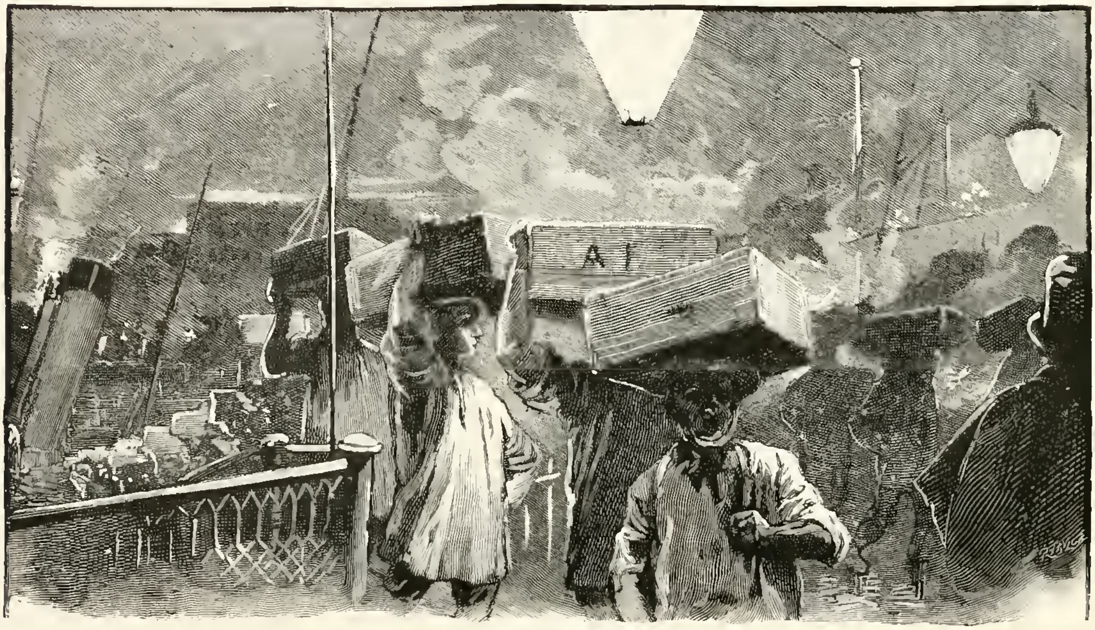
The Mint possesses a very good museum of coins, exhibiting fine examples of the various forms which English metal currency has assumed


THAMES STREET ENTRANCE
W.H.Boot
CUSTOM HOUSE • FROM THE RIVER.
THE OLD QUEENS PIPE.

The London Custom House.

during the last thousand years. Here also are to be seen examples of the medals struck as rewards for service not only in the army, but in many other government departments, and for bravery in the way of saving life.

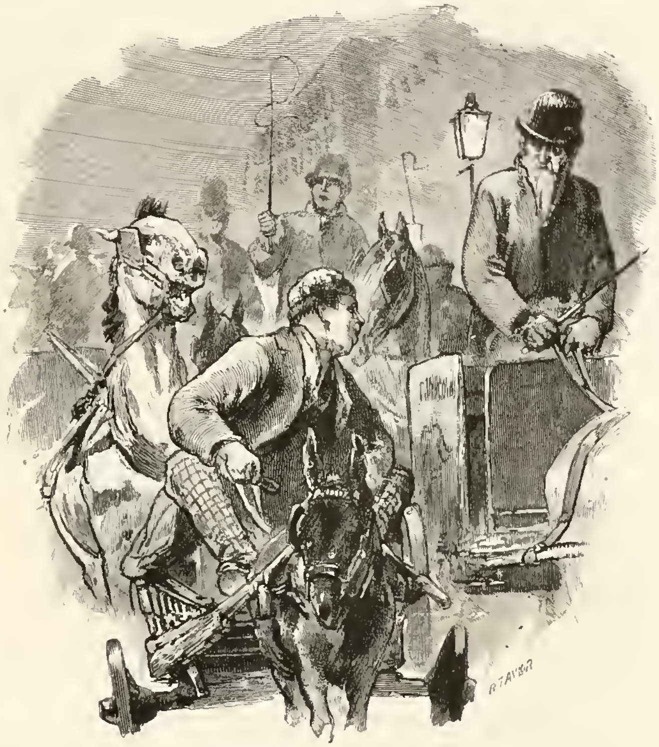
In Thames Street, only a few minutes' walk from the Mint, stands a building in which centre a great many operations which have a powerful and not always kindly appreciated influence upon London commercial life—the Custom House. The Thames Street entrance looks ancient and somewhat insignificant, but the river front is both extensive and imposing. Vexatious and objectionable as customs duties even yet are in the opinion of many, they were much more so in the 'good old days' when free-trade was almost unheard of. In 1329 the Bardi of Florence farmed the customs of England for £20 a year; in Henry the Second's day Queenhithe was the port of London, and the customs were worth £36 a year. From that time forward they grew rapidly, and even in these degenerate times amount to about £12,000,000 a year. The captain of every ship entering London has to appear in the Long Room—a lofty apartment about a hundred and ninety feet long and sixty-six wide—and there declare his cargo. For those upon which duty can be levied, such as tea, tobacco and spirits, either the amount must be paid, or a bond must be entered into that the duty will be paid when the goods are removed from the warehouses. Bonded goods remain under 'crown locks,' under the charge of Custom House officials, and the merchant to whom they are consigned has access to them, but cannot remove them. If they are exported, no duty can be claimed. Confiscated articles are sold quarterly, and realise as much as £5000 annually. The Queen's Pipe is a furnace used mainly to destroy confiscated tobacco. This is not quite the waste it seems, since, as a rule, the bulk destroyed is tobacco of such poor quality that it is left on the officials' hands rather than cleared by paying the duty. There is a museum which exhibits many ingenious attempts to outwit the officials—such as coils of rope made of tobacco, books ingeniously adapted so as to carry instead of leaves the same material, and garments with an altogether abnormal number of pockets situated in altogether unexpected parts. But the number and variety of these contrivances that have been seized leads the reflective observer to doubt



BILLINGSGATE MARKET.

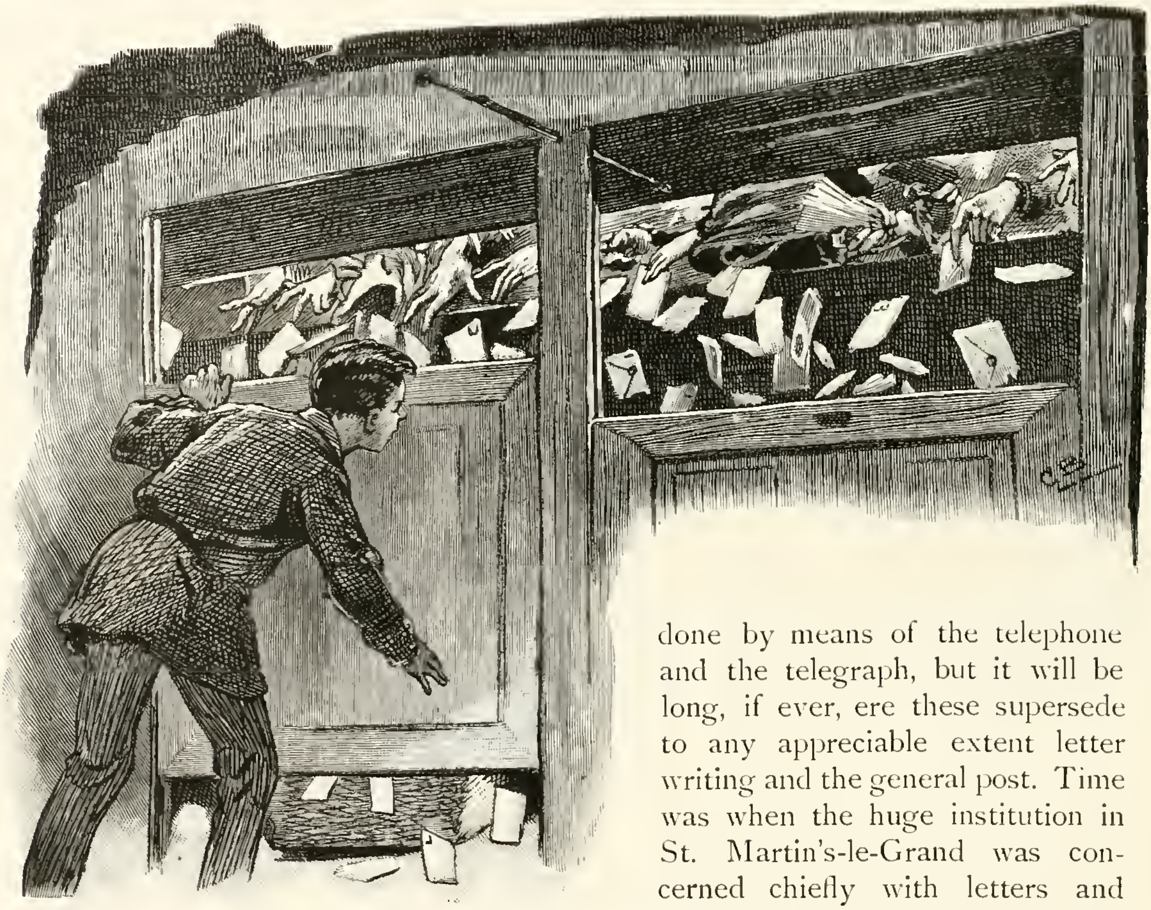
whether the game can ever have been very profitable, and affords another of the many collateral proofs that honesty is the best policy.

Close to the Custom House is Billingsgate, the great fish-market of London, and a little further east, at the northern end of London Bridge, stands the stately Fishmongers' Hall, one of the richest of the old City guilds, having an annual income of £20,000. Lord Mayor Walworth, who slew Wat Tyler—the dagger with which the deed was done being preserved in the Hall—was a member of this company. The fiction still obtains in some quarters that the dagger in the City arms dates from this event. Like Covent Garden in the west, Billingsgate in the east is one of the sights of London, and the visitor who would see the place at its best should be an early riser. The present market building was erected by Horace Jones, the late City architect, and was opened in 1877. The fish is brought in boats to the open river front and landed in baskets or boxes, and sold first to the wholesale, and then the retail dealers. Oysters and shellfish are bought by measure, salmon by weight, and other fish by number. Five A.M. is the market hour, and the early clerk on his way from the suburbs to the City meets on his way to the train the carts bearing off the fish to all parts of the metropolis. The rail also brings a large quantity of fish to the market, and daily there pour in huge quantities of fish that only a short time before were disporting in a Scotch salmon river, or swimming over the Doggerbank, or near the mouth of Torbay. The approaches to the market are not so commodious as they might be, and scenes like that shown in the engraving not unfrequently occur. When they happen, dialogues ensue that are not fit for ears polite, and that have transferred the name of the market to language more remarkable for violence than propriety, and generally descriptive in a very unflattering sense of the person to whom it is addressed.



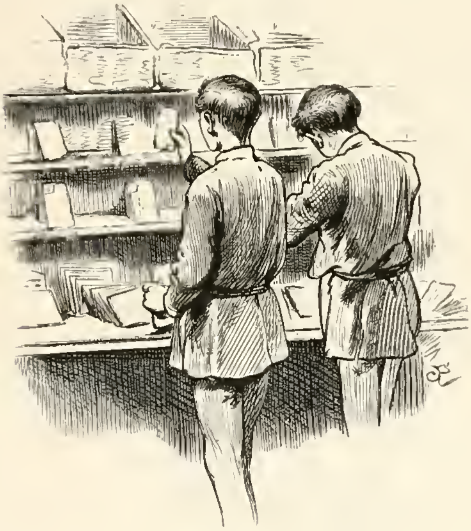
BILLINGSGATE AMENITIES.

Great as the temptation is to enlarge upon so fascinating a theme as the varied and enormous commercial life of London, we must resist it. We close our necessarily imperfect sketch with a brief description of that great commercial heart, any paralysis of which would instantly be felt through all the trunk and limbs of the commercial body, not only of London, but of the whole civilized world—the General Post Office. The rapid and gigantic development of modern commerce has been due very largely to improved methods of communication, and much of this can be fairly traced to modern postal enterprise. Great and increasing is the amount of business done by means of the telephone and the telegraph, but it will be long, if ever, ere these supersede to any appreciable extent letter writing and the general post. Time was when the huge institution in St. Martin's-le-Grand was concerned chiefly with letters and their transit. But recent extensions and developments have greatly added to the work done there. The financial departments connected with the sale of stamps, the issue of postal orders, the savings bank, annuities, etc., demand a large staff; the telegraph work monopolises a large portion of a huge building; while the sorting and despatch of letters, newspapers, and all other kinds of mail matter are carried on in the blackened building which is among the most familiar objects in London.

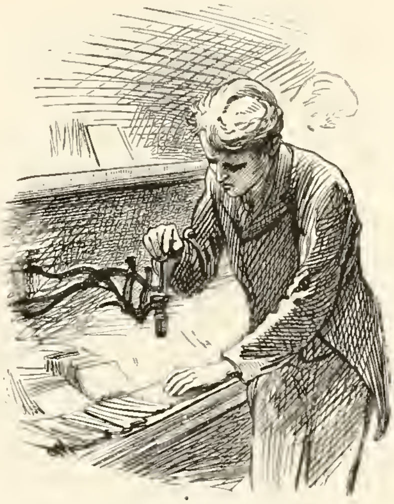


The Letter Box at the General Post Office at Six p.m.

The General Post Office stands on the site of a famous and venerated old monastery. In the thirteenth century, between what is now Newgate Street and the old St. John's Gateway, Clerkenwell, there stood no less than five great monastic establishments—St. Martin-le-Grand, a Franciscan monastery, St. Bartholomew's Spital, St. Bartholomew's Priory, the Charterhouse, and the Priory of St. John. It was between the years 1825 and 1829 that the present Post Office was built. It is in the Ionic style, is 390 feet long, and has a heavy portico, within which are the boxes for the receipt of letters and packets. As six o'clock P.M. draws near, this portico becomes one of the busiest spots in London, and the engraving gives a capital view of the scene from the inside. The statistics of letters and other objects dealt with reach such gigantic proportions as to be practically meaningless. For example, about 1,500,000,000 letters, 500,000,000 book-packets and newspapers, 200,000,000 post-cards, and 25,000,000 packages for the Parcel Post, pass through it annually. These numbers need considerable breaking up before they convey any clear idea to the mind. If we take for this purpose the total population of Great Britain at 35,000,000, then for every man, woman, and child in it, supposing the postal matter equally apportioned, about forty letters, fifteen newspapers, and six post-cards pass through the General Post Office every year.

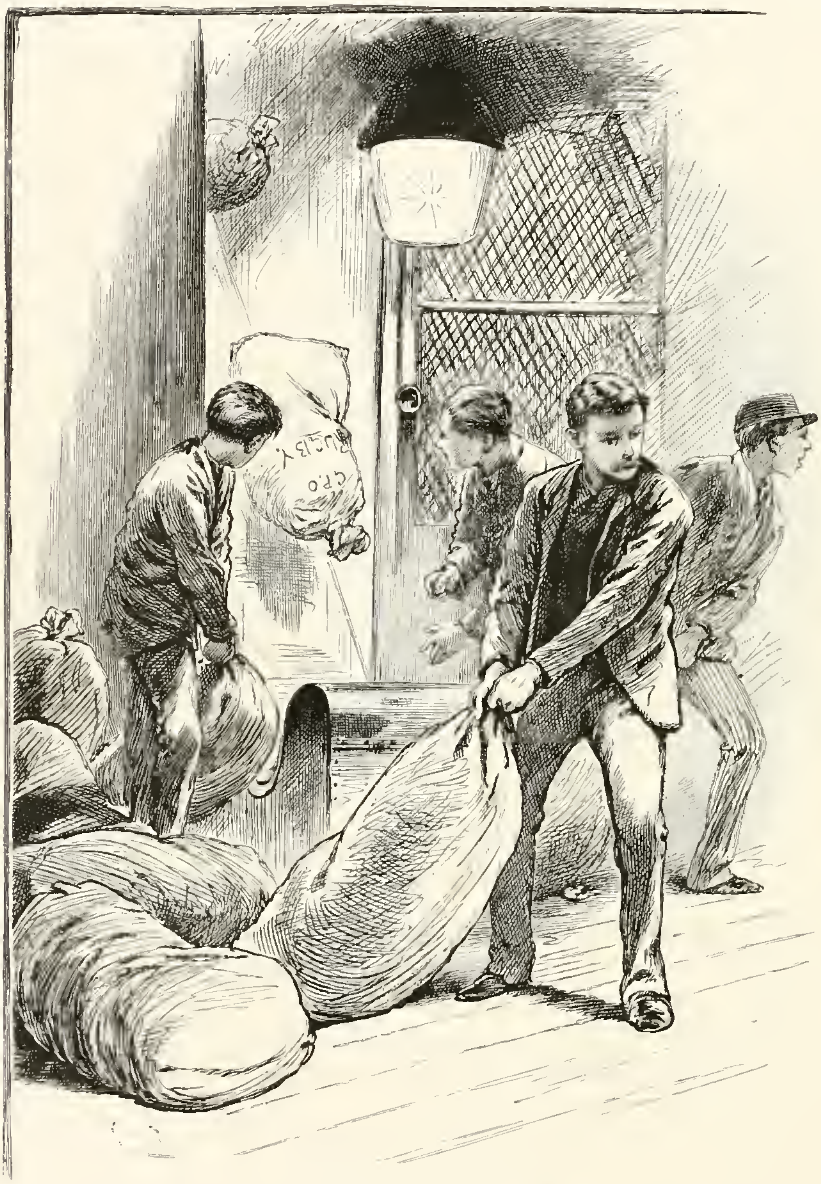


SORTING.



STAMPING.

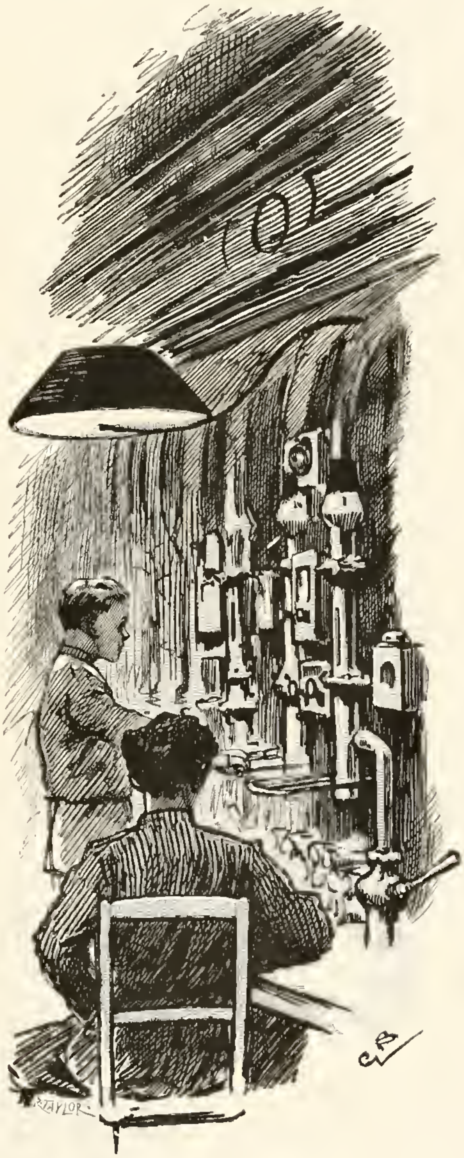
It is obvious that system and the skilful division of labour can alone grapple with enormous quantities like these. No matter what the day brings, whether it be only the million of every ordinary day, or the extraordinary millions of Christmas week—sometimes reaching over two and a half millions a day—they are all dealt with on the day in which they come in. The best way to appreciate the smooth and rapid manner in which these enormous quantities of communications are daily dealt with, is to go some evening and spend the hours from five to eight P.M. within the Post Office under the courteous conduct of one of the officials. Chaos seems to have come at six, but order has been restored, and the vast quantity of epistolary and other postal matter entirely cleared out at eight. Let us make a rapid tour. When on the stroke of six the boxes close, the letters are carried off in boxes and shot out upon long tables, and the sorting begins. They are all faced one way, and then stamped in such a manner as to show by what mail it was sent, and whose hand stamped it. They are then sorted into



THE SHOOT AT EIGHT P.M.

'roads,' the term having come into use in the old days before railways were known. This can be done at a rate varying from thirty-five to fifty a minute, according to the skill of the sorter. Meanwhile, the damaged, unsealed, illegibly addressed or otherwise troublesome letters are weeded out and sent to the proper official, to be, if possible, mended sufficiently to travel safely, or re-addressed so as to reach their intended destination. By a system of subdivision the letters ultimately reach the brown bags so familiar to all travellers by mail trains, are tied up and sealed, and then as the hand of the clock draws near eight are hurried to the shoot, at the foot of which they are seized, deposited in the right red cart, and off they go, to begin their journey to Jerusalem or Madagascar, to Tristan d'Acunha, or some remote island in the far-off southern seas, or, it may be, to the least distant postal district on the nearest railway. The Post Office staff numbers about 11,000.

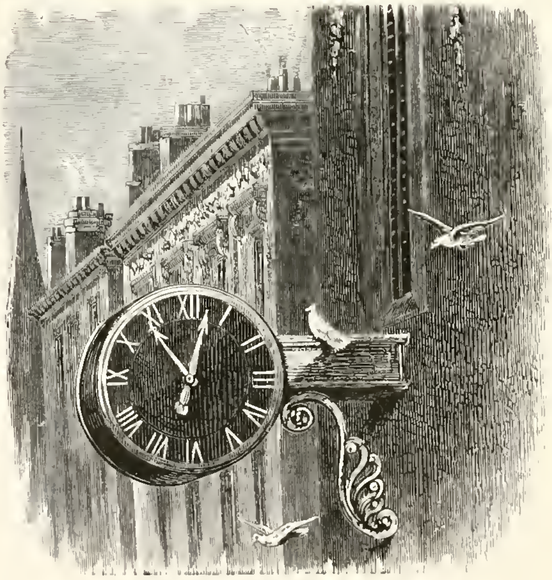
The building we have thus visited is known as the General Post Office East. Directly opposite is a less pretentious but much taller mass of building known as the General Post Office West. This was erected in 1870–1873 at a cost of nearly half a million, and is devoted, the lower floors to the offices connected with Post-Office administration, the upper to the telegraph department. This enlargement was rendered needful in 1870, when the Government took over all the telegraphs except the private wires of the railways. In addition to the fifteen hundred instruments, the three thousand operators, and the special arrangements for making through connections with different parts of the kingdom, a most interesting room is the chamber given up to the pneumatic tubes. All London messages pass through the Central, and for this purpose it has been found that these tubes are quicker even than electricity. Powerful engines exhaust the air in the tubes, and then when the signal is given, say at Charing Cross, a handle is turned, and in three



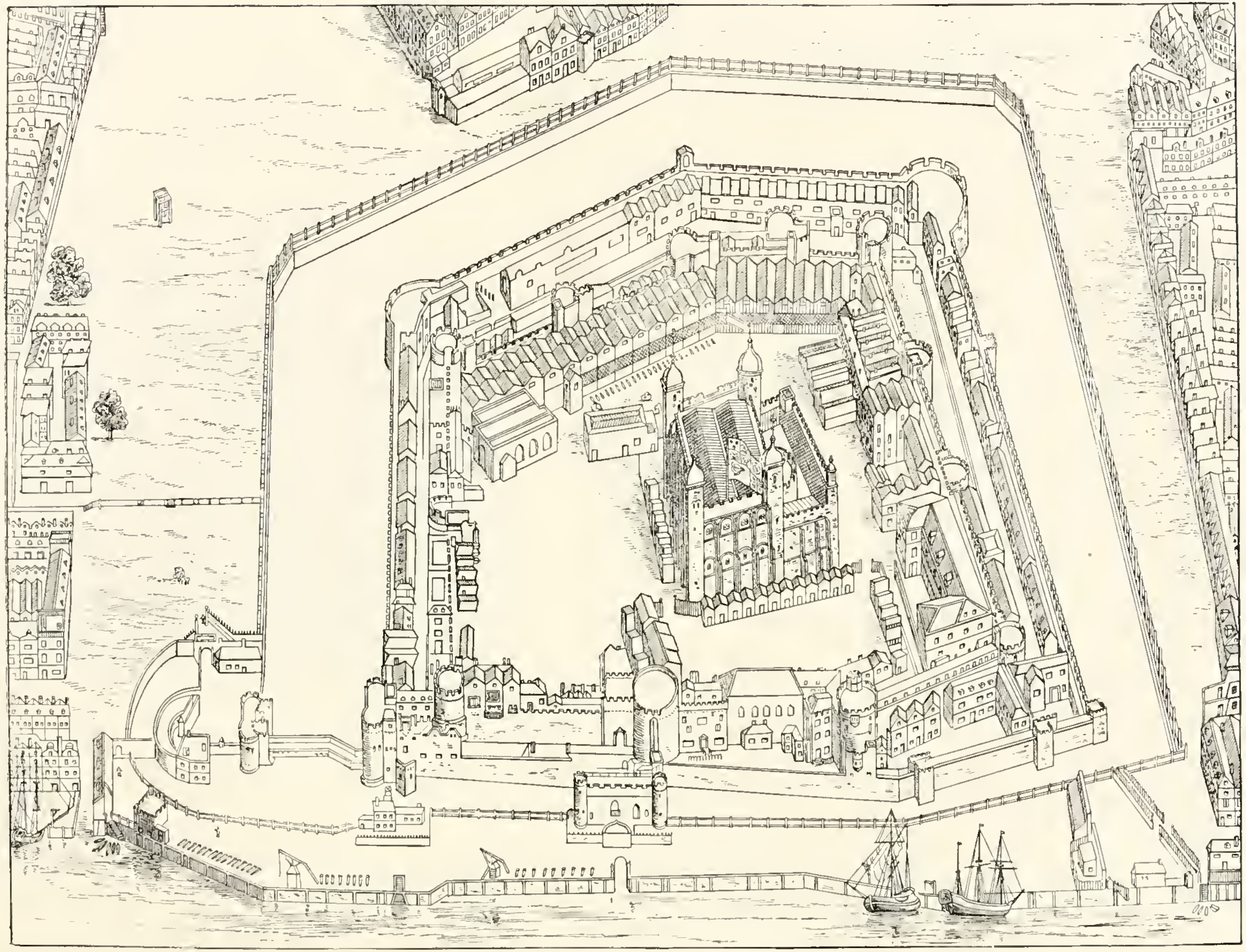
The Pneumatic Tubes at the Post Office.

minutes a thud is heard, and out of the pipe is taken a cylinder made of felt, which may contain twenty, thirty or forty messages on the forms upon which they were handed in at Charing Cross. These are at once distributed and despatched very much sooner than they could possibly have been sent from the local centre. This method, however, is available only for short distances, the longest tube being that which connects the Post Office with the House of Commons.

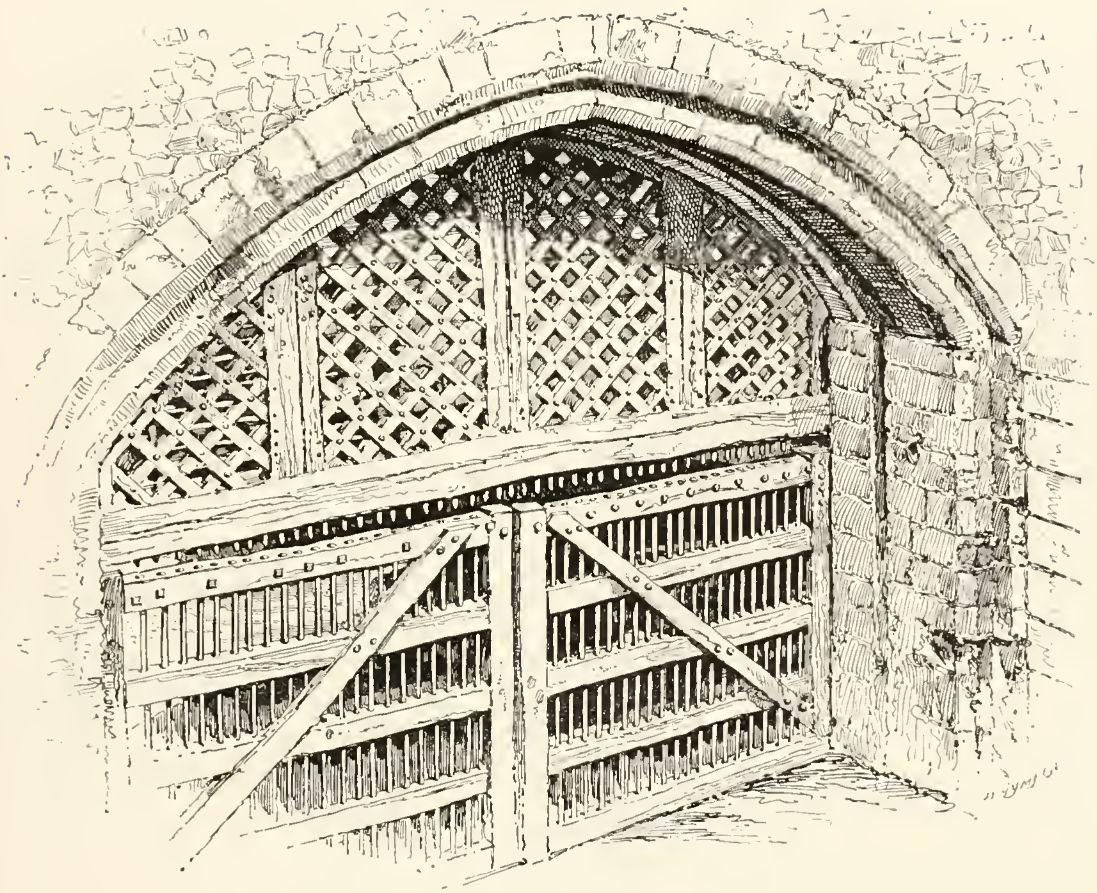
So rapidly is the business of the Post Office increasing that at the present time (1890) a third huge building fronting upon Aldersgate Street is in the course of erection. And in this respect the Post Office is but feeling the force of the modern expansion of London commerce. Upon whatever department of commercial enterprise the observer fixes his attention, the same phenomena present themselves. The old-fashioned cramped buildings and warehouses are everywhere being replaced by large modern structures, business tends more and more to centre in large establishments, the great banks are covering London with their well-built branch houses, the co-operative store principle is becoming more and more popular, and serious as are many of the aspects of the capital and labour problem, there seems to be no doubt that London is growing richer every day, and that the stress and pressure of commercial competition grows keener every year. London is not only exhibiting to the world the largest concourse of human beings ever collected into one area of residence and work, but also the spectacle of a commercial life, activity and wealth on a scale hitherto undreamed of in human history.



St. Margaret's, Lothbury.



Bird's-eye View of the Tower of London in 1688.



The Traitor's Gate from the River Front.

CHAPTER III.

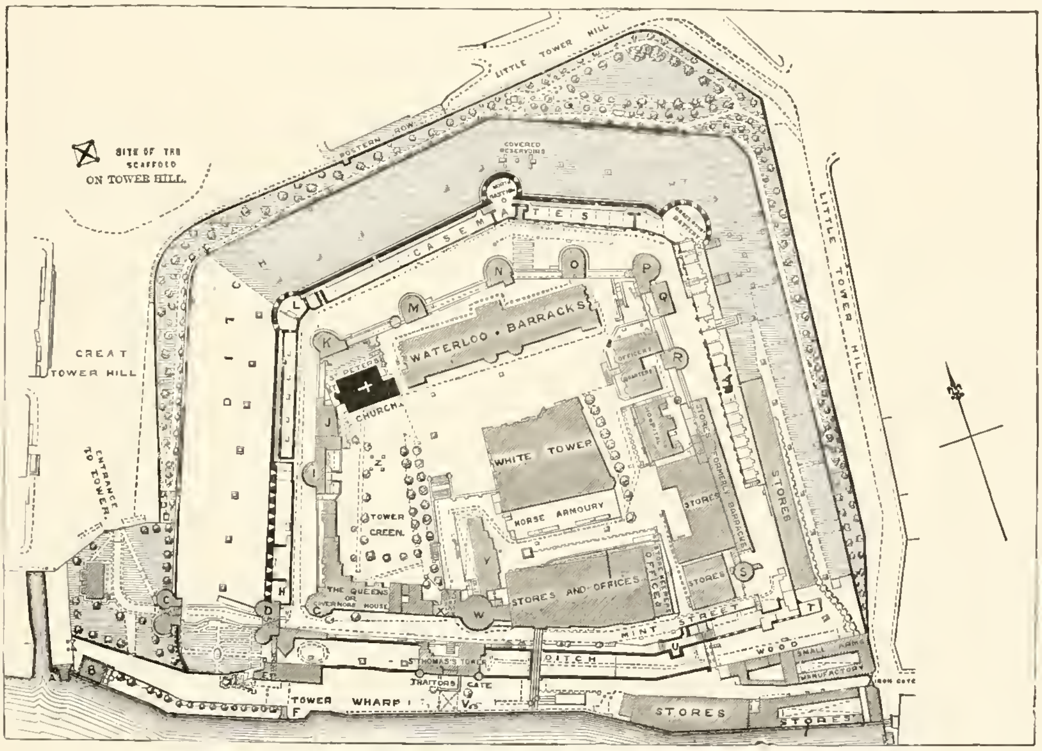
The Tower of London.

'THIS Tower is a Citadel, to defend or command the City. A Royal Palace for Assemblies and Treaties: A Prison of Estate, for the most dangerous Offenders: the only Place of Coinage for all England at this time: the Armoury for warlike Provision; The Treasury of the Ornaments and Jewels of the Crown; and general Conserver of the most Ancient Records of the King's Courts of Justice at Westminster.' Thus John Strype concludes his sixty folio pages concerning the Tower of London in the new and enlarged edition of old John Stow's *Survey of the Cities of London and Westminster*, which he published in the year 1720. The extract is interesting as a summary of the varied uses to which, during its long life, this Tower of London has been put. But out of the long list only two or three functions have survived to the present hour. No longer a palace, a prison, a mint, a record-office, it yet remains a citadel, an armoury, and the guardian of the ornaments and jewels of the crown. Among the many ancient and splendid buildings of which London can boast, none more powerfully, it may be doubted whether any other so powerfully, kindles the imagination and excites the interest of all English-speaking people.

The Tower of London sprang into being at the call of one of the most grim and mighty of English sovereigns—the 'Stark William'—at one of the darkest and most tragic epochs in the history of the English nation. By his will of steel and by his military skill and courage, William I. had seized the crown of England; the White Tower is at once the symbol and the evidence of the firmness with which he planted his dynasty in a land that yielded only to his all-conquering sword. Although the London of 1078 was but a tiny hamlet compared with the London of 1890, William recognised at once its great importance, and the castle reared at his command still stands as a convincing proof that the Norman no less than the Roman knew how to build for the ages. At the spot where the ancient Roman wall touched the Thames, where in Saxon times stood two strong bastions, William, in order that he might 'command the city,' began the great cluster of Tower buildings with the one that is still the strongest, the great central keep or White Tower.

Around this as a centre, during the two centuries separating the close of the Conqueror's reign from the end of Henry the Third's, the great mass of buildings that have ever since occupied that site came gradually into existence. The plan gives a good bird's-eye view of the whole. It represents the Tower as it appeared just prior to the most recent alterations, and therefore possesses a special interest. The chief of these alterations have been the removal of the Horse Armoury from the south of the White Tower, the sweeping away of the mass of stores and offices between the Horse Armoury and the inner ward, of the block of stores by the side of the Salt Tower, and of all the buildings hard by the Iron Gate, and the re-erection of Lanthorn Tower midway between the Salt and Wakefield Towers. In all other respects the plan shows the Tower as it is to-day.

In the centre stands the great Norman keep. Around this runs the massive fortification known as the inner ward or curtain, strengthened by no less than thirteen towers, viz., those now known as the Wakefield, Bloody, Bell, Beauchamp, Devereux, Flint, Bowyer, Brick, Martin, Constable, Broad Arrow, Salt, and Lanthorn towers. The Lanthorn, as already noted, is a recent restoration, and two or three of the others are of late date. The only entrance to this inner ward was through the gateway of the Bloody Tower; and the huge portcullis by which it was secured is still there, and in working order. Around and encircling the whole of the inner ward stands the outer ward—a very powerful fortification, strengthened by three batteries, known as Legge's Mount, North Bastion, and Brass Mount Battery. Byward Tower, the main entrance to the outer ward, dates from Richard the Second's time, the foundation being still earlier; and in ancient days it protected the drawbridge, 130 feet in length, by which only the Tower could be approached. The river front is occupied by a strong quay, built originally by Henry III., and defended by St. Thomas's Tower, through which the main entrance from the river—a *via dolorosa* in English history—passed, closed by the famous Traitor's Gate. Encircling this whole cluster of fortifications ran what was in early days the most efficient protection to the Tower—the wide and deep moat, which in recent times has been drained, and laid out partly as an exercise ground and partly as a garden.


SITE OF THE SCAFFOLD ON TOWER HILL.
POSTERN ROW
LITTLE TOWER HILL
COVERED RESERVOIRS
NORTH BASTION
CASEMATES
BRASS MOUNT BATTERY
LITTLE TOWER HILL
DITCH
GREAT TOWER HILL
ENTRANCE TO TOWER.
L
K
M
N
O
P
Q
R
WATERLOO • BARRACKS
ST PETERS
CHURCH
OFFICERS QUARTERS
HOSPITAL
STORES FORMERLY BARRACKS
STORES
J
Z
I
WHITE TOWER
TOWER GREEN.
HORSE ARMOURY
STORES
Y
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D
THE QUEENS OR GOVERNORS HOUSE
G
X
W
STORES AND OFFICES
STOREKEEPERS OFFICE
STORES
S
T
MINT STREET
U
WOOD
SMALL ARMS MANUFACTORY
IRON GATE
A
B
E
ST THOMAS'S TOWER
TRAITORS GATE
TOWER WHARF
F
V
STORES
STORES

Plan of the Tower of London.

A. Tower Stairs. B. Wharfinger's House. C. Middle Tower. D. Byward Tower. E. Guard Room. F. Queen's Stairs. G. Bell Tower. I. Beauchamp Tower. K. Devereux Tower. L. Legge's Mount Battery. M. Flint Tower. N. Bowyer Tower. O. Brick Tower. P. Martin Tower. Q. Old Jewel House. R. Constable Tower. S. Salt Tower. T. Develin Tower. W. Wakefield Tower. X. Bloody Tower. Y. Main Guard. Z. Site of Scaffold on Tower Green.

So much for the general plan; and now a word or two about the history of the Tower, a theme demanding a whole volume for anything like adequate treatment, and upon which we can only lightly and briefly touch. William the Conqueror and William the Red fixed the style and plan of the structure, impressed indelibly upon it the character of a fortress, and began its history as a dungeon. Necessarily they developed towards it the unfavourable opinion of the Londoners, by causing them at once to realize how firm a grasp it laid upon their liberties, while at the same time vigorous levies were exacted for its construction. The money of the citizens contributed to their own subjection. Naturally in its earlier days the Tower was not popular.

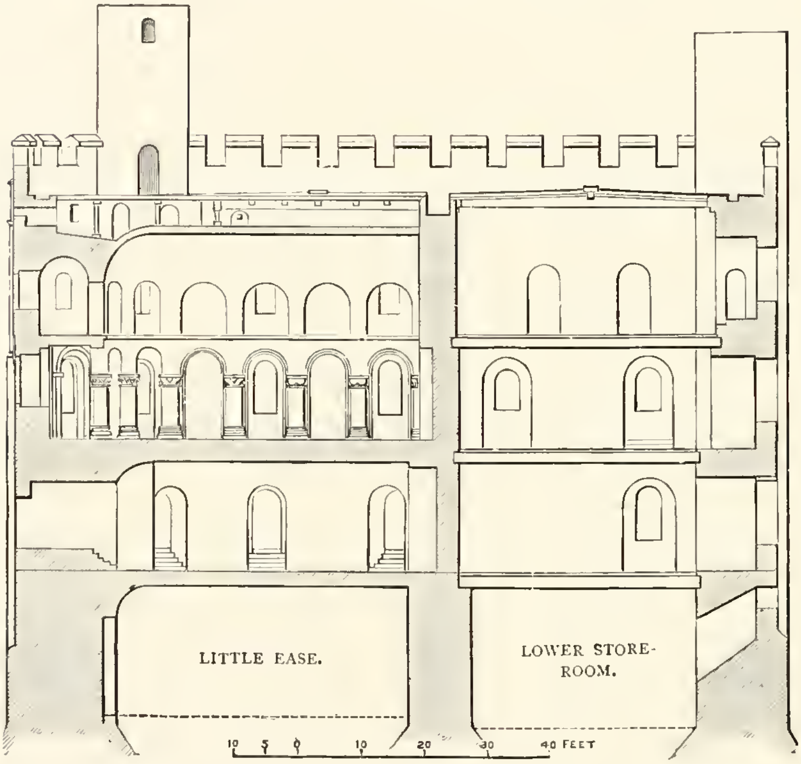
Stephen was a monarch to whom the Londoners took kindly. He was their candidate for the throne, and by their election only was his possession of the crown rendered probable. In 1143 he managed to make Geoffrey, Earl of Essex, who was then holding the Tower for Matilda, prisoner, and as his ransom exacted the surrender of the Tower. Stephen managed to hold it for ten years. In Henry the Second's reign large sums were spent on the buildings; but already its associations had become grim and forbidding, and Fitz-Stephen described it as 'great and strong, with encircling walls rising from a deep foundation, and built with mortar tempered with the blood of beasts.' This last statement is of course mythical; but there is ample evidence that more than the first scenes of the Tower tragedy of human cruelty and suffering had been enacted prior to Henry the Second's time.

In 1215 the barons seized London, and the Tower was held by the Archbishop of Canterbury, in connection with the struggle which resulted in John's very unwilling assent to the Magna Charta. Henry III., during his long reign of fifty-six years, almost rebuilt the Tower. He did not, indeed, as in the case of Westminster Abbey, resolutely sweep away almost every trace of his predecessors' work, but he spent very large sums, greatly increased the strength of the place as a fortress, and built the entire river front and quay. In 1258 the barons again seized the Tower, restoring it to Henry after promises which, in a few years, by the special permission of the people, he faithlessly broke. Edward I. continued his father's work upon the Tower; Edward II. used it mainly as a place of refuge from his enemies; while Edward III. passed the first years of his reign here, until he had rescued public affairs from the confusion into which they had fallen during his predecessor's troubled rule. The Beauchamp, Salt, and probably the Bowyer towers date from this reign. Edward III. used the Tower as an arsenal, greatly developed the Mint within it, and tried many plans for improving the military weapons of his time, carrying on, among others, those curious experiments for manufacturing *pulvis pro ingeniis*, in which, according to the records in 1346 and 1347, nine hundredweight and twelve pounds of saltpetre, and eight hundred and eighty-six pounds of quick sulphur, were used. This is taken by competent authorities to indicate that gunpowder was at that time manufactured in the Tower. In Edward's reign also came the first of a long series of royal prisoners of war—John, King of Scotland, captured at Neville's Cross in 1347; Charles of Blois, nephew to the King of France; John de Vienne, governor of Calais; and in 1350 John, King of France, and many of his nobles.

In Richard the Second's reign the Tower was captured by Wat Tyler and his adherents, who summarily executed Sudbury, Archbishop of Canterbury; and here, in 1399, Richard signed his abdication. For the next century the Tower was alternately a fortress or a refuge, the former under kings like Henry V. and Edward IV., the latter under a weak man like Henry VI. Henry VIII. seems to have thoroughly repaired the buildings; but from his time the popularity of the place as a royal residence began to decline. Elizabeth was not likely to associate any pleasant memories with the walls which had witnessed the execution of her mother, and to which she herself had been brought an unwilling prisoner. The rival claims of Richmond, St. James's, and Whitehall, the troubles of the Commonwealth, the development of social life and luxury, all tended to render the Tower unsuitable for royal residence; and hence it came to pass that the last English monarch who set out upon the time-honoured procession on coronation day from the Tower to Westminster Abbey was Charles II. Since that day a great deal has been done by unwise restoration, by Philistine destruction, by the erection of unsightly buildings, which have either hidden or swept away ancient work, to deface and injure the Tower. But, notwithstanding all the chances of time, and the follies of men in authority, it still remains the one fortress and place of past royal residence, surpassing all others in historical association and perennial interest.

And now a few details relating to special buildings. The first architect employed, the builder of the White Tower, was Gundulf, a monk from the Abbey of Bec, in Normandy. From this famous religious house came the first two Norman Archbishops of Canterbury, Lanfranc, the wise administrator, and Anselm, the man who could withstand even the wrath of William the Red, the man who penned the most profound and most helpful religious works of the Middle Ages. Gundulf was consecrated Bishop of Rochester in 1077, and belonged to that school of architects who reared the Conqueror's cathedral at Caen, Durham Cathedral, and other structures of similar massive grandeur. It is one of the strange contrasts and ironies of life that Gundulf was a man of such sympathetic nature, and so easily moved by the sorrows of others, that he was known as 'the weeper.' And yet his brain planned, and his skill directed, the construction of a building whose life-history was to be one long tale of cruelty, suffering, tears, and blood. He lived well into Henry the First's reign, dying in 1108. Hence he was able to complete not only the Keep, but also, in all probability, a considerable part of the inner ward. The foundations of this, from nine to twelve feet thick, and the lower half of the Wakefield Tower, date from this period.

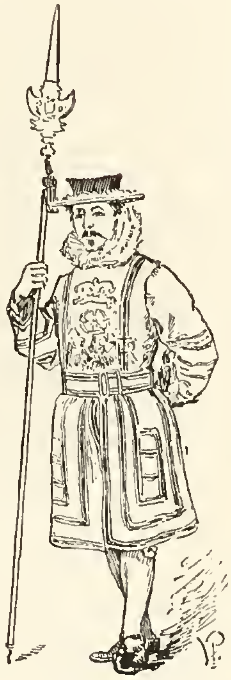
The White Tower is of enormous strength, and slightly irregular in plan. It is rectangular, forming a nearly but not quite perfect square. But the regularity of outline is broken at the north-east angle by a circular tower, and the south-eastern angle is occupied by the apex of the chapel, which curves boldly outwards—as shown in our frontispiece—and forms a marked feature in the exterior view. The length from north to south along the western wall is 118 feet, from east to west the breadth is 107 feet. The keep, as may be well seen from the accompanying plan, consists of basements, and of three upper stages. It is divided into two unequal portions by a strong wall running north and south, and the eastern portion is again subdivided into two sections. This interior wall allows communication between the eastern and western sections by means of arches, of which in the crypt there is one, and on each of the other floors five. There are also five windows looking towards the Beauchamp Tower on each floor. On each of the three floors the western and north-eastern parts are occupied by large, unvaulted apartments; but the south-eastern section of the structure is occupied by vaulted apartments; on the ground level a sub-crypt, Little Ease; above this a crypt known as Queen Elizabeth's Armoury, and then, extending through the second and third stages, St. John's Chapel.



Vertical Section of the White Tower, East and West.

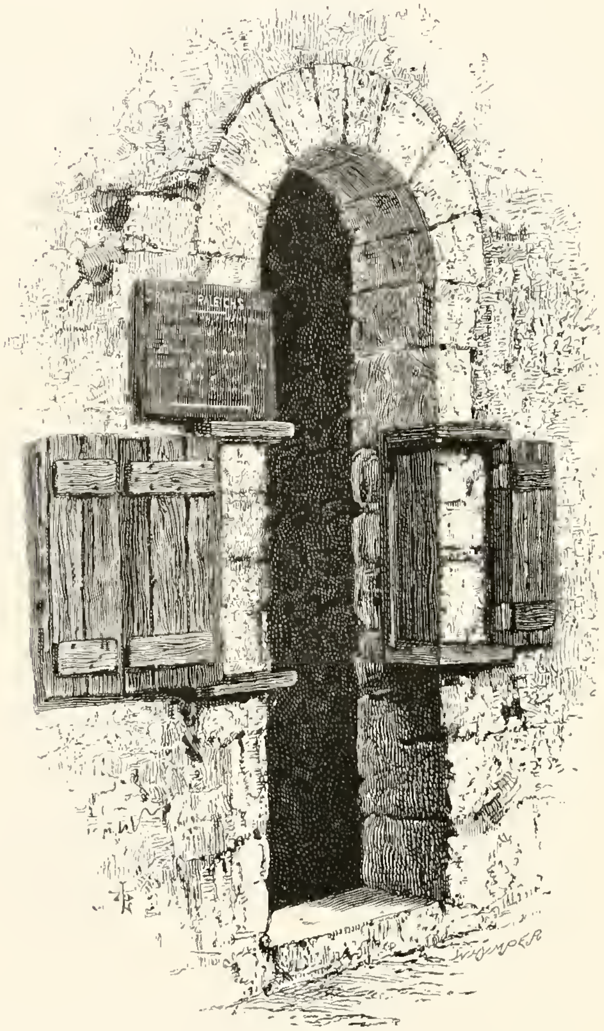
The White Tower can never have been a comfortable residence. It was built for purely defensive purposes, and as a strong place of refuge. The massive thickness of the walls, and the paucity of staircases, show that the main object of the architect was to make it impregnable as regards any attack from without. If the way in which Gundulf's building has survived the wear and tear of eight centuries may be taken as a symbol of the firmness of grasp with which the 'Stark' William seized upon Harold's crown, the skilful way in which security was secured for the residents, and the absence of all home comfort in the gloomy pile, may be taken as evidence that the Conqueror well knew he could retain that crown only by the exercise of that force and courage which placed it in the first instance within his grasp. This unsuitability for comfortable residence explains why, from very early times, there were buildings between the southern wall and the Wakefield Tower more suitable for royal residence—buildings which, in one form or another, survived until the seventeenth century. In these, so far as home comfort was understood in Plantagenet times, the royal residents and their chief attendants doubtless secured a measure of luxury unattainable in the larger and less attractive apartments of the great Keep.

Several parts of the White Tower, including the crypts and dungeons, are not shown to visitors as a matter of course, but special application to the authorities on the part of those who have good reasons for wishing to see them will almost always prove successful. No visitor, however, is allowed to go without a warder, and it is well to be somewhat sceptical as to the statements made. Unfortunately the authorities do not make a careful study of the true history of the Tower a compulsory condition of entry into the ranks of the 'beefeaters.' The entrance to the basement is in the northern wall. On this side the ground level is higher by twenty-five feet than on the south. So, after passing through the wall, over fifteen feet thick, the floor is reached by descending a long flight of steps. Like the upper stages, the basement consists of three apartments, a large one on the western side and two smaller on the eastern. The flight of steps terminates at the end of the north-eastern room, known as the 'torture-chamber.' Here stood the rack, and yet visible in the floor are the holes for the posts of that instrument of cruelty. Here also in former days were the thumbscrews, scavenger's daughter, and all the horrid apparatus for inflicting exquisite suffering upon the human frame. The instruments perished for the most part in the fire of 1841. But although they are no longer in evidence to deepen the impression, yet the dim light, the chill atmosphere, and the power of imagination, make a visit to this room a gruesome experience. How often, one feels, must these dark rooms have re-echoed the groans of great criminals like Guy Fawkes, of noble martyrs like Anne Askew!



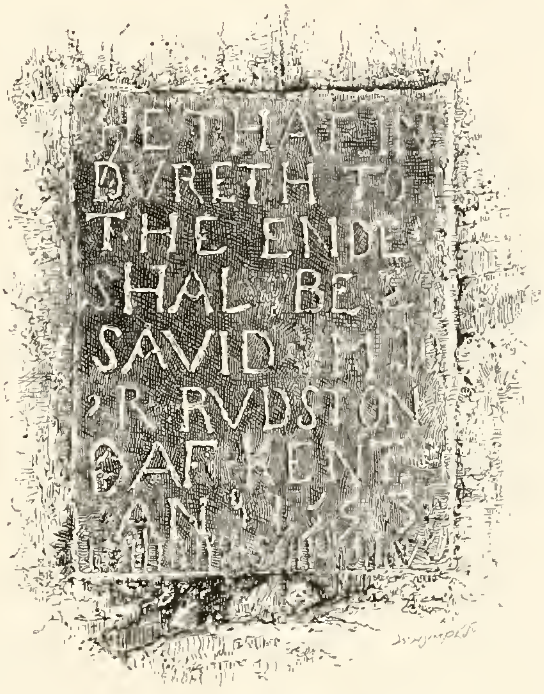
A Beefeater.

The south-eastern vault, the sub-crypt of the chapel, is known as Little Ease, an accurate description of the condition of those who were unfortunate enough to be immured in it. It is entered by a very ancient door covered with bolts and bars, battered and defaced, but still strong, and said to be the only ancient door left in the Tower. The chamber is forty-seven feet by fifteen, and the only light comes from a deep recess and loophole in the eastern wall. The warder imparts a quantity of information, some of which is interesting and probable, some absurd. He tells you that Guy Fawkes was imprisoned in the cell formed by what is now the entrance into Little Ease, that the conspirators of the Gunpowder Plot were shut up in Little Ease, and that Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, was confined in the western dungeon. There is an inscription on the wall signed I. Fisher, but the man who carved it was certainly not the bishop. In all probability he was a Jesuit, arrested nearly a century after the bishop's execution, in connection with the Gunpowder Plot. But one needs no specific information to receive very uncanny impressions while walking through these gloomy chambers. They must ever have been admirably suited for deeds of cruelty, and wretched indeed were those who heard the door clang upon them and the bolts shot home, keeping them exposed to the vengeance or dependent for justice upon the flinty hearts of Norman, Plantagenet, or Tudor sovereigns.



The so-called Raleigh's Cell in the White Tower.

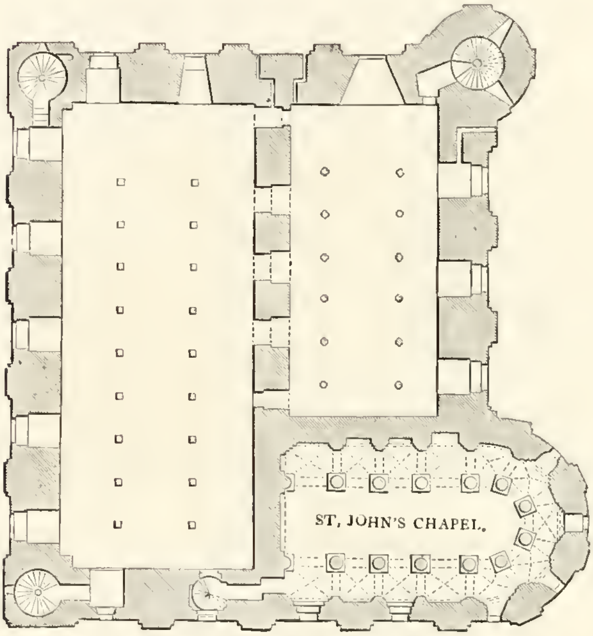
The stage directly above the dungeons is used as an armoury for the storage of rifles, and contains nothing of any special interest to the ordinary visitor. But on passing through the armoury one of the most interesting apartments in the whole Tower is reached. It is a vaulted chamber, the crypt proper of St. John's Chapel. It was known some years since as Queen Elizabeth's Armoury, because an effigy of that sovereign, mounted on horseback, stood there, and used to be shown to the public, who then entered by the east window. It is thirty-nine feet long by thirteen feet six inches in width, and well lighted, because it stands at some distance above the ground level, and the old windows in the southern side have been enlarged. Opening out of the northern side, and hollowed out of the massive eastern wall, is an unlighted chamber eight feet by ten. The legend used to run that *here* Sir Walter Raleigh was imprisoned, and penned his *History of the World!* The warders now rarely venture beyond the assertion that at some time during his numerous imprisonments in the Tower that great man was immured here. Clear to the view, on stones forming part of the doorway to the cell, in the same apartment, but not, in all probability, on the exact spot where they were first carved, are some inscriptions which form touching memorials of prisoners who deserved a better fate. The unfortunate and ill-judged insurrection of Sir Thomas Wyatt filled the Tower with prisoners; and either that event or the religious persecution which followed it, brought hither the men who carved these affecting inscriptions. One is only partially legible, but two can be easily read. They are as follows: 'He that indureth to the ende shall be saved. M. 10 R. Rudston. Kent, Ann. 1553.' 'Be faithful unto the deth, and I will give thee a crowne of life. T. Fane. 1554.' Beneath this stands simply the name and date, 'T. Culpeper of Darford.' While it is true that the Tower on the one hand witnesses to the power and willingness of authority to inflict suffering, on the other it affords very convincing proofs of the great truth that the hope of personal immortality and of redemption through the blood of Jesus Christ is the most sure solace and consolation in the hour of man's greatest extremity. The aged Bishop Fisher, the staunch upholder of a system and a creed which were fast losing their hold upon England, and these humble unknown men of Kent, alike go for comfort and strength, and



Ancient Inscription in the White Tower.

find it, in the pages of Christ's Gospel. They carved upon their prison cell the words of confidence that nerved the martyrs to face the rack and the dungeon and the stake; the bishop, when starting for his short walk to the scaffold, opens his New Testament and reads: 'This is life eternal, to know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent.'

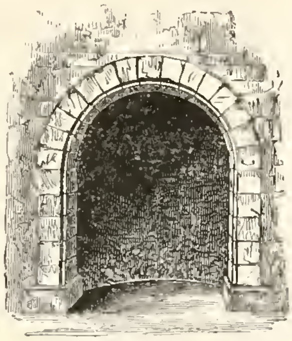
The third stage of the White Tower, and occupying the second floor, is open to the public. Access is obtained by a door cut through the south-western wall, probably in Tudor times. Passing through this a winding stair is reached, and upon the first landing, in 1674, were found some bones believed to be those of Edward V. and his brother, who were probably murdered by order of Richard III. The turret-stair leads to the corridor which enters St. John's Chapel in the south-western corner. The building is a noble specimen of Norman architecture, at once the largest and most perfect castle chapel known to exist in England. It has been so recently restored, and scraped so clean, the floor has been so neatly repaved and repaired, that we find it next to impossible to realize that these aisles have echoed to the tread of twenty-six generations of worshippers and visitors. While kneeling here, it is said, Brackenbury, in 1483, received and refused to obey the order to kill the young princes. It was here that the Duke of Northumberland, who by his ambition had destroyed Lady Jane Grey and many of his relatives, revealed the baseness of his nature by a public recantation of Protestantism. On August 21st, 1553, in the vain hope of saving his worthless and mischievous life, he heard mass celebrated by Gardiner, confessed himself a Romanist, and turning to those present, who had been carefully summoned to witness his humiliation, said, 'Truly, good people, I profess here before you all that I have received the sacrament according to the true Catholic faith; and the plague that is upon the realm and upon us now, is that we have erred from the faith these sixteen years; and this I protest unto you from the bottom of my heart.' But this apostasy, the shame of which, to use Froude's words, shook down the frail edifice of the Protestant constitution, to be raised again in suffering, as the



Plan of the Third Stage of the White Tower.

first foundations had been laid, by purer hands and nobler spirits, did not save him. He was executed on Tower Hill on August 22nd, 1553. Only a few days before this event, Mary Tudor had attended a solemn requiem according to Romish rites for the soul of Edward VI., while at the same time, in Henry VII.'s Chapel at Westminster, Cranmer was committing his body to the dust according to the ritual of the Prayer-Book the archbishop had so largely moulded, thus completing the last public and official act of his life. It was at the altar in St. John's Chapel, according to some authorities, that Mary betrothed herself to Philip II., hoping to find in him a loving husband, and by his help to win back England and Europe to complete allegiance to the Pope, but succeeding only in linking herself to one of the cruellest monsters who ever disgraced humanity, and who repaid her almost fanatical affection by the most heartless neglect.

The chapel consists of a nave and aisles separated by heavy pillars The aisles are roofed over, and above them is a gallery or triforium, which on the north side communicates directly with the state apartments on the upper floor, and thus allowed royal worshippers to enter the chapel unseen by those below. In 1550 the furniture was removed, and from about that period until the building of the present Record Office, many of the public archives were kept here.



NORMAN FIREPLACE IN THE WHITE TOWER.

From the north aisle of the chapel a door leads into the smaller apartment on the second floor, known as the Banqueting Chamber, and remarkable from the fact that it possesses a fireplace--a convenience that appears to have been extremely rare in Norman buildings, only two or three other examples being known. Passing through the larger western room on this floor, the third and highest stage in the White Tower is reached by a turret staircase in the south-western corner. This stage is occupied by the large western apartment known as the Council Chamber, the smaller eastern chamber and the triforium of St. John's Chapel. In the exterior walls, which are from ten to eleven feet thick, is a vaulted gallery thirteen feet high and from three to three feet six inches wide, opening at one end into the southern and at the other into the northern end of the chapel triforium.

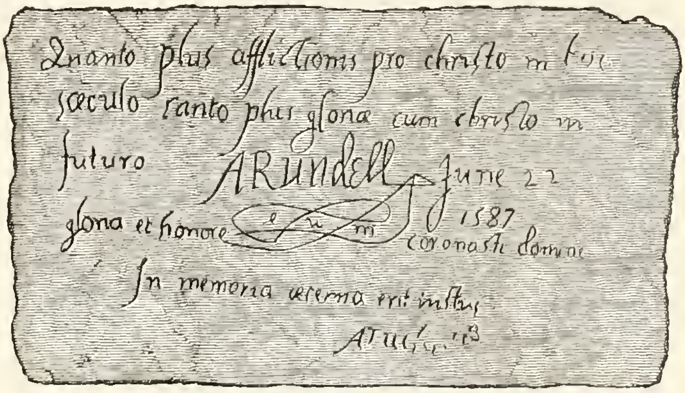
In the Council Chamber and the adjoining room is very well displayed the rich Tower collection of ancient armour, weapons, and relics. The old notion that it extended from William I.'s days down to modern times has had to be given up, but there is no doubt that a few specimens go back to the fourteenth century, and the collection is rich in examples of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The collection is now very well arranged, and most of the articles are so clearly marked that all interested in such things may make a leisurely inspection of them.

It was from this room that Lord Hastings, in 1483, was hurried to execution on the Tower Green; it was here that the Duke of Orleans and John of France were confined in Edward the Third's reign, and from the southern windows Ralph Flambard escaped by means of a rope in 1100.

Great as the temptation is to linger over the many historic sites and nooks of the Tower, we must not stay. We can only refer to three or four parts that demand notice in any sketch, however brief. Three out of the thirteen towers of the inner ward deserve special attention. The Wakefield Tower is associated with the two great builders of the Tower, and with one of the weak kings who sought to make it his defence in times of trouble. The lower part dates most probably from Gundulf's time. Henry III. partially rebuilt it, the upper part dating from about 1238. It was then known as the Hall Tower, doubtless because of its nearness to the palace. Henry VI. used the recess in the principal apartment—believed to be the chapel referred to in ancient records—as an oratory. Here he lived for many years, or, as perhaps it may be more correctly described, here he was confined. Here, according to tradition, he died on May 22nd, 1471, his end, according to the belief of many, having been hastened by foul play. For centuries prior to 1856 public records were stored in the Wakefield Tower, but since the year 1867 it has been used for the preservation and exhibition of the regalia or crown jewels of England. These in King John's day were guarded by the Templars at their house in Fleet Street, and in 1253 they were first sent to the Tower. They used to be kept in a room at the south side of the White Tower, whence in 1641 they were moved to a special building in the Martin or Brick Tower. After the execution of Charles I. the jewels were almost all broken up and sold or lost. At the restoration of Charles II., Sir Robert Vyner, a goldsmith, was employed to supply all that was needful, using of course such fine stones belonging to the former regalia as had been preserved. So far as possible the old patterns were followed, and the old names were given to the new objects. They are kept by an officer specially appointed for the purpose, by whom only they can be removed when required for State purposes. We cannot venture upon any detailed description of these valuable objects, nor can we do more than refer to the desperate and so nearly successful effort of Thomas Blood to carry them off in 1671.

Adjoining the Wakefield Tower, and pierced by the only gate through which admittance is gained to the inner ward, stands what is now called the Bloody Tower, though known in ancient times by the much more agreeable name of Garden Tower. The gateway, with its heavy portcullis, fronts and seems to frown darkly upon the Traitor's Gate, immediately opposite and below it. The heart of queen and bishop, of noble and peasant, might well have quailed at the sight of its strength, as they came up the steps and passed under the portcullis, the strong walls of stone deepening their sense of helplessness and of danger. Behind the parapet to the west of the tower stood formerly a garden, probably the origin of the ancient name. The warder shows you, with some confidence, the room in which the young princes were murdered. Tradition has it that here Henry VI. lived immediately before his death, but the modern name dates in all probability from 1585, when Henry, the unhappy eighth Duke of Northumberland, was found dead in his bed here, with three bullet-wounds in his body. The garden was the place where Sir Walter Raleigh was allowed to walk about, and from the parapet he was able to converse with friends and passers-by in the outer ward. In this tower he probably passed some years.

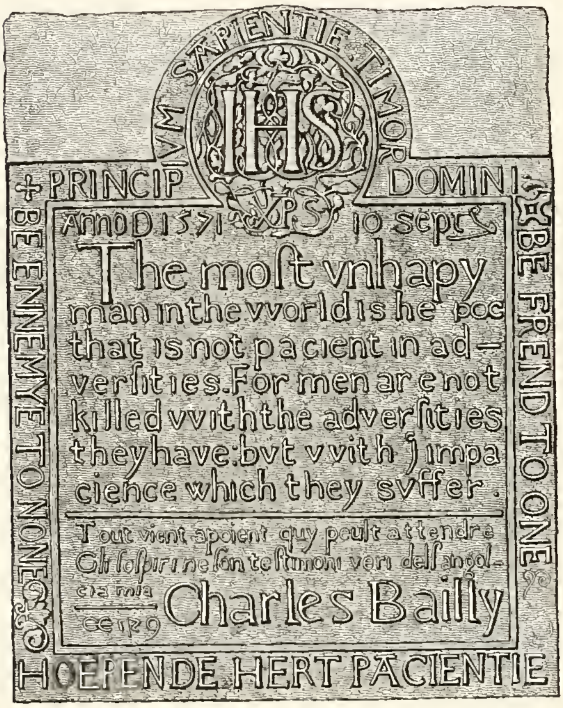
At the south-west angle of the inner ward stands the Bell Tower, so called from the alarm bell in the little turret. The upper chamber is a large vaulted room, in which many distinguished prisoners were confined. It was here probably that Elizabeth was imprisoned; here, and not in the basement of the White Tower, Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, awaited execution; here, in 1565, Margaret, Countess of Lennox, the mother of Darnley, was shut up when the news of her son's marriage to Mary Queen of Scots reached London; and here the hapless Arabella Stuart wore out four weary years, and finally lost her reason.



Quanto plus afflictionis pro christo in hoc
seculo tanto plus gloria cum christo in
futuro ARUNDELL June 22
gloria et honore e u m 1587 coronasti domine
In memoria eterna erit iustus
[illegible]

Inscription in the Beauchamp Tower, cut by the Earl of Arundell in 1587.

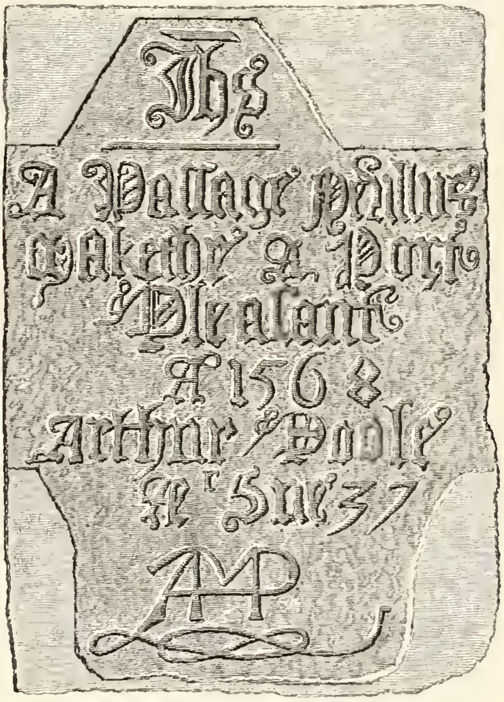
To the north of the Bell Tower stands another most interesting building, the Beauchamp Tower. It dates from Edward the Third's time, and has three stories, the middle one being on the level of the rampart. Upon the walls of the various parts of this tower are carved a large number of inscriptions, the work of the unfortunate prisoners confined here, who thus sought to while away some of the weary hours of their durance. Many of the inscriptions stand just where they were originally carved, but a number of them unfortunately have been brought from other parts of the Tower. This, no doubt, is a convenience to the public, but it has destroyed the historic significance and the historic charm of seeing the lines or the device exactly where and exactly how the long-vanished hand of the carver left them. These inscriptions are numbered, and there are no less than ninety-one, the oldest known being that of 'Thomas Talbot, 1462,' one of the men, doubtless, concerned in the Wars of the Roses. Of many of the prisoners who cut these inscriptions nothing is known, but a few of them are well calculated to arouse interest, imagination, and pity. On the ground floor 'Elizabeth's Earl of Leicester' has left his name, 'ROBART DVDLEY.' Imprisoned with his three brothers, in connection with the crowning of Lady Jane Grey, he was liberated in 1555, and created Earl of Leicester in 1563. Over the fireplace in the room where so many have been collected, Philip Howard, son of the Duke of Norfolk who was beheaded in 1573, scion of one of the staunchest Roman Catholic families of England, carved these words in 1587: 'Quando plus afflictionis pro Christo in hoc sæculo tanto plus gloriae cum Christo in futuro. Gloria et honore coronasti, domine. In memoria æterna erit justis, ARUNDELL, June 22nd, 1587.' In English this runs: 'The more suffering for Christ in this world, the more glory with Christ in the next. Thou hast crowned Him with glory and honour, O Lord. In memory everlasting He will be just.' Committed to the Tower in 1585, this unhappy man, refusing liberty at the price of abjuration, cut off from wife and child and friends, died in 1595. He was buried in the church of St. Peter, but in 1624 his body was moved to Arundel Church. To the right of the fireplace is an elaborate piece of sculpture, carved by John Dudley, the eldest son of the Duke of Northumberland, in memory of his four brothers, Ambrose, Guildford, Robert, and Henry. Guildford, the husband of Lady Jane Grey, had been beheaded on February 12th, 1554, and as John died eight months after his brother's execution, this carving dates from the year 1554. Charles Bailly, an agent concerned in some of the many plots for replacing Elizabeth by Mary Queen of Scots, has left several very interesting memorials of his imprisonment. On one he carved—speaking doubtless from painful experience: 'April 10th, 1571. Wise men ought to see circumspectly what they do—to examine before they speak—to prove before they take in hand—to beware whose company they use, and, above all things, to whom they trust.' On another, 'Be friend to one. Be enemy to none. The most unhappy man in the world is he that is not patient in adversities; for men are not killed by the adversities they have, but with the impatience they


PRINCIPIVM SAPIENTIE TIMOR DOMINI
IHS
XPS
ANNO D 1571 10 SEPT
The moſt vnhapy man in the vvorld is he that is not pacient in adverſities. For men are not killed vvith the adverſities they have: bvt vvith impacience which they svffer.
Tout vient apoient quy peult attendre
Gli ſoſpiri ne ſon teſtimoni veri dell angoſcia mia
Charles Bailly
BE FREND TO ONE
BE ENNEMYE TO NONE
HOEPENDE HERT PACIENTIE

INSCRIPTION IN THE BEAUCHAMP TOWER, CUT BY CHARLES BAILLY IN 1571.

suffer.' Inscription No. 48 consists of the single word 'IANE.' The popular belief that it was carved by Lady Jane Grey, the prisoner whose fate arouses the deepest pity, and whose virtues and accomplishments excite the strongest admiration among all the large array of Tower prisoners. But it seems certain that she was never in the Beauchamp Tower, and the single word, so laden with disappointed hopes and tragic memories, was probably the work of either Guildford Dudley, her husband, or John Dudley, her brother-in-law.

A whole volume might easily be written upon these affecting memorials, and others of the same kind scattered up and down the Tower buildings. Careful search would probably add to their number. Every now and then repairs and alterations bring ancient and long-concealed inscriptions to light. Some of these mournful memorials speak of hope disappointed, as in No. 79, thought to be the work of him who carved the inscription over the fireplace given in full above, made up of the words, 'I am waiting for liberty'—a boon for which he—and, alas! too many of those who shared his fate—waited and longed in vain. Some speak of the power of belief in Jesus Christ, and of His presence with those who conscientiously suffer for Him and His truth, like that one on the ground floor, which runs, 'My hope is in Christ.' Some speak of human misery, like that unfinished one in Italian, which runs, 'O unhappy man that I think myself to be!' And the great majority of those who here lingered out the slow and heavy hours of captivity—whether their final release came on Tower Hill or at Tyburn, or whether they were restored to home and friends and freedom—perhaps learned, and certainly had the opportunity to learn, the lesson that their captivity was, after all, what Arthur Poole, in his inscription, dated 1568, calls it, 'A passage perillus' which 'maketh a port pleasant.'



INSCRIPTION IN THE BEAUCHAMP TOWER, CUT BY ARTHUR POOLE IN 1568.

It is natural in this connection, and in closing our sketch of the Tower, to glance at three closely related places—the gate by which the illustrious prisoners entered; Tower Hill, where so many of them swiftly ended their lives; and the church of St. Peter ad Vincula, where the most distinguished of them were buried.

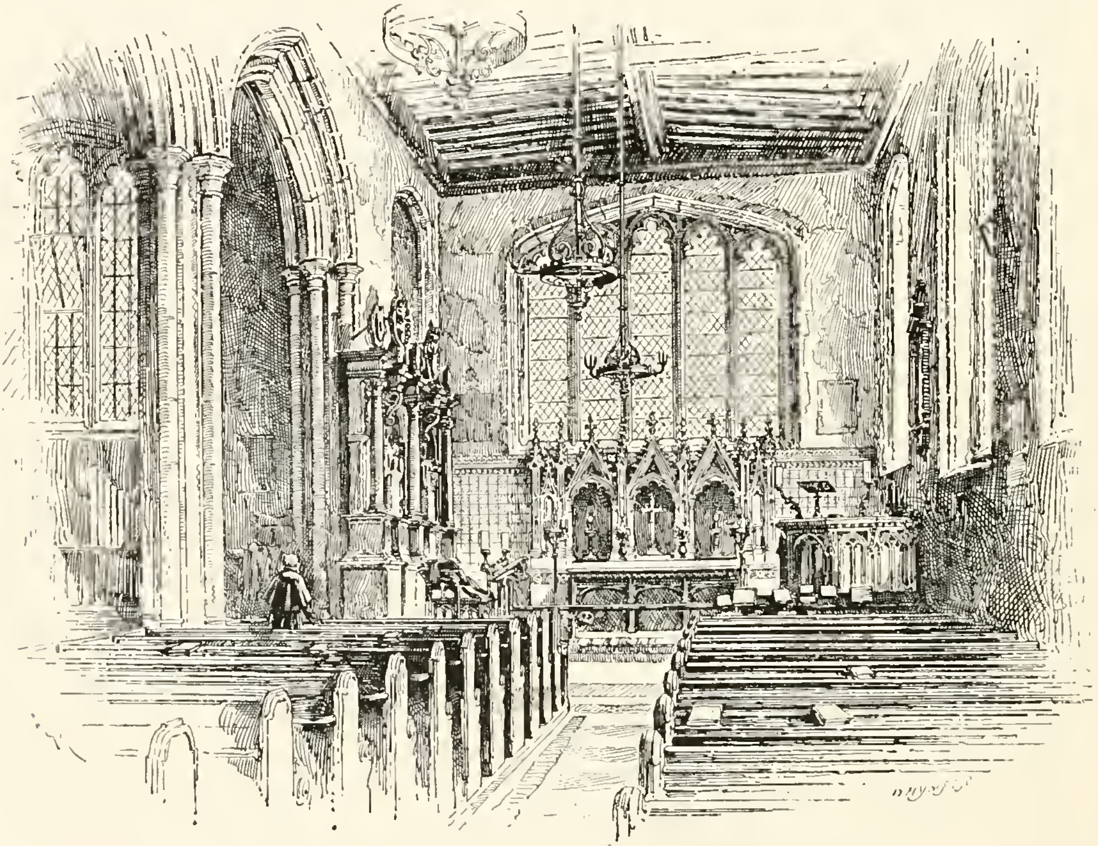
St. Thomas's Tower, which covers and guards the Traitor's Gate, far surpasses in interest all the other buildings of the outer ward. The visitor must be singularly ill informed or unimaginative who can look down upon that low-arched entrance without being stirred by the memory of some of the many tragic scenes it has witnessed. By passing through that gate—under compulsion, sometimes just, sometimes wickedly tyrannous—men and women, both of exalted rank and of lowly station, have entered upon the last scene of their earthly action. That tower has frowned upon, and those gates have closed behind queens, noble ladies, peers of the realm, bishops, and legions of humbler men and women, whose story is none the less tragic because they occupied a less prominent position upon the world's great stage.

Thither, in 1521, preceded by the fatal axe with its keen edge turned towards him, came Wolsey's victim, the Duke of Buckingham, after his condemnation in Westminster Hall. Thirteen years later, under a like condemnation, and preceded by the same grim symbol, came Sir Thomas More, the witty, and wise, and learned statesman, tolerant of all men and things, except those most worthy of tolerance—the men who, like William Tyndale, were the true life and soul of the English Reformation. Treading the same path, less than two years later, came the beautiful but most unhappy Anne Boleyn, over whose guilt or innocence controversy still rages, but concerning whose sorrows there can be no doubt. She entered, never again to leave, the place which had witnessed the rejoicings of her coronation a few short years before. Among the sharp and sudden contrasts in history, few are more impressive than her rapid exaltation, her brief enjoyment of happiness and power, her great and irremediable fall. With her it is impossible not to associate her daughter, who, after her mother's remains had slumbered seventeen years in their dishonoured grave, also came, under the strong hand of force, to that forbidding portal. No wonder that her nerve failed her, and, probably recalling the fate of her mother, she should have cast herself down upon a stone, and cried, in response to Lord Chandos begging her 'to come under a shelter out of the rain, "Better sitting here than in a worse place. I know not whither you will bring me."' Through this gate Lady Jane Grey entered as queen, July 10th, 1553, and on the following February 12th she was executed on Tower Green. What nobility and patriotism, what passion and conflict of thought, what opposition of envy, malice, ambition and hatred, what loyalty to lost causes were embodied and represented in the men and women of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, who have trodden this sorrowful way, and passed under the Bloody Tower!

Let us recall a few out of the great multitude. Hither came Thomas Cromwell, deadliest of foes to the old Church and the old nobility of England; Margaret, Countess of Salisbury, last member of the great Plantagenet line; Katherine Howard, so young in years as to render the story of her infamy almost incredible; Thomas Seymour, Duke of Somerset, the man who thought he could use for his own selfish aims the great forces of the English Reformation, but who found in them a power that remorselessly crushed out his life; Sir Thomas Overbury, the man whose history is an appalling object lesson in the crimes of James the First's reign; Sir John Eliot, one of the first martyrs in that great struggle which was to annihilate the Stuart tyranny, and inaugurate modern political freedom; Strafford, the apostate from and bitterest foe to the party of constitutional freedom, the strong upholder of Charles I., most basely deserted in his hour of mortal peril by his unworthy master; Laud, the ecclesiastical dreamer, bent upon the accomplishment of his narrow-minded schemes, even if the nation went to ruin meanwhile, rudely roused by his summary imprisonment here to some realisation of the fact that *his* way was not the road the nation meant at that time to journey, and finally, a few months later, closing his life-history on Tower Hill.

In the great majority of cases their stay in the Tower and their hold upon life after once passing the gate was brief. A short journey to Tower Green or to Tower Hill, a blow of the sword or the heavy axe, and then the anguish and pain, the hard and faithful service, the pride, ambition, and pomp of the earthly life were over for ever. The mortal remains of almost all whom we have mentioned lie buried in the little church of St. Peter ad Vincula, rightly named, when we remember the experiences of those whose burial there forms its great wealth of historic interest. The church stands in the north-west corner of the inner ward, and is known to have existed in the reign of King John. The present building dates from the end of Edward the First's reign. It consists of a nave and chancel with a north aisle, separated from the nave by a row of columns and arches. It is sixty-six feet long, fifty-four wide, and twenty-five high. The dedication to 'St. Peter in chains' seems to indicate that it was intended from the first as a place of worship for prisoners, the chapel of St. John being for the use of king and court. About 1532 Henry VIII. caused it to be thoroughly repaired and restored, and the present windows, arches, and the wooden roof date from that time. There were two altars, the chief one in the chancel dedicated to St. Peter, the other at the east end of the aisle dedicated to St. Mary.

It is interesting to notice the hagioscope, or squint, which, before it was blocked up by the large but handsome Blount monument, enabled the priest at St. Mary's altar to see at the same time the high altar. The church began to be used for interments, so far as the records show, about 1532. During the eighteenth century the building had been greatly disfigured, from an architectural point of view, by plaster and whitewash, by the erection of a wooden gallery and by the old-fashioned high square pews. In 1876–1877, to the regret of some, but probably to the satisfaction of the many, the building was 'restored' by Mr. Salvin. It now presents a neat and somewhat new appearance, but can hardly be said, except in the chancel, to be entirely out of harmony with its wonderful and mournful memories. During the work carried on under Mr. Salvin, the earth at the east end was very carefully removed, and it is believed that a considerable portion of the bones of Anne Boleyn, Lady Rochford, the Countess of Salisbury, the Dukes of Northumberland, Somerset, and Monmouth, were discovered and carefully re-buried, so far as possible, in their original resting-place. On a memorial tablet at the west end of the church are engraved the names of no less than thirty-four persons, most of them of the highest distinction, who were buried beneath its pavement. 'Here lieth,' wrote John Stow, 'before the high altar two dukes between two queens, to wit, the Duke of Somerset and the Duke of Northumberland, between Queen Anne and Queen Katherine, all four beheaded.' In the tiny chancel are buried no less than fifteen men and women, all of whom filled stations of great prominence in English history, all of whom met with a sinister destiny. Besides the two ill-fated consorts of Henry VIII., and the two great dukes whose political rivalry



THE INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF ST. PETER AD VINCULA IN THE TOWER.

and strife did so much to bring them to their bitter end, there lie in this narrow nook Lord Rochford, Anne Boleyn's brother (1536), Lady Rochford and the Countess of Salisbury (1542), Lord Guildford Dudley, Lady Jane Grey, and the Duke of Suffolk (1554), the Duke of Norfolk (1572), the Earl of Arundell (1595), the Earl of Essex (1601), Sir Thomas Overbury (1613), and the Duke of Monmouth (1685). All executed except the one who carved the pathetic inscription in the Beauchamp Tower, and the one who was poisoned by the most profligate woman of James the First's most profligate court. What life histories do these names recall! Where in all history is a more beautiful character or more accomplished woman to be found than Lady Jane Grey? yet there she lies, untimely cut off by the overweening ambition of her father-in-law, whose headless body lies only a few feet from her, almost side by side with those of her father and of her husband. In this same chancel lie the remains of three great victims of ill-regulated desires and ill-controlled pride—the Duke of Norfolk, who in seeking the hand of Mary Queen of Scots found a scaffold and a grave; the Earl of Essex, first the favourite and then the victim of Elizabeth; and James, Duke of Monmouth, the bad son of a bad father, who in attempting to seize a crown succeeded only in obtaining the executioner's axe. As the visitor's eye runs down the list of illustrious names on the brass tablet, and as he reflects that beneath the pavement on which he treads lies their dust, he realises the force of Macaulay's words, 'In truth there is no sadder spot on earth than this little cemetery. Death is there associated not, as in Westminster and St. Paul's, with genius and virtue, with public veneration and imperishable renown; not, as in our humblest churches and churchyards, with everything that is most endearing in social and domestic charities; but with what is ever darkest in human nature and in human destiny; with the savage triumph of implacable enemies, with the inconstancy, the ingratitude, the cowardice of friends, with all the miseries of fallen greatness and of blighted fame.'

And as the observer passes out of the western door and steps upon Tower Green, wherever his eye turns he meets objects that direct the current of thought to the sad and tragic side of life, to strife and bloodshed and war rather than peace. The huge towering keep, the cannon beneath its walls, the great modern barracks, the governor's house, the Wakefield Tower, all touch the same chords and stir similar memories of man's strife with man. And it is this which has given and which will continue to give to the Tower its perennial interest for the English race. It is true that there is much to sadden the careful student. The Tower has much to tell of brute force triumphant, of treachery successful, of murder, of injustice, of mercilessness towards the helpless. But it also has much to tell of human constancy and fortitude, of calmness in the presence of death, and of the power of suffering to purify. It would be difficult to find a better summary of these higher uses of the stern discipline of the Tower, in relation to the heart and life, than in the words once spoken on the scaffold on the blood-stained hill hard by. On August 22, 1553, the Duke of Northumberland, to whose conduct we have already referred, died, it is to be feared, as he had lived, a consummate hypocrite. There died with him Sir John Gates and Sir Thomas Palmer, who had been two of his staunchest adherents in his opposition to Mary Tudor. Speaking of the latter, Froude says:[1] 'Last came Sir Thomas Palmer, in whom, to judge by his method of taking leave of life, there was some kind of nobleness. He leapt upon the scaffold, red with the blood of his companions. "Good morning to you all, good people," he said, looking around him with a smile; "ye come hither to see me die, and to see what news I have; marry, I will tell you: I have seen more in yonder terrible place" (he pointed towards the Tower) "than ever I saw before throughout all the realms that ever I wandered in; for there I have seen God, I have seen the world, and I have seen myself; and when I beheld my life, I saw nothing but slime and clay, full of corruption; I saw the world nothing else but vanity, and all the pleasures and treasures thereof nought worth; I saw God omnipotent, His power infinite, His mercy incomprehensible; and when I saw this, I most humbly submitted myself unto Him, beseeching Him of mercy and pardon, and I trust He hath forgiven me; for He called me once or twice before, but I would not turn to Him, but even now by this sharp kind of death He hath called me unto Him. I trust the wings of His mercy shall spread over me and save me; and I do here confess, before you all, Christ to be the very Son of God the Father, born of the Virgin Mary, which came into the world to fulfill the law for us, and to bear our offences on His back, and suffered His passion for our redemption, by the which I trust to be saved."'

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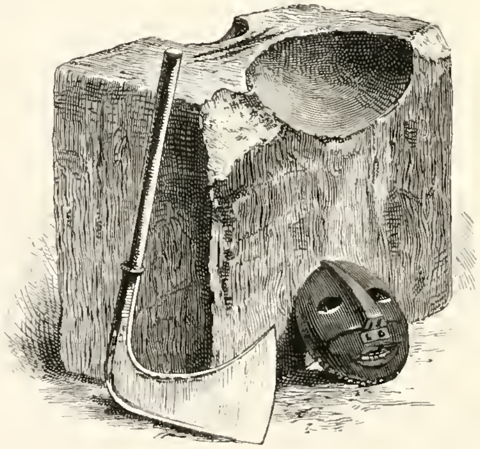
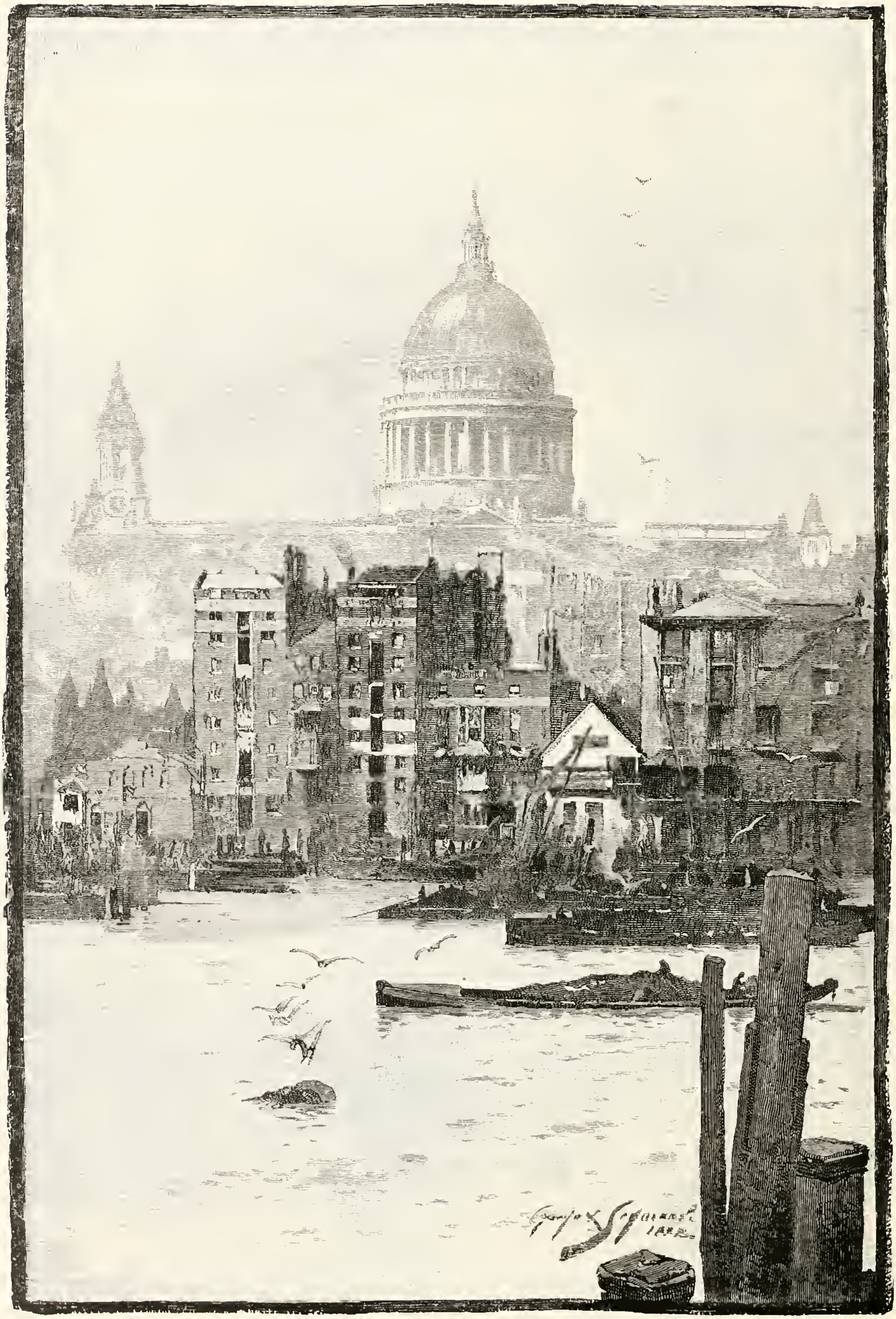
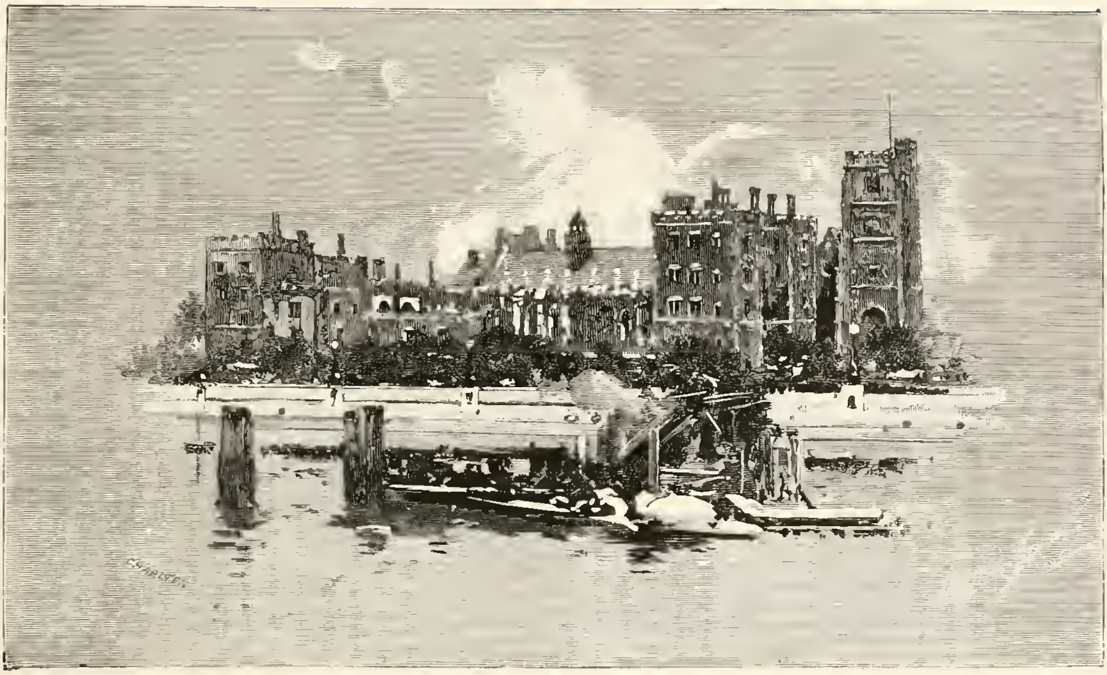
[1] *History of England*, v. 248.



The Block, Axe, and Executioner's Mask.



St. Paul's from the River.

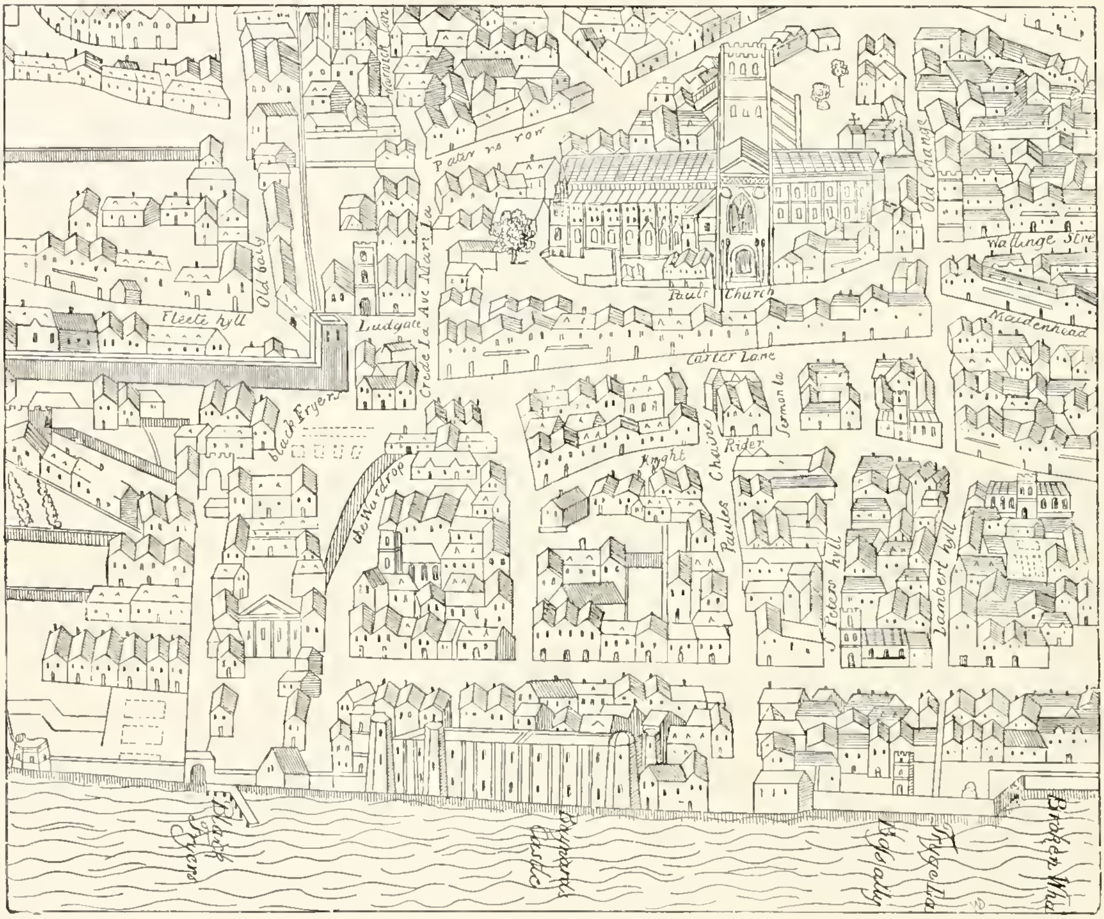


Lambeth Palace from the River.

CHAPTER IV.

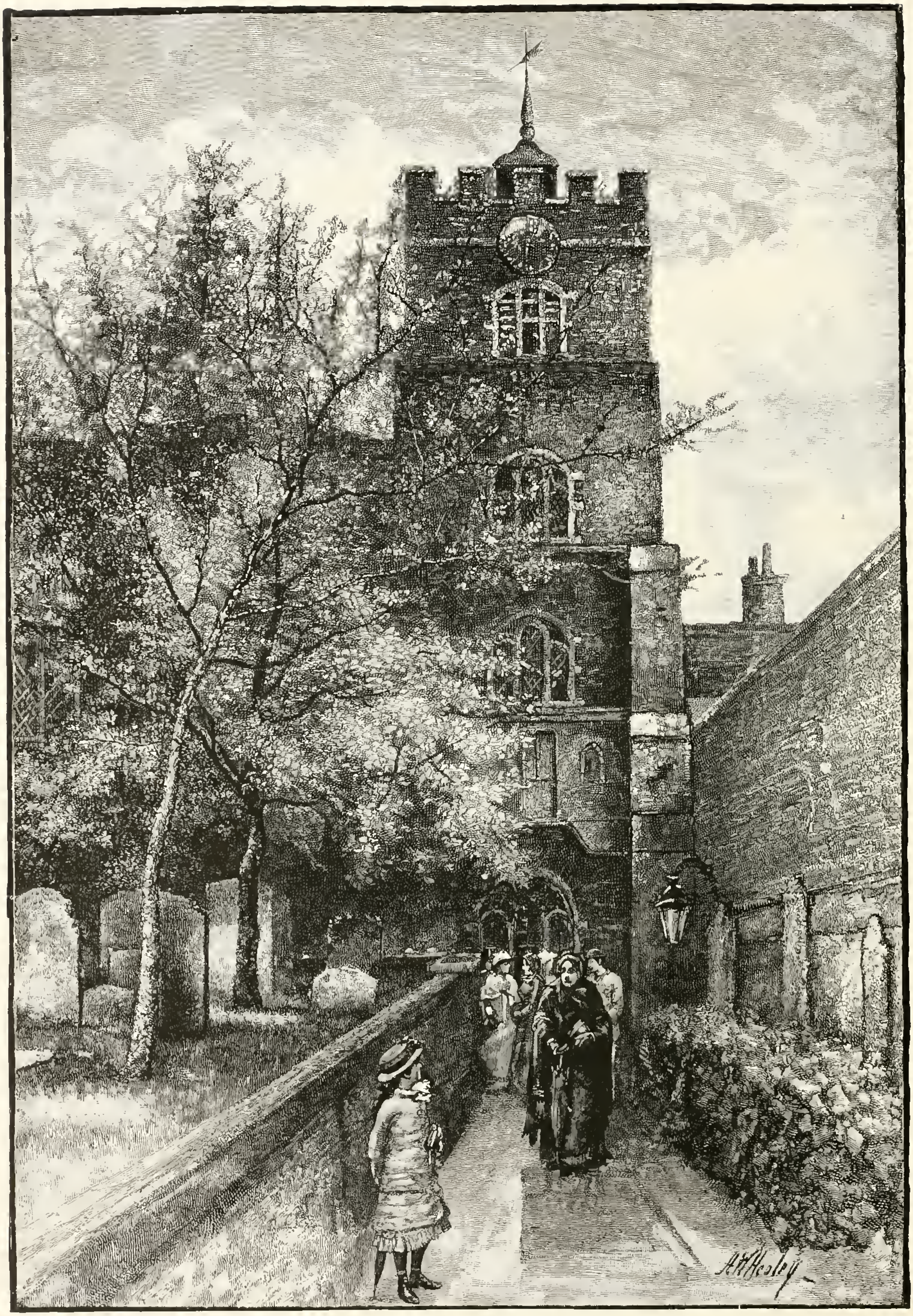
Ecclesiastical London.

WITH every movement of Christianity in England London has been closely associated. Of many of the great men developed by each stirring epoch in the onward march of Christianity London possesses one or more memorials. From the time when Augustine, the monk, planted the faith of Jesus Christ among the heathen Saxons until the present hour, London has exerted a potent influence upon the religious development, and the growth of religious freedom, in the nation. She has sometimes led the van, she has sometimes lagged behind; the centre and the home of the ruling influences, London has not always been the first to see the need for reforms; like Jerusalem of old, she has sometimes stoned her prophets, but the great religious movements of the centuries have never left her untouched by their influence, and of them all she retains some outward and visible trace. The successive movements of the Anglo-Saxon Church, the mediæval growth of monastic life, of priories and abbeys, the preaching friars and the struggles for religious freedom under Wycliffe and the Lollards, the great contest of the Reformation, the religious awakenings indicated by the growth of Independency and Puritanism under Elizabeth and the Stuarts, the development of Wesleyanism under the House of Hanover, and the High Church reactions of this century within the Anglican communion, have all left their mark upon London. It is not our province to enter upon a minute discussion of these intensely interesting themes. The object of this chapter is simply to indicate the traces yet extant in the buildings of London of these great manifestations of thought and life wrought by the influence of the Bible and the Christian Faith.


Warwich lan
Pater no row
Old baily
Fleete hyll
Ludgate
Creede la
Ave Maria la
Pauls Church
Old Change
Watlinge Stre
Maidenhead
Carter Lane
black Fryers
the Wardrop
Sermon la
Knyght Rider
Paules Chaine
S Peters hyll
Lambert hyll
Black Fryers
Baynards Castle
Tryge lna
Broken Wha

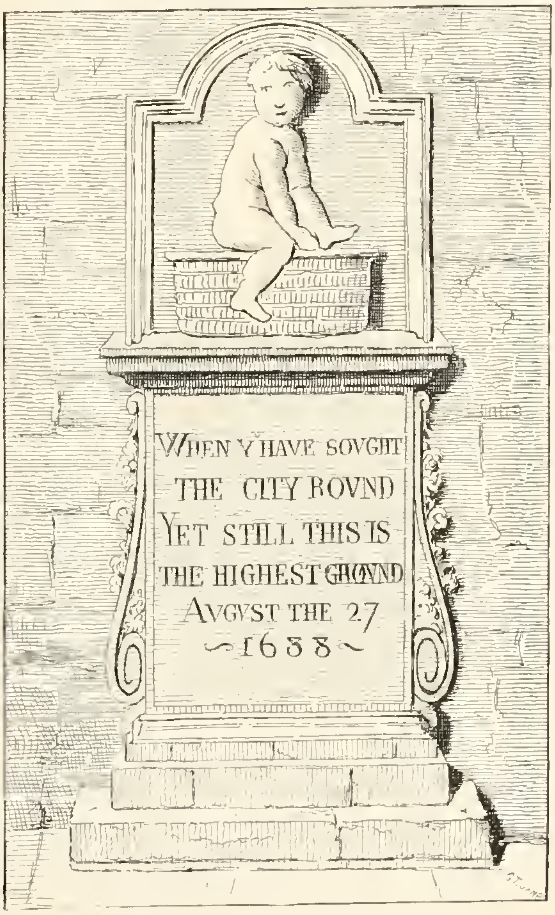
LONDON AROUND ST. PAUL'S IN 1563.
(*From Ralph Agas's Map.*)

It is more than probable that during the Roman occupation of Britain Christianity was introduced into London and England. But it now seems tolerably certain that no manifest and indisputable evidence of this has survived. All such claims as those occasionally urged on behalf of St. Peter's, Cornhill, owe most of their supposed validity to the imagination of their supporters. There seems to be no shadow of evidence for the existence in Roman times of any building in London now devoted to



St. Bartholomew the Great.

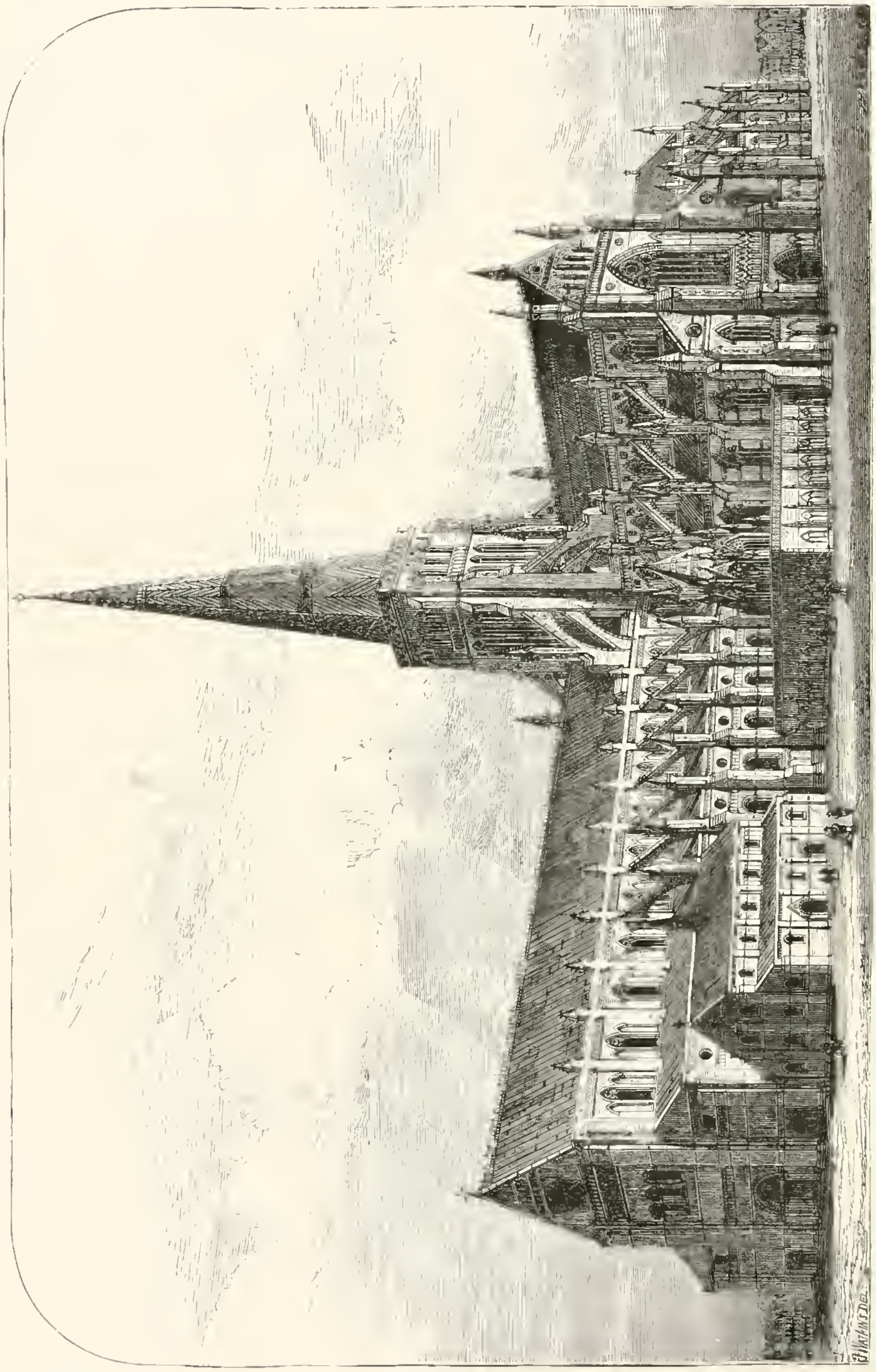
Christian worship. The great metropolitan cathedral, although it stands upon a site which from very early times has been dedicated to the worship of God, is but of yesterday when compared with St. Bartholomew the Great, the Temple Church, Westminster Abbey, or the Tower of London. Notwithstanding the want of remote antiquity the interest of ecclesiastical London necessarily centres in and around the magnificent building which dominates the whole City, and which forms, from manifold points of view, the most impressive object that London can show.



The Old Stone in Panyer Alley.

The hill upon which it stands has always been a prominent natural feature in the site of London. In the narrow and short Panyer Alley, which leads from Paternoster Row into Newgate Street, within a few yards of the north door of the Cathedral, is still to be seen the old tablet with the legend: 'When you have sought the City round, Yet still this is the highest ground.' The ground slopes rapidly down to the bank of the Thames, and in the early days of Saxon London possessed advantages of which the old church builders were not slow to avail themselves. Among the direct results of the mission of Augustine and his fellow monks to England in A.D. 597, were the conversion of Ethelbert, King of Wessex, and the subsequent founding of London's Cathedral. The King endowed it with the Manor of Tillingham, a source of revenue which it has retained through the thirteen hundred years that have since passed by. All that we know about the first St. Paul's is summed up in Bede's sentence: 'Ethelbert, the King, built the Church of St. Paul in London.' Fire has been from the earliest days the deadly foe of this foundation. The Saxon Chronicle for 961 records: 'The monastery of St. Paul was burnt, and in the same year restored;' but in 1087 or 1088—the authorities not being in harmony as to the exact date—the church perished in the greater conflagration of a large part of the City. The rebuilding of the cathedral was begun immediately by Maurice, Bishop of

London, whose plan was on such an extensive scale that he lived to see only


F. WATKINS DEL.

OLD ST. PAUL'S FROM THE SOUTH-WEST, SHOWING THE CHURCH OF ST. GREGORY AND THE CHAPTER HOUSE.
(Compiled by F. Watkins from drawings by E. B. Ferrey.)

the foundations laid. Two centuries passed away ere the great church was completed, and in 1315 the wonderful spire, four hundred and ninety-three feet high according to some, and five hundred and twenty feet according to others, was re-erected, 'and a new cross, with a pommel large enough to contain ten bushels of corn, well gilt, set on the top thereof.'

The old cathedral stood within a walled enclosure, entered by six gates. On the north side of the nave stood the palace, the Pardon Church built by the father of Thomas à Becket, and surrounded by a cloister noted for a series of paintings illustrating the Dance of Death, the old library, while to the east of the north door stood the Charnel Chapel, pulled down in 1549 by the Duke of Somerset. On the south side the conspicuous objects were the Church of St. Gregory; close against the great west door, the beautiful though small Chapter-house, and the splendid flying buttresses of nave, transept, and choir.[1]

Dr. Sparrow Simpson thus pictures for us the interior of this famous church as it appeared about the year 1510:—

'We pass in at the open wicket. What a striking prospect! The cathedral is five hundred and ninety-six feet in length, and the breadth, including the aisle walls, is one hundred and four feet. The grand nave has no less than twelve bays, and the choir—we shall see it by-and-by—has an equal number. Just where we are standing the roof is ninety-three feet in height; the choir is even loftier by some eight feet—a striking feature. The style is very grand and very simple, as that of large Norman naves is apt to be; the vaulted roof is so far above us that we cannot tell its material. Some say that it is of wood, but others that it is of stone, as the great flying buttresses outside would have prepared us to expect. The triforium also is Norman, but the clerestory windows are pointed. At the sixth bay, right and left, are two small doors through the outer walls, and you will observe that these doors offer dangerous facilities for making the nave a thoroughfare. See, here is a notice against the little north door forbidding such desecration:—

"All those that shall enter within the church dore
With burden or basket, must give to the poor;
And if there be any ask what they must pay
To this box, 'tis a penny ere they pass away."

and below the inscription is an iron chest to receive the penny.

'Observe the large aperture in the roof of the nave. What can be its use? An able antiquary shall tell us. Lambarde, in his *Topographical Dictionary*, says: "I myself, being a child, once saw in Paul's Church at London, at a feast of Whitsuntide, where the coming down of the Holy Ghost was set forth by a white pigeon that was let to fly out of a hole that is yet to be seen in the midst of the roof of the great aisle, and by a long censer which, descending out of the same place, almost to the very ground, was swung up and down to such a length that it reached at one sweep almost to the west gate of the church, and with the other to the choir stairs of the same, breathing out over the whole church and company a most pleasant perfume of such sweet things as burned therein."

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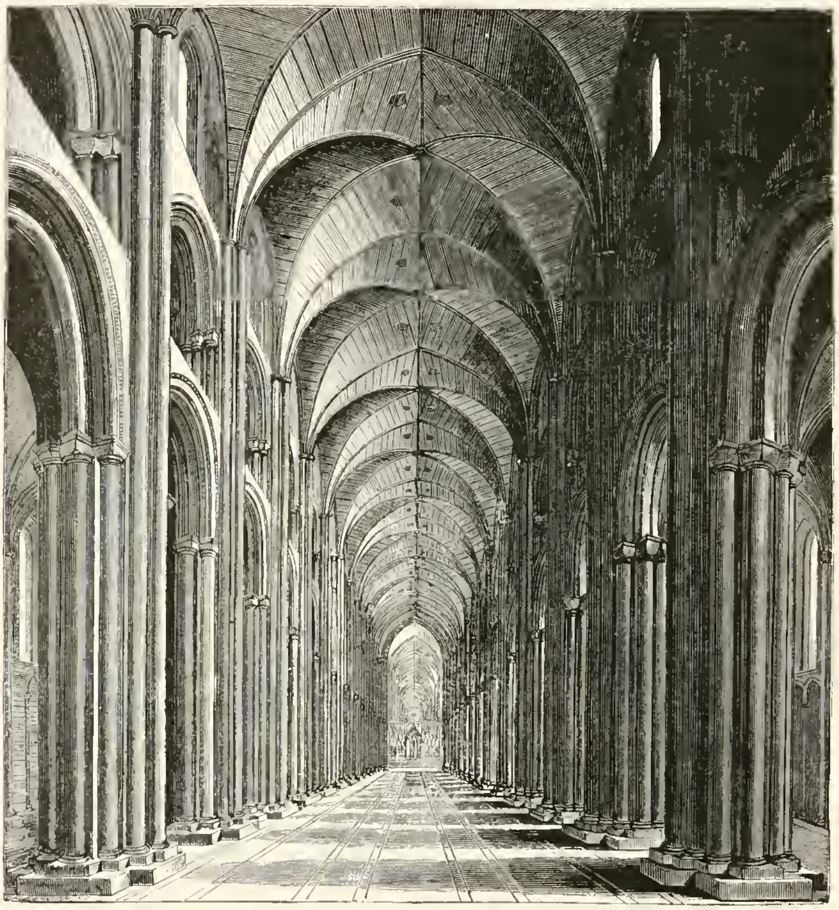
[1] All who wish to know what manner of building old St. Paul's was, should consult Dr. Sparrow Simpson's interesting books, *Gleanings from Old St. Paul's*, and *Chapters in the History of Old St. Paul's*.

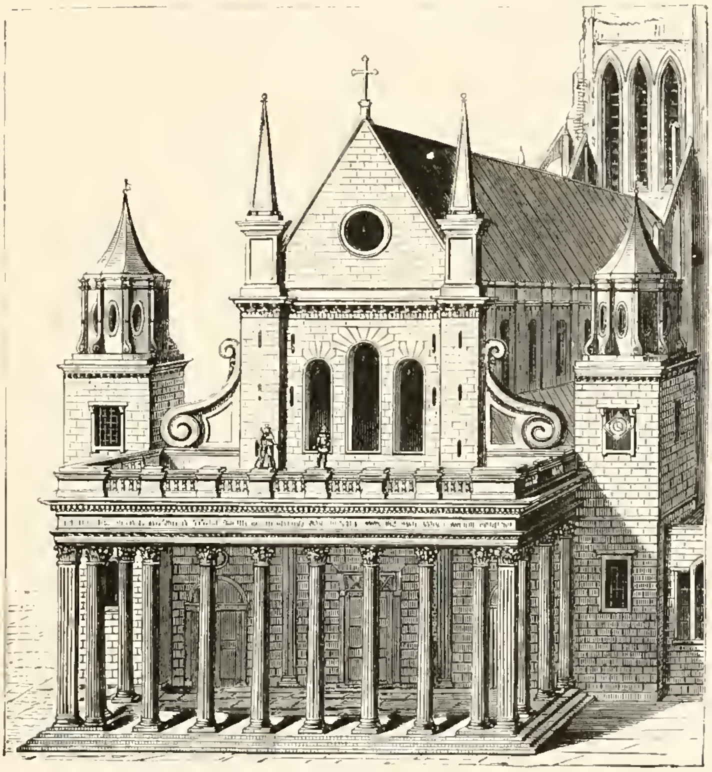
'Crossing the nave, at the eleventh bay on the right hand is the tomb of Sir John Beauchamp, Knight of the Garter, son of Guy, Earl of Warwick. There lies his recumbent figure clad in complete armour, and on the four panels at the side of the altar-tomb you may see the armorial bearings of his noble family. The common people call it Duke Humfrey's tomb, although Humfrey, Duke of Gloucester, lies honourably buried at St. Albans, twenty miles away. On May Day tankard-bearers and watermen, and others of like quality, come to this tomb early in the morning and strew herbs about it, and sprinkle it with fair water. And they have some



INTERIOR OF THE NAVE OF OLD ST. PAUL'S.
(From a print in the Gardner Collection, after Hollar.)

odd sayings of their own. A man who goes without his dinner (walking during dinner-time in this nave) is said "to dine with Duke Humfrey," and in reference to this saying they have a proverb: "Trash and trumpery is the way to Duke Humfrey," that is, is the way to go dinnerless.'

As every Londoner knows, one of the famous parts of Lambeth Palace is the Lollards' Tower. But a large number do not know that the original and real Lollards' Tower was part of old St. Paul's. We give an engraving of the porch added to the ancient cathedral by Inigo Jones in Charles the First's reign, showing also two towers. Stow, in his *Survey*, says: 'At either corner of this west end is also, of ancient building, a strong tower of stone, made for bell towers; the one of them, to wit, next to the palace, is at this present to the use of the same palace; the other, towards the south, is called the Lowlardes' Tower, and hath been used as the Bishop's prison, for such as were detected for opinions in religion contrary to the faith of the Church.' In all probability the southern tower in the engraving is the one referred to by Stow, though some think it cannot have been large enough, and is a new and smaller tower standing on the site of the older. But it was here, and not at Lambeth, that the prisoners, so often mentioned in Foxe's *Book of Martyrs*, were confined. Here took place the tragedy of Richard Hunne. In reference to this prison, Latimer said: 'I had rather be in purgatory than in the Lollardes' Tower.' And very touching is the account of John Philpot, one of Bishop Bonner's victims in 1555. Philpot himself tells the story: 'Bishop Bonner followed me, calling the keeper aside, commanding to keep all men from me, and brought me to his privy door that goeth into the church, and commanded two of his men to accompany the keeper and to see me placed. And afterwards I passed through Paul's up to the Lollards' Tower, and after that turned all along



Inigo Jones' Porch to Old St. Paul's, showing the Lollards' Tower.

the west side of Paul's through the wall, and passing through six or seven doors came to my lodging through many straits, where I called to remembrance that *strait is the way to heaven*.' And ere the year closed the courageous martyr trod that strait way. He was condemned, and on December 18th, 1555, was burnt at the stake in Smithfield.

The historical associations of old St. Paul's have to do with many of the most famous English kings, and with many of the most noted deeds in our history. 'It was in old St. Paul's that King John in 1213 acknowledged the supremacy of the Pope. There John of Gaunt's son, afterwards Henry IV., wept by his father's grave, and there with mock solemnity he exposed the body of Richard II. after his murder at Pontefract. In 1401 the first English martyr, William Sawtre, was stripped of all his priestly vestments before being sent to the stake at Smithfield. Hither, after the death of Henry V., came his widow, Katherine de Valois, in a state litter, with her child upon her knee, and the little Henry VI. was led into the choir by the Duke Protector and the Duke of Exeter, that he might be seen by the people. Here the body of the same unhappy king was exhibited, that his death might be believed. Here also the bodies of Warwick the king-maker and his brother were exposed for three days.'[1]

To old St. Paul's on February 23rd, 1377, John Wycliffe was summoned by Courtenay, Bishop of London, and placed on his defence against the dangerous charge of heresy. The somewhat disorderly scene which followed took place in the Lady Chapel to the east of the high altar. Instead of a trial there was a sharp passage of words between the bishop on the one side and John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, and Lord Percy on the other, which led first to the breaking up of the assembly, and then to a riot, in which Savoy House was burnt.

In the open space on the north-eastern side of the Cathedral stood for centuries Paul's Cross, a pulpit for open air addresses, erected on what for ages had been the site of gatherings of the citizens. The exact site, upon which the original substructures of the Cross were still extant, was recently discovered by Mr. Penrose, the Cathedral architect, and it is now marked by the octagon on that open space just by the east end of the present building, where the numerous pigeons are often fed by passers-by and by the guardian policeman. This Cross is mentioned as early as 1256. 'Here' (we quote once again from Dr. Simpson) 'folkmotes were gathered together, bulls and papal edicts were read, heretics were denounced, heresies abjured, excommunications published, great political changes made known to the people, penances performed.' The Cross had become 'frail and injured' as early as 1387, a decree of the Bishop of London of that date being still preserved in the Record Room of the Cathedral. It was rebuilt again in the latter half of the fifteenth century. To write the history of the scenes that

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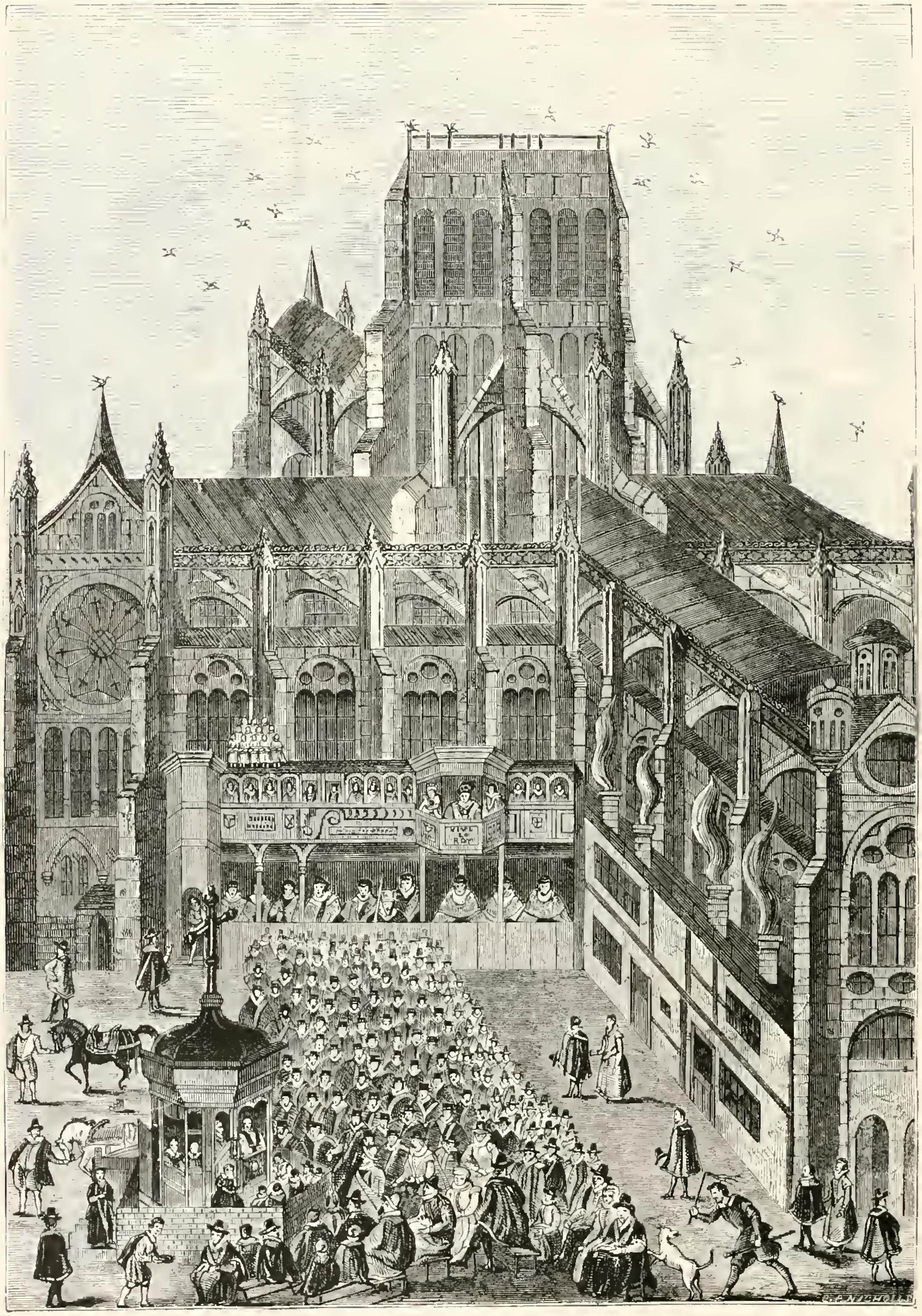
[1] *Walks in London*, i. 166.


VIVE LE ROY
G. NICHOLLS

St. Paul's Cross in 1620.
(From a print in Wilkinson's 'Londina Illustrata.')

have taken place at this old Cross would be to write a great part of the history of England during the thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Here, in 1261, Henry III. caused the bull of Pope Alexander to be read, which permitted him to break the oath which he had sworn in the Parliament at Oxford; here, on June 19th, 1483, Dr. Shaw preached the notorious sermon in which he urged the claims of Richard III., who at an appointed moment showed himself in a neighbouring gallery, without, however, receiving the plaudits he desired. Here, towards the end of 1526, Tunstall, Bishop of London, preached a sermon denouncing Tyndale's New Testament, and ordering it to be publicly burnt in his presence, affirming that it contained three thousand errors! Upon this Roy, in his keen satire, *Rede me and be not wrothe*, remarked:—

> 'Howbeit when all came to pass,
> I daresay unable he was
> Of one error to make probation;'

while Tyndale's own comment was, 'There is not so much as one *i* therein if it lack a tittle over his head, but they have noted it, and number it unto the ignorant people for an heresy.' Among the great treasures now of St. Paul's Cathedral Library is one of the only two known copies of that edition of the New Testament thus publicly burnt. Before the Cross in 1538 the famous Rood of Boxley, in Kent, one of the many wonder-working crosses of that age of superstition, was publicly broken to pieces. Hither, upon his release from the Tower, in 1548, came Hugh Latimer, to begin that famous series of sermons that went straight to the heart of Protestant England. In 1552 Ridley, Bishop of London, preached here, continuing 'till almost five of the clocke at night,' in connection with the New Book of Common Prayer, used for the first time that morning in St. Paul's. Soon after came the reaction, and such preachers as Bourne and Watson replaced Latimer and Ridley, and again Mass was celebrated in St. Paul's. But upon the accession of Elizabeth, 'on the even of St. Bartholomew, were burned in Paule's Churchyard, Cheapside, and divers other places in the City of London, all the roodes and other images of the churches, in some places the coapes, vestments, altar clothes, books, banners, sepulchres, and rood-lofts were burned,' and London bade a long farewell to Popery, as the religion recognised by the crown and the law.

We give an illustration of Paul's Cross, taken from Wilkinson's *Londina Illustrata*, and showing preacher and audience as they appeared on Sunday, March 26th, 1620, when James I. and his court came to hear Dr. King, the 'King of Preachers,' as the royal punster called him. The print is worth careful study. Observe the skill of the draughtsman, which enables you to see from the *north* door of the Cathedral the great rose window at the *east* end. The choir had twelve windows; the artist gives us only four.

He has also placed the Cross some distance from its true position. The upper gallery contains the King, royal personages, and nobles; the lower, the Lord Mayor and Aldermen. The flames to the observer's right do not indicate that the church is on fire; they proceed from the chimneys of four houses built against the eastern wall of the north transept. Pigeons frequented the old as well as the modern church.

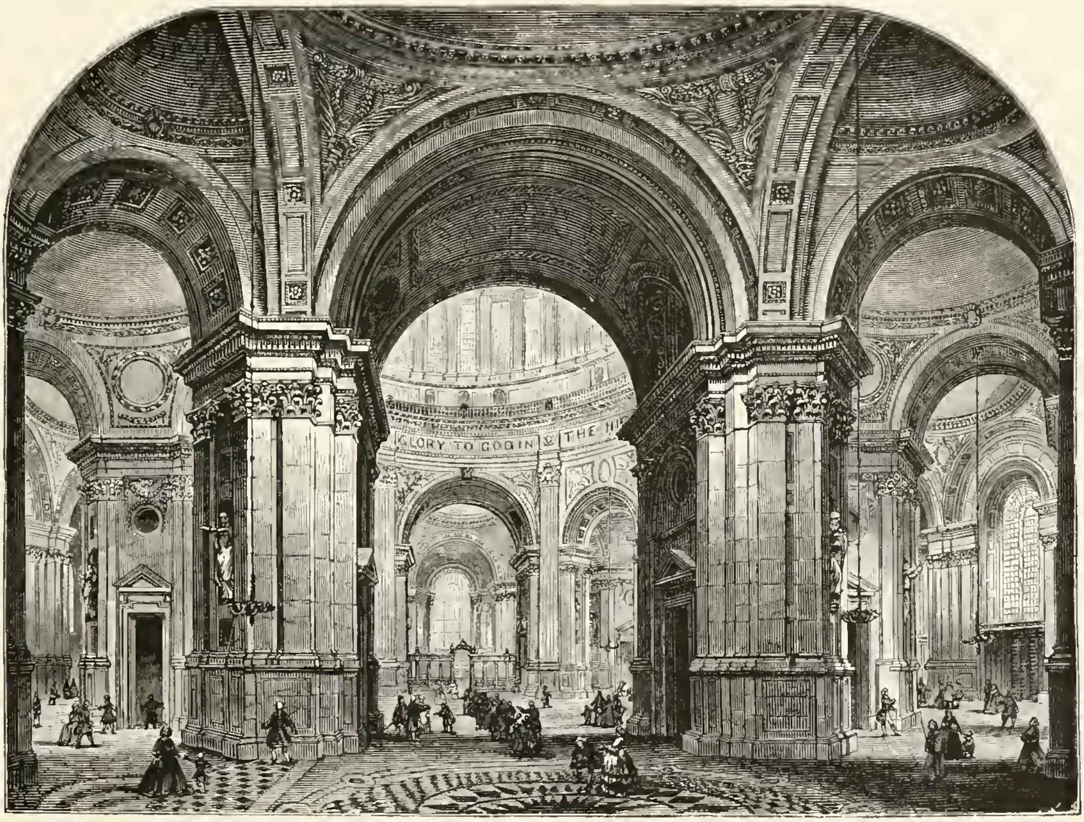
But it is quite time that we reached the modern structure. We must pass over many curious and interesting details, such, for example, as those connected with the habit, so prevalent in the seventeenth century, of turning the nave and aisles of the old church into a kind of exchange, promenade, centre of fashion, and of gossip:—

> 'Some with their beads unto a pillar crowd,
> Some mutter forth, some say their graces loud,
> Some on devotion come to feed their muse,
> Some come to sleep, or walk, or tell the news.'

In 1561 fire had destroyed the splendid spire of St. Paul's, and in 1666 the devouring element consumed the greater part of the famous old church. Into the discussions, petty jealousies, short-sighted follies, connected with the rebuilding we cannot enter. Suffice it to say that at last Wren's genius triumphed, and, as the sculpture over the south porch indicates, there arose, like a phœnix from the ashes, the magnificent building which has been for the last two hundred years one of the glories of Europe. Early in 1667 Wren was ordered to erect a choir for temporary use, and from 1668 to 1670 various attempts to patch up the ruins were made. In 1673 Charles II. appointed a commission to build a new cathedral according to what is known as Wren's second design. But when the ground was cleared the plan was not thought sufficiently suitable for cathedral worship, and so Wren was commanded to alter it. He did so, and produced a third design, which was approved and authorized as the one for him to follow. Wren, however, succeeded in getting the King's permission 'to make variations,' and availed himself of this to such an extent that the building he finally erected bears a very superficial resemblance to the plan which he was supposed to follow. His own favourite design was the first, a Greek cross in the Corinthian order. A model of this is preserved in the Cathedral, and we give an engraving of the interior as it would have appeared had this plan been executed.

On May 1st, 1674, Wren began to clear the ground for his new cathedral. To remove the massive pillars of the old church he had to employ first gunpowder, and when that was strenuously objected to, he used an enormous battering-ram. On June 21st, 1675, the first stone of the new cathedral, the south-east corner of the choir, was laid by Mr. Strong, the mason, but there is no detailed account of the subsequent building. In

1685 James II. issued a new Commission for the continuance of the work. Up to April, 1684, £109,765 12*s.* 1*d.* had been spent, with the following result: 'The walls of the choir, with its aisles, being one hundred and seventy feet long and one hundred and twenty feet broad, with the stupendous arched vaults below the pavement, were finished, as also the new chapter-house and vestries. The two beautiful circular porticoes of the north and south entrances, and the massy piers which support the cupola, a circle of one hundred and eight feet diameter within the walls, were also brought to the same height, being all wrought of large blocks of Portland stone.' The choir was opened for service on December 2nd, 1697, but it was not until 1710, when Wren was seventy-eight years old, that the highest stone of the lantern was laid. The total amount raised for the work by coal duties, subscriptions, and other means, was £1,167,474 17*s.* 11*d.* Wren was greatly hampered all through the work by the various Commissioners, and to this day little more than a beginning has been made towards the adornment of the Cathedral. The hideous iron railing with which the authorities insisted upon enclosing the building, notwithstanding Wren's remonstrances, has in recent years been swept away from the west


GLORY TO GOD IN THE HI

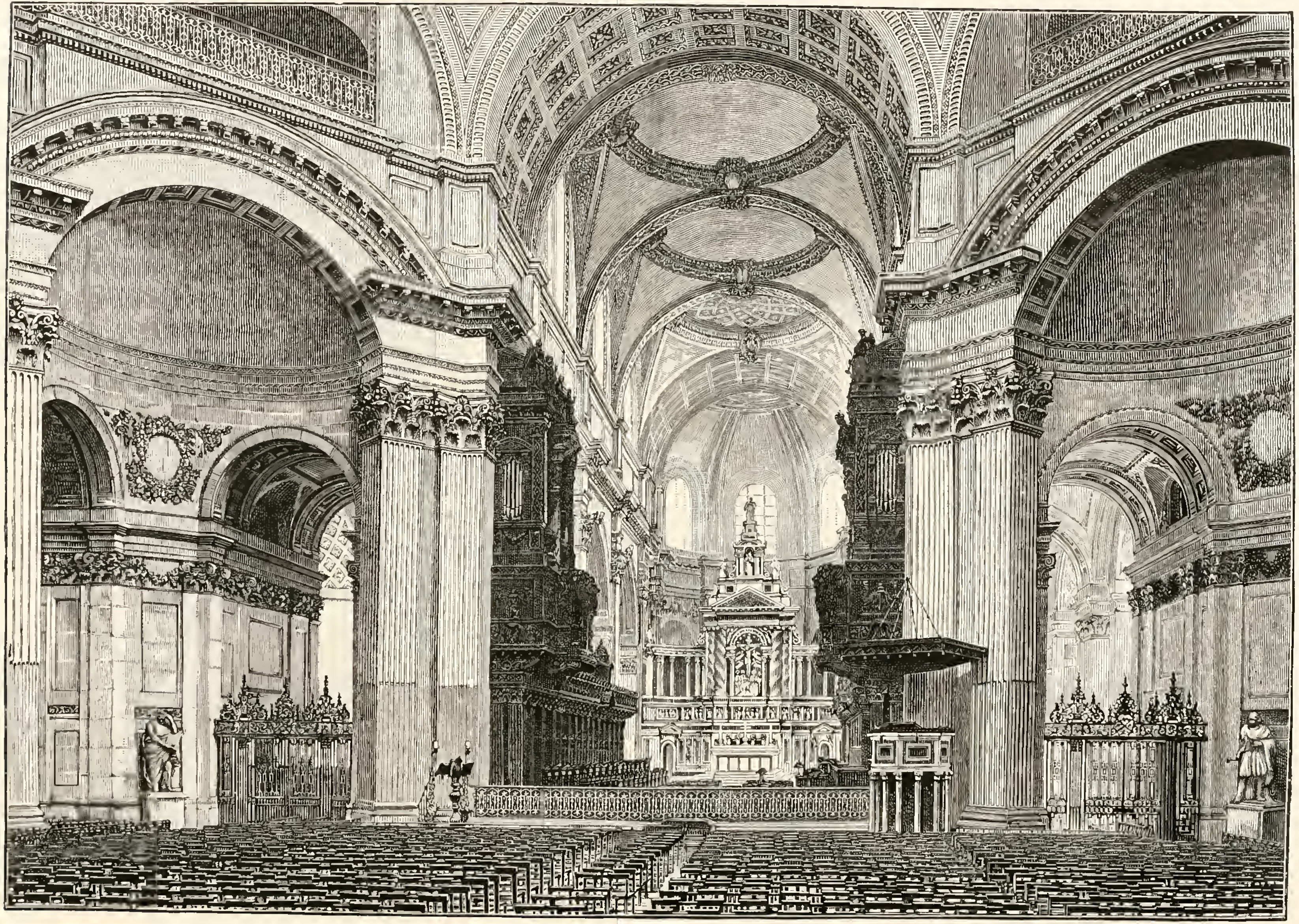
INTERIOR OF ST. PAUL'S, LOOKING EAST, AS IT WOULD HAVE BEEN AFTER WREN'S FIRST DESIGN.

front. The wall upon which the rest of the railing rests has also been lowered. In the same way the unsightly balustrade around the top of the Cathedral was placed there against Wren's wishes, he remarking, when consulted about it, that 'ladies think nothing well without an edging.' He had purposed lining the dome with mosaic, but this was considered far too novel and too costly an experiment. The story of Wren's relations with the Commissioners is a record of continual friction; on the one side ignorance and prejudice, on the other, genius. Finally he was dismissed, and Benson, a favourite of George I., appointed architect, a man so incompetent that after a year of office he had to be dismissed.

A detailed description of St. Paul's as it now is would require a volume, and we can only refer to a few of the most important features of the enormous structure. It is in the form of a Latin cross, and including the porch is five hundred feet long, the transept is two hundred and fifty feet wide, and the nave one hundred and eighteen feet long. At the western end are two projections—the northern is used as the Morning Chapel, the southern contains the monument to the Duke of Wellington. The height from the street on the south side to the top of the cross is three hundred and sixty-five feet.

A visit to the crypt enables the visitor to get some idea of the massive character and the enormous extent of the Cathedral. It also contains some of the most interesting tombs, viz., those of Wellington, Nelson, Sir Thomas Picton, and Admiral Collingwood. Nelson is buried immediately below the centre of the dome, the sarcophagus in which his body rests having been originally prepared for Cardinal Wolsey. In another part lie the remains of Wren himself, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Turner, Dean Milman, and a host of others who have played well their part in the life of the English nation. The extreme eastern end of the crypt, into which have been collected most of the monumental fragments that belonged to old St. Paul's, is now used as the Morning Chapel for the daily service at 8 A.M. Beneath the north porch an illustration of the employment of modern inventions in the old Cathedral is to be seen in the powerful gas-engine which furnishes the wind for the great organ.

A good view of the interior is obtained when standing well within the western door, but a better point of vantage still is the gallery on the triforium level immediately over the western door. The nave has arcaded north and south aisles. The choir is surrounded by ambulatories, and in the southern are some interesting monuments, including those to Dr. Donne, Dean from 1621-1631 (the only complete tomb preserved from old St. Paul's), Bishop Heber, and Dean Milman. The great reredos at the eastern end of the choir has given rise since its erection to much discussion, and one can hardly help feeling that, handsome as it is, it adds nothing either to the impressiveness of the building or to its fitness for Protestant worship. The London atmosphere will doubtless soon tone down its somewhat assertive brilliance of colour and gilding.



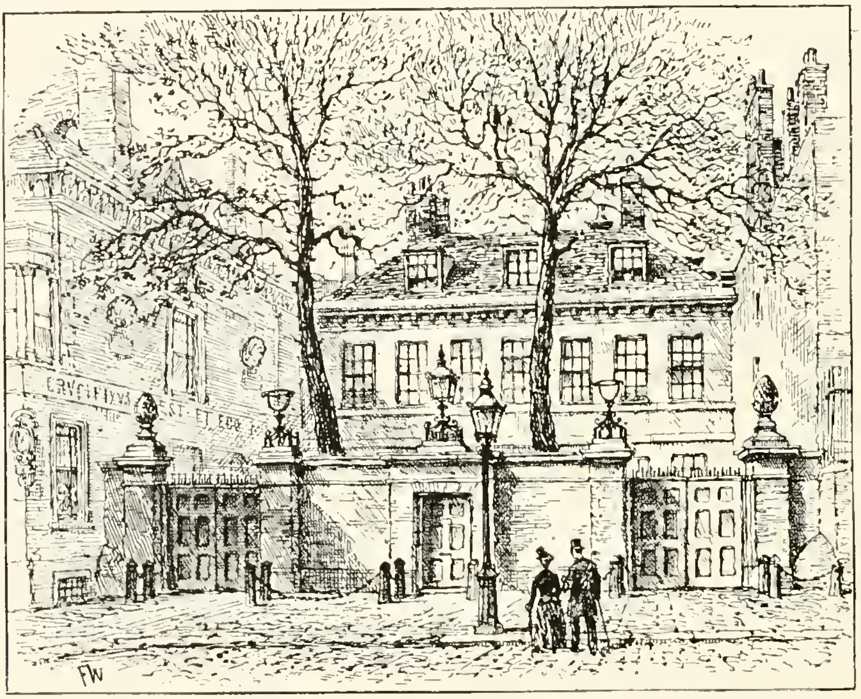
THE INTERIOR OF ST. PAUL'S, FROM UNDER THE DOME, LOOKING EAST.

(From a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company)

The great charm of St. Paul's is the lofty dome, and in the planning and construction of this Wren manifested ability of the highest order. It rests upon eight huge piers, upon the arches of which rests the large cantilever cornice, around which runs the Whispering Gallery, so-called because a whisper uttered at one side of the circle is distinctly heard at the point exactly opposite. Above this gallery rises what is known as the drum, and from the upper part of this springs the inner dome of brickwork, pierced with an eye in its vertex, through which the dome terminating the great brick cone is seen. Although not suspected by the observer who looks upon it either from within or without, there are really three domes. The one which forms such a noble roof above the great interior space is simply an inner skin of brickwork, upon which the observer may stand and look down nearly three hundred feet to the floor of the cathedral. And while standing there he finds it somewhat difficult to understand how the brickwork is suspended in mid air, and to avoid the conviction that it is just about to collapse and let him fall through into the great void beneath. But reflection comes to the rescue with the assurance that what has stood for two centuries will probably last for the few minutes he is able to spend upon it.

The outer dome, the most conspicuous object in London, is but a skin of woodwork enveloping the inner cone of brickwork, which really supports the whole fabric. This enormous mass of masonry rises up at an acute angle from the top of the drum of the dome, and terminates in the tiny dome visible high up through the eye of the large inner dome. A forest of timbers placed upon the outside of this supports the outer wooden dome, and above it rise successively the lantern, the ball, and the cross. It is possible to get into the ball, but the experience is hardly worth the trouble. But everyone who wishes to appreciate Wren's constructive ability should mount as far as the Golden Gallery, that is, the small outer gallery, enclosed by gilt railings, encircling the base of the lantern. Access to this is obtained by the great circular staircase at the south-western corner of the dome. This leads up first to the Stone Gallery, whence a fair but not an unobstructed view over London can be obtained. But from the Stone Gallery the ascent is made up circular iron stairs, which wind up between the brick cone and the outer wooden shell. It is while making this part of the ascent that the mind receives the most vivid impression of the enormous scale of the building, and of the almost endless multiplicity of detail involved in it.

From the Golden Gallery a superb view of London is obtained. The whole city lies at one's feet, and on a clear day not only every part of the metropolis, but all the nearer suburbs, are well within the circle of vision. Standing there at any time during the working hours of the day, provided the day is moderately free from wind, what impresses an observer is the enormous volume of noise made by the restless, busy, surging life of the myriads below. As you look down upon the men and women, who appear but pigmies, and the omnibuses and drays, which seem but children's toys, it is hardly possible to connect any special sound with any particular vehicle or street; but from the whole area there rises a dull continuous roar, something like the roar of a mighty furnace, the innumerable sounds produced by the endless activities of London daily life, blending into one great monotone, which impresses London's greatness as powerfully and vividly upon the sense of hearing as the incomparable panorama within the field of vision does upon the sight. Wren is reported to have said that he 'built for eternity.' Did he consciously, and with some prevision of London's coming greatness, endeavour to provide a fitting outlook for subsequent generations, whence they could survey the largest and most wonderful city of the world in this Gallery, which well deserves the name of Golden, not so much from the accident of its gilding as from the unique and superb view of the City which it affords?



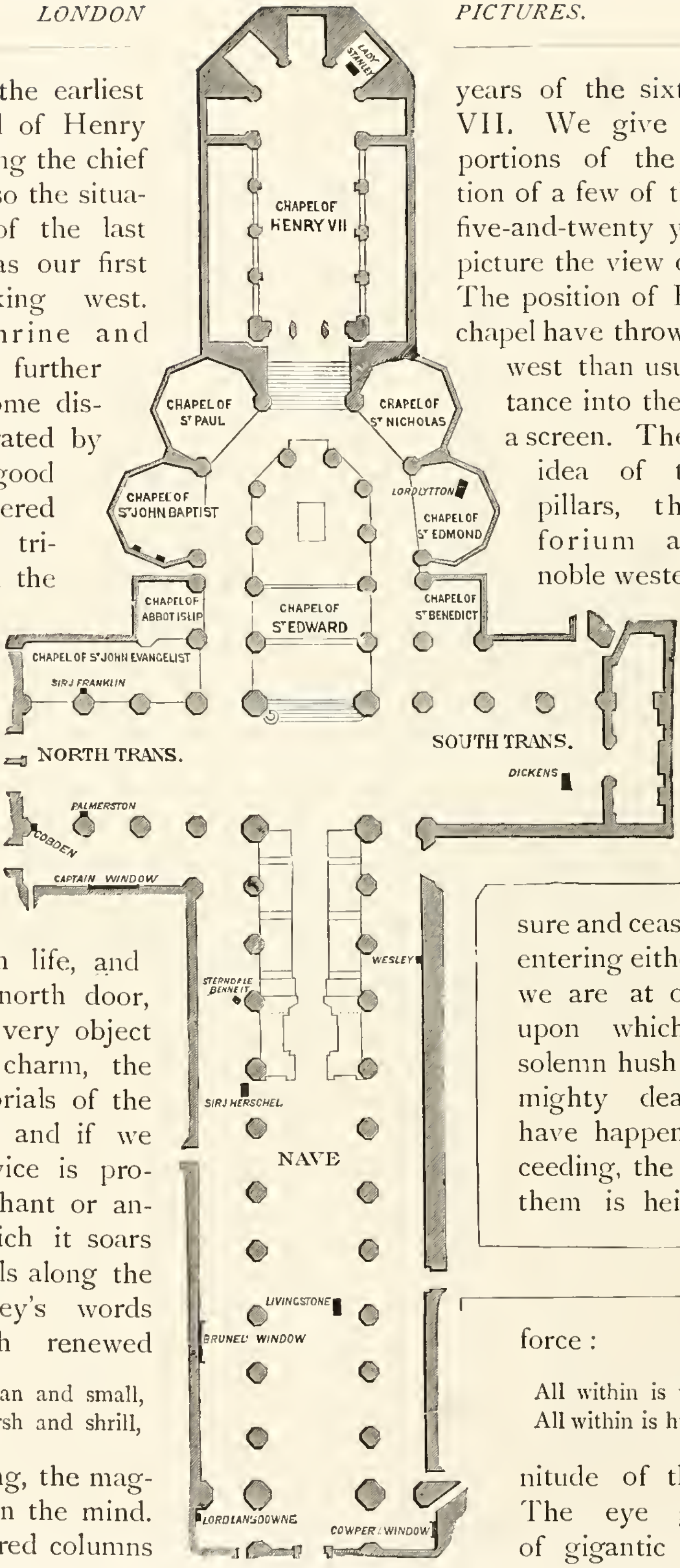
The Deanery, St. Paul's.

The old buildings of St. Paul's School, which used to stand at the eastern end of the cathedral, with their memories of Colet, of Milton, and of many a man whose life of powerful influence here received its first impulse in intellectual pursuits, have passed away. The school now resides in a handsome building at Hammersmith, while the old site is occupied by extremely modern warehouses. The Deanery yet remains, although Doctors'

Commons long since disappeared, the doctors selling their property and dividing the proceeds. Adjoining the Deanery is the school for the choristers, built by Dean Church in 1874.

We have given considerable space to St. Paul's because it is the great metropolitan cathedral, and because its associations with the civic life of London have been more continuous and direct than those of Westminster Abbey. But it is now time, ere we inspect somewhat hastily a few of the other noted and interesting ecclesiastical centres of London, to pay a visit to the great church of St. Peter, in many respects the most interesting and impressive building in England. Rich to profusion in examples of the best styles of church architecture, it has also been associated with the English royal family since the days of Edward the Confessor. Within those walls, the youngest of which have stood for nearly four centuries, are the tombs and memorials of a multitude of famous kings, queens, princes, statesmen, warriors, ecclesiastics, men of letters, and philanthropists; enshrined in noble and varied architecture are whole centuries of English history. Specimens of the Norman work of Edward the Confessor are still to be seen in the crypt of the chapter-house, and in the arches that prolong the eastern walk of the cloister; but the great church, as we see it to-day, received its character from Henry the Third's workmen, and is due to the building tastes of that monarch. He ruthlessly swept away most of the Confessor's building, honoured that monarch by placing his body, enclosed in a gorgeous shrine, upon a mound of sacred earth, and then constructed over it the building that grows more and more potent in its charm over the imagination as the successive centuries pass by. It never has been a cathedral. Edward endowed the monastery of which his structure was the great church. He built the church as his own tomb; here he was buried; here William the Norman, claiming the crown of England as a gift from Edward, after his victory at Senlac, was himself crowned; and here, since his day, every English ruling sovereign has undergone the coronation ceremonies.

Henry III., in 1220, began a Lady Chapel, which was afterwards destroyed to make room for Henry the Seventh's, and in 1245 he began the church. He completed the choir, transepts, central tower, and one bay of the nave, together with the chapter-house and part of the cloisters. Edward I. carried on the work of his father, and successive monarchs contributed to the great undertaking, but the church was not finished by the completion of the western towers until 1740. The complete building consists of nave, choir, and transepts, entirely surrounded by aisles, except at the western extremity of the south transept, the aisle here being taken up by part of the cloister. There is no great east window, but the lines and arches converge beautifully, and give rich vistas that delight the eye. At the eastern end of Edward the Confessor's Chapel is the beautiful chantry of Henry V., and at the eastern end of the church is the magnificent addition built in the earliest years of the sixteenth century—the Chapel of Henry VII. We give a plan of the church showing the chief portions of the structure, and indicating also the situation of a few of the interesting memorials of the last five-and-twenty years.


LADY STANLEY
CHAPEL OF HENRY VII
CHAPEL OF ST PAUL
CHAPEL OF ST NICHOLAS
CHAPEL OF ST JOHN BAPTIST
LORD LYTTON
CHAPEL OF ST EDMOND
CHAPEL OF ABBOT ISLIP
CHAPEL OF ST EDWARD
CHAPEL OF ST BENEDICT
CHAPEL OF ST JOHN EVANGELIST
SIR J FRANKLIN
NORTH TRANS.
SOUTH TRANS.
DICKENS
PALMERSTON
COBDEN
CAPTAIN WINDOW
WESLEY
STERNDALE BENNETT
SIR J HERSCHEL
NAVE
LIVINGSTONE
BRUNEL WINDOW
LORD LANSDOWNE
COWPER WINDOW

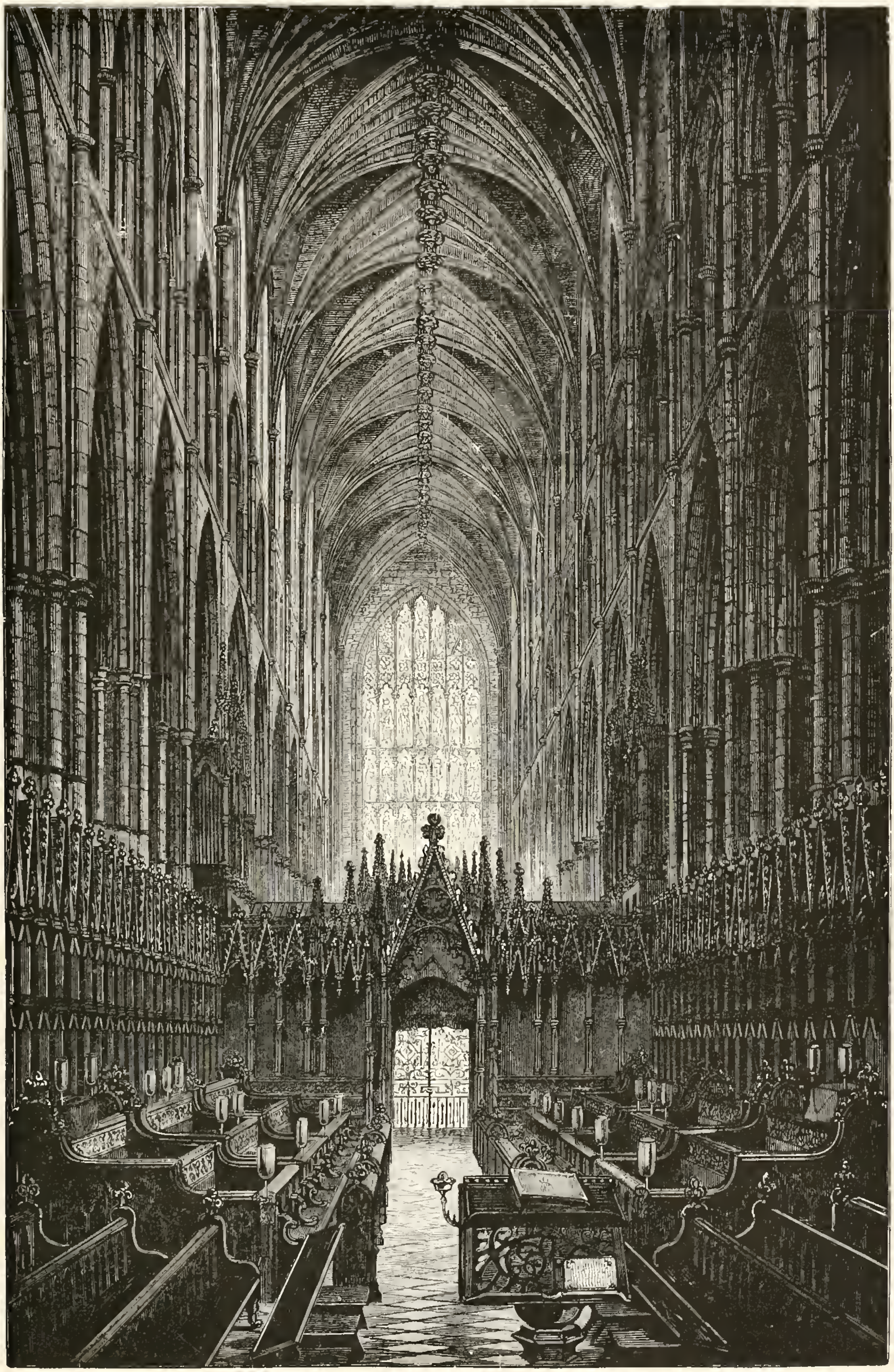
Ground Plan of Westminster Abbey.

We select as our first picture the view of the choir and nave looking west. The position of Edward the Confessor's shrine and chapel have thrown the communion table further west than usual, and the choir extends some distance into the nave, from which it is separated by a screen. The engraving gives a very good idea of the carved stalls, the clustered pillars, the pointed arches, the fine triforium arcade, the vaulted roof, and the noble western window.

On leaving the approaches to the Abbey, crowded as they usually are with vehicles and foot passengers, and forcing upon the attention, as they do, the ever-present signs of the high pressure and ceaseless movement of London life, and entering either by Poet's Corner or the north door, we are at once in another world. Every object upon which the eye falls is full of charm, the solemn hush soothes the spirit, the memorials of the mighty dead quicken the imagination, and if we have happened upon an hour when service is proceeding, the beauty and melody of the chant or anthem is heightened by the way in which it soars to the lofty roof or rolls along the vaulted aisles. Kingsley's words come to the mind with renewed force:

All without is mean and small,
All within is vast and tall;
All without is harsh and shrill,
All within is hushed and still.

'On entering, the magnitude of the building breaks fully upon the mind. The eye gazes with wonder at clustered columns of gigantic dimensions,



THE CHOIR AND NAVE OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY, LOOKING WEST.

with arches springing from them to such an amazing height. It seems as if the awful nature of the place presses down upon the soul, and hushes the beholder into noiseless reverence. We feel that we are surrounded by the congregated bones of the great men of past times, who have filled history with their deeds, and earth with their renown.'[1]

Directly to the east of the communion table stands the ancient shrine of Edward the Confessor. It is placed upon a mound of earth, and is thus raised high above the floor of the church, and was formerly visible in all probability from nearly all parts of the abbey. The shrine as now seen is made of Purbeck marble and glass mosaic, and is but a portion of that to which, on October 13th, 1269, Henry III., his brother, and his four sons bore the saint's body. The shrine was despoiled in the reign of Henry VIII., and the body removed. It was replaced by Mary, in whose reign the shrine was also partly restored, and finally enclosed in another coffin, in which it now remains, by James II. On the north side lies his wife, Editha, the great Godwin's daughter, who died in 1075, and on the south 'good Queen Maud,' whose marriage with Henry I. brought together the Saxon and the Norman lines. She died in 1118. To the north, beyond Editha, stands the elaborate and ornate tomb of Henry III. The body was not placed in the tomb, which was the work of Edward I., until 1291. Between the tomb of the builder of the abbey and the chantry of Henry V. lies the body of Eleanor of Castile, the beloved queen of Edward I., who accompanied him to the Crusades, saying, in reply to his remonstrances: 'The way to heaven is as near from Palestine as from England.' She died at Hardby, in Lincolnshire, and of the memorial crosses erected in her memory during the sad funeral journey to London there now remain only three in anything like their original condition, viz., Waltham, Northampton, and Gedding. Her husband's tomb is composed of five blocks of grey marble, having on the north side the grim inscription, *Scotorum Mallëus* (the Hammer of the Scots). On the south side of the chapel are buried Richard II. and his queen, Anne of Bohemia, Edward III. and his wife, Queen Philippa. The shrine is surrounded by ambulatories, and the views from it of the different parts of the great church, with the near and distant arches, the lofty columns, the curving and intermingling lines, the variations of light and shade, present stone pictures unrivalled in England.

The great English hero of the fifteenth century was Henry V.; and grandly is his memory perpetuated in the great church. His tomb, surmounted by a headless wooden effigy, occupies the extreme eastern end of St. Edward's Chapel. He reigned only nine years, but such were his opportunities, and such was his military prowess, that his name will live as long as the annals of England endure. In 1415, when only twenty-seven years old, he won the great victory of Agincourt, and he died at the early age of thirty-four. Like the other kings of his race, he devoted wealth and attention to the abbey, and he left in his will directions that a high chantry should be built above his tomb. The spot chosen was the eastern end of St. Edward's Chapel, and the building was carried out with great skill, though not without some injury to the tombs of Queens Eleanor and Philippa. It presents the appearance of the letter H when viewed from the front, and it extends over the ambulatory, filling up the space between the Confessor's and Henry the Seventh's Chapels. At the altar, prayers and masses were said for the king's soul. On the wooden bar above, forming conspicuous objects visible from many points of view, are a shield, a saddle, and a helmet, popularly, though incorrectly, supposed to be those used by Henry at Agincourt. They were really furnished by the undertaker for the funeral, in accordance with the custom of that day. The sculptures on the sides of the chantry represent Henry's coronation, also the king on horseback, and his device of a cresset or beacon light.

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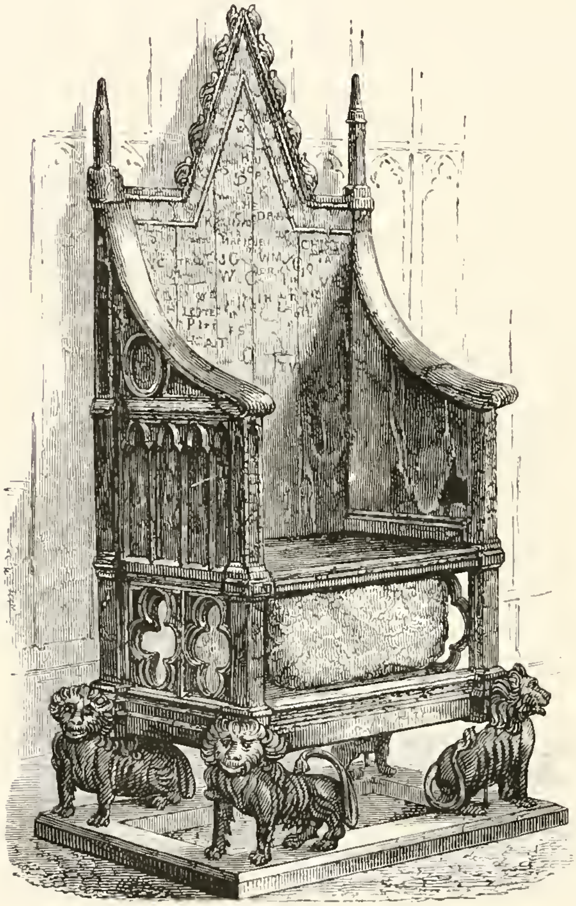
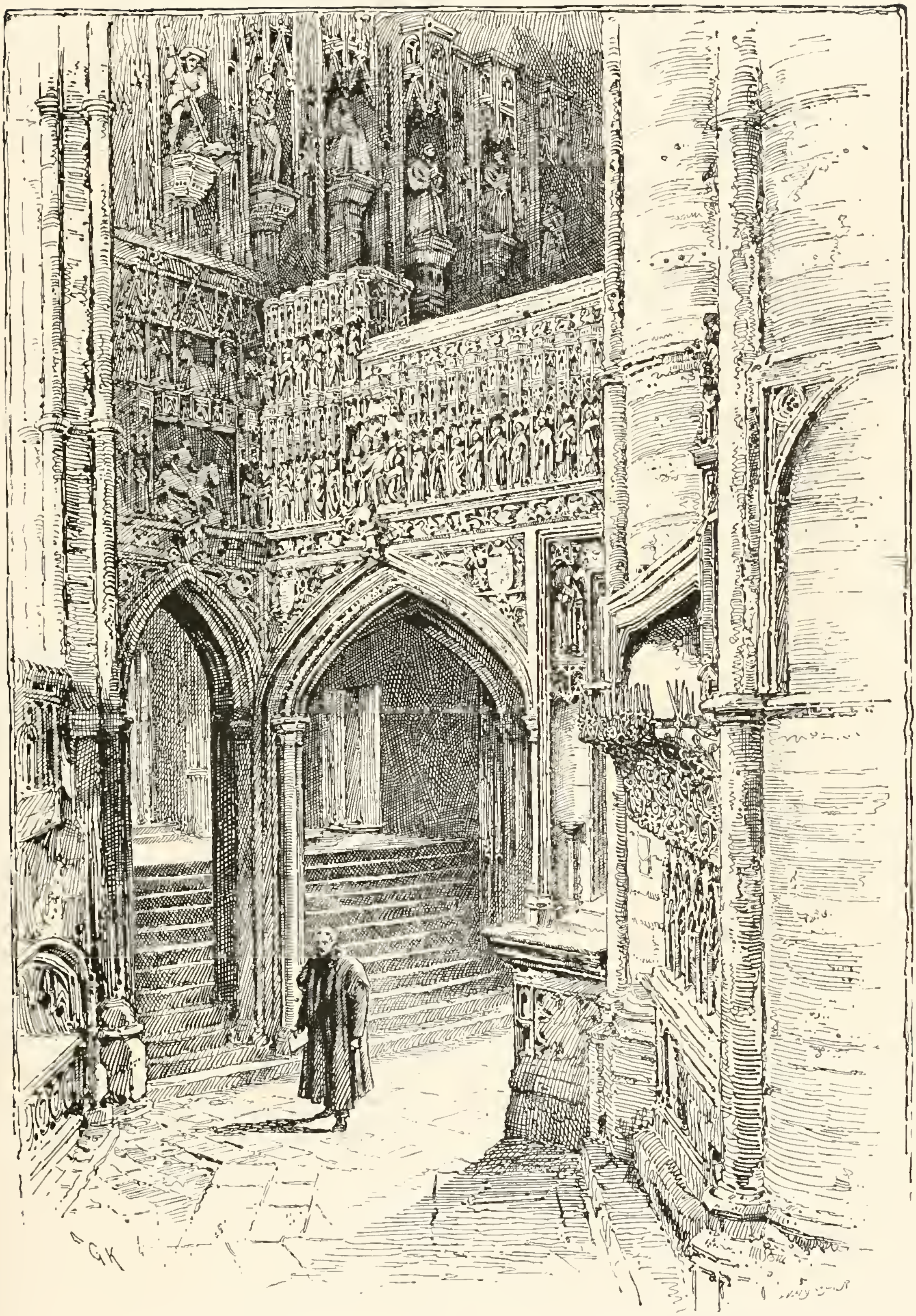
[1] Washington Irving.



The Coronation Chair of Edward III., with the Stone of Scone.

The chapel of Edward the Confessor is separated from the choir by a screen, dating probably from Edward the Fourth's reign, and sculptured with representations of interesting and important events in the Confessor's history. Placed against the screen which separates Edward the Confessor's Chapel from the choir are several objects of interest. On the left is the Coronation Chair of Edward III., and on the right is one that was made for William and Mary. Between them are a state sword and a shield, which are said to have been borne before Edward III. on grand occasions in France. We give an engraving of that monarch's chair, which also contains the famous 'Stone of Scone.' It may be considered certain that Jacob's head never rested upon this particular 'pillow,' and it cannot be considered as proved that this was ever the 'Stone of Destiny' that stood upon Tara Hill. As it consists



The Chantry of Henry V., and the Entrance to the Chapel of Henry VII.

of Scotch sandstone, it seems hardly necessary to look further afield for its original home. Be this as it may, the Scotch kings down to John Balliol were crowned upon it; King Kenneth, about 850 A.D., having inscribed upon it two Latin verses, which run, when translated into English—

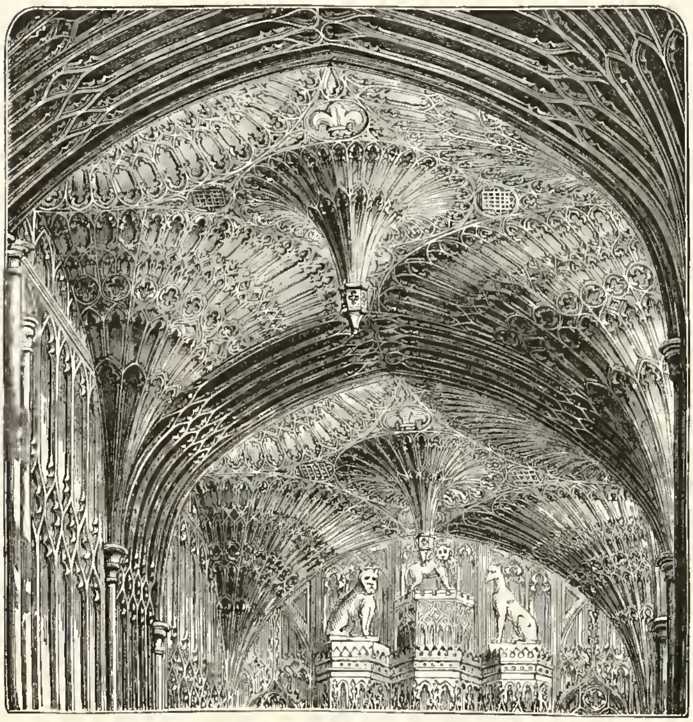
> 'If fates go right, where'er this stone is found,
> The Scots shall monarchs of that realm be found.'

Edward I. seized this relic, and placed it in Westminster Abbey in 1297, had the chair we now see made for its reception; and seated in it, after it has been placed before the communion table, all the sovereigns of England have been crowned. In 1603 James I. fulfilled the old Scotch prediction, and upon one occasion only has it been removed from the abbey. It was taken to Westminster Hall, and there seated in it, Oliver Cromwell was installed as Lord Protector.

Six chapels stand to the north and south of the Confessor's shrine; St. Paul, St. John Baptist, and Islip's Chapel, on the north; St Nicholas, St. Edmund and St. Benedict on the south, all crowded with monuments, many of them of very great interest. But the crown and flower of the chapel architecture of the Abbey is the gorgeous building replacing the ancient Lady Chapel, which Henry VII., under the fear of death, built in the hope of saving his soul. His title to the throne was not so good as he could have wished, the means by which he had reached it were not free from suspicion, he had manifested a grasping and avaricious spirit during life, and expended his wealth liberally only on this object, viz., attempting to secure his safety in the next world by founding a splendid chapel to the Virgin Mary in this, 'in whom,' his will tells us, 'hath ever been my most singulier trust and confidence.' It was originally intended for the reception of the body of Henry VI. after that monarch had undergone canonization, but the amount of money demanded by the Pope ere he would perform this spiritual jugglery was too excessive for the parsimonious king, and so Henry VI. remained at Windsor, and the new chapel became Henry the Seventh's tomb. Wealth was lavished upon it, large sums being provided not only for the building, but also for the maintenance of prayers and masses for the king's soul. The building remains a splendid example of Tudor architecture; but the revenues were diverted from their special purpose even before many of those who remembered Henry VII. had died.

To enter this 'climax of the latest mediæval architecture,' the visitor pauses under the chantry of Henry V., ascends the flight of steps somewhat imperfectly seen in the dim light, and passes through the noble bronze gates, which, like the windows, walls, and roof bear the badges of the founder. Here are to be seen the red rose of Lancaster and the white rose of York, both separately and entwined with the crown, the portcullis of the Beauforts, which he inherited through his mother, the lions of England, the fleur-de-lys, the dragon of Cadwallader, the last British king, from whom he claimed descent, the crown on the bush, in memory of Bosworth Field, and the falcon and the fetterlock of Edward IV.

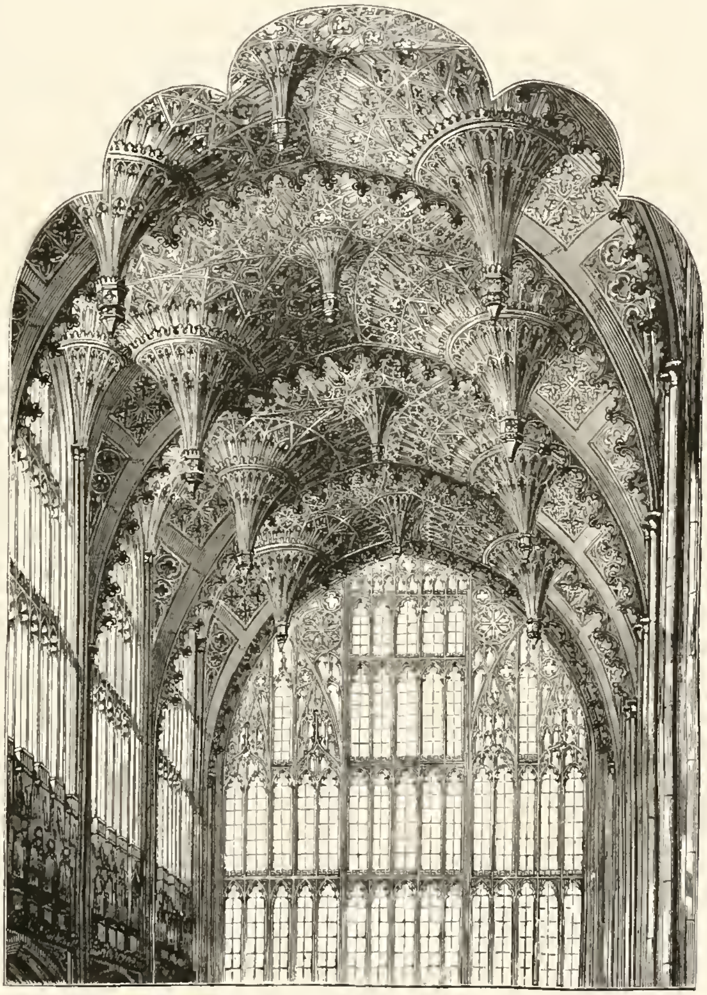
The building consists of a central aisle or nave, with north and south chapels, and at the eastern end five bays or chapels. Along both sides of the central aisle are the beautiful oak carved stalls, dating from different periods, but belonging now to the Knights of the Order of the Bath. Since 1725 the chapel has been used for their installation, and the Dean of Westminster is *ex-officio* Dean of the Order. Over the stalls hang the banners of the knights. At the corner of the ledge, by the large stall on the north side, is a small carved effigy of Henry VII., crowned, kneeling and looking towards the east. From the east window the figure of the same king surveys the chapel. The decorations of the walls and roof are exquisite workmanship. 'The very walls,' wrote Washington Irving, 'are wrought into universal ornament, encrusted with tracery, and scooped into niches crowded with statues of saints and martyrs. Stone seems, by the cunning labour of the chisel, to have been robbed of its weight and density, suspended aloft as if by magic, and the fretted roof achieved with the wonderful minuteness and airy security of a cobweb.'



Detail of Henry the Seventh's Chapel.

In the centre of the eastern end of the nave stands the chantry and tomb of Henry VII. and his wife, Elizabeth of York. The tomb is the work of Torrigiano, a Florentine artist, who has also enriched the abbey with other examples of his skill. It cost £1500, equivalent to at least £15,000 to-day, and was finished about 1518. It is of black marble, beautifully carved and enriched with medallions representing the Virgin and saints. Effigies of the king and queen, reputed to be good portraits, and executed in gilt bronze, recline upon the tomb. The screen enclosing it on the four sides is fine English work in bronze, bearing the same devices as the gates and roof. Close to the body of his grandfather, beneath the partly restored altar at the west end of Henry the Seventh's tomb, lies Edward VI., the son of Henry VIII. and Jane Seymour, the first Protestant King of England. Cranmer, as the last official act of his life, here read for the first time in history the funeral service of the Book of Common Prayer over the body of an English monarch. The pulpit in which Cranmer is said to have preached on that mournful occasion stands close by in the chapel where Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, is buried. The body of James I. also rests in the vault of Henry VII.

Of the five chapels at the eastern end the most interesting are the central and the next to the south. In the former Oliver Cromwell was buried after having lain in state at Somerset House. Near him in the same vault lay the remains of Cromwell's mother, Henry Ireton, John Bradshaw, Admiral Blake, and other friends and relatives of the great Protector. But soon after the 'glorious Restoration' the bodies were disinterred and reburied in the green to the north of the abbey, except Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw, who were hung and decapitated at Tyburn, their heads being exposed on Westminster Hall. Elizabeth Claypole, Cromwell's favourite daughter, was alone allowed to remain undisturbed where originally buried, to the north of Henry the Seventh's tomb. After this desecration of the dead and dishonour to the remains of some of the greatest men England has produced, the vault was used for the burial of illegitimate descendants of Charles II., whose remains lie side by side with those of the Dukes of


THE ROOF OF HENRY THE SEVENTH'S CHAPEL.

Ormonde and Schomberg, and of Bentinck, Earl of Portland, the friend of William III. In the other chapel are interred Lady Augusta and Dean Stanley, the former commemorated by a beautiful window, the latter by a tomb which is a fitting addition to the great church he loved so well.

What were originally north and south aisles of Henry the Seventh's Chapel have now practically become separate chapels. In the northern lie Mary Tudor, the queen of most tragic story and hateful memory, more to be pitied, perhaps, for her sorrows than to be blamed for her sins, and in the same tomb her half-sister and successor, Elizabeth, under whom England entered upon that career of prosperity and advance recorded in the story of Modern England. The rival queens lie beneath the monument erected to their memory by James I. 'At the head,' notes Dean Stanley, 'are to be read two lines full of a far deeper feeling than we should naturally have ascribed to him : *Regno consortes et urnâ hic obdormimus Elizabetha et Maria sorores, in spe resurrectionis.*[1] The long war of the English Reformation is closed in those words. In that contracted sepulchre, admitting of none other but those two, the stately coffin of Elizabeth rests on the coffin of Mary. The sisters are at one ; the daughter of Catherine of Aragon and the daughter of Anne Boleyn repose in peace at last.' At the east end of the same chapel lie the remains supposed to be those of the princes murdered in the Tower, and at the western end is the tomb of Addison, who 'sleeps in peace' next his 'loved Montague,' and who, as he himself has told, was fond of walking in the church where now he lies : 'When I am in a serious humour, I very often walk by myself in Westminster Abbey ; where the gloominess of the place and the use to which it is applied, with the solemnity of the building, and the condition of the people who lie in it, are apt to fill the mind with a kind of melancholy, or rather thoughtfulness, that is not disagreeable.'

In the south aisle of Henry the Seventh's Chapel, are other tombs which enshrine the memory of tragedies. Beneath the most beautiful fan roof, and below its centre, rises another tomb erected by James I. to his beautiful but unhappy mother. It resembles, but is on a much grander scale than that of Elizabeth. Beneath a massive and richly decorated canopy, supported by pillars, is a marble sarcophagus, and upon the top of this, with the lion of Scotland at her feet, is a marble effigy of Mary Queen of Scots. Executed at Fotheringay in 1587, buried by Elizabeth's orders in Peterborough Cathedral, her remains were brought to this splendid tomb in 1612. In the same vault lie the remains of Arabella Stuart, cousin of James I., by whom she was imprisoned in the Tower, where she went out of her mind, and finally died in 1615 ; Elizabeth, daughter of James I. and mother of Prince Rupert ; and among a large company of Stuart descendants four children of Charles I., of one of whom, the Princess Anne, who died when she was only

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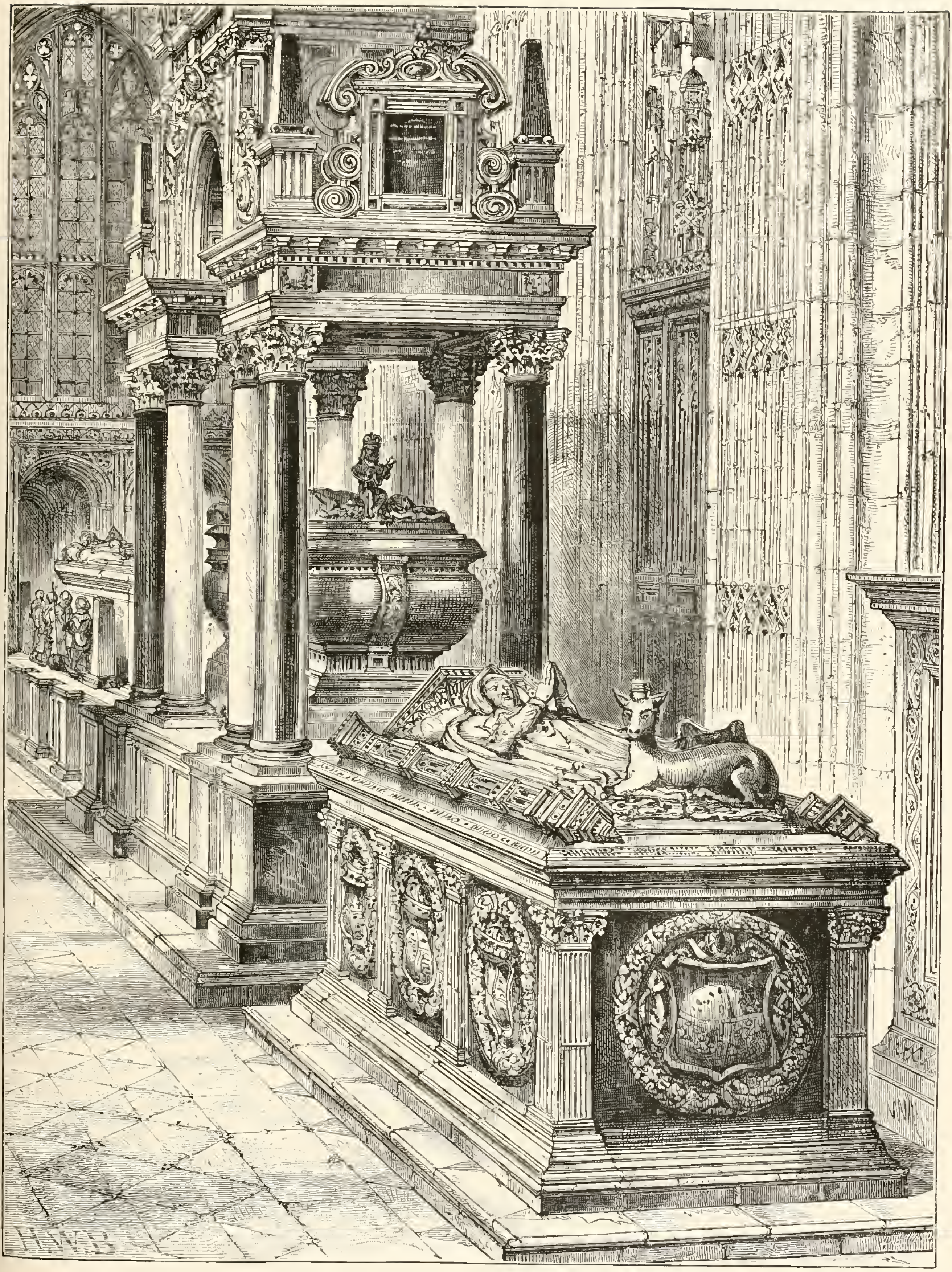
[1] 'Consorts in rule and in sepulture, we sisters, Elizabeth and Mary, here sleep in hope of the resurrection.'

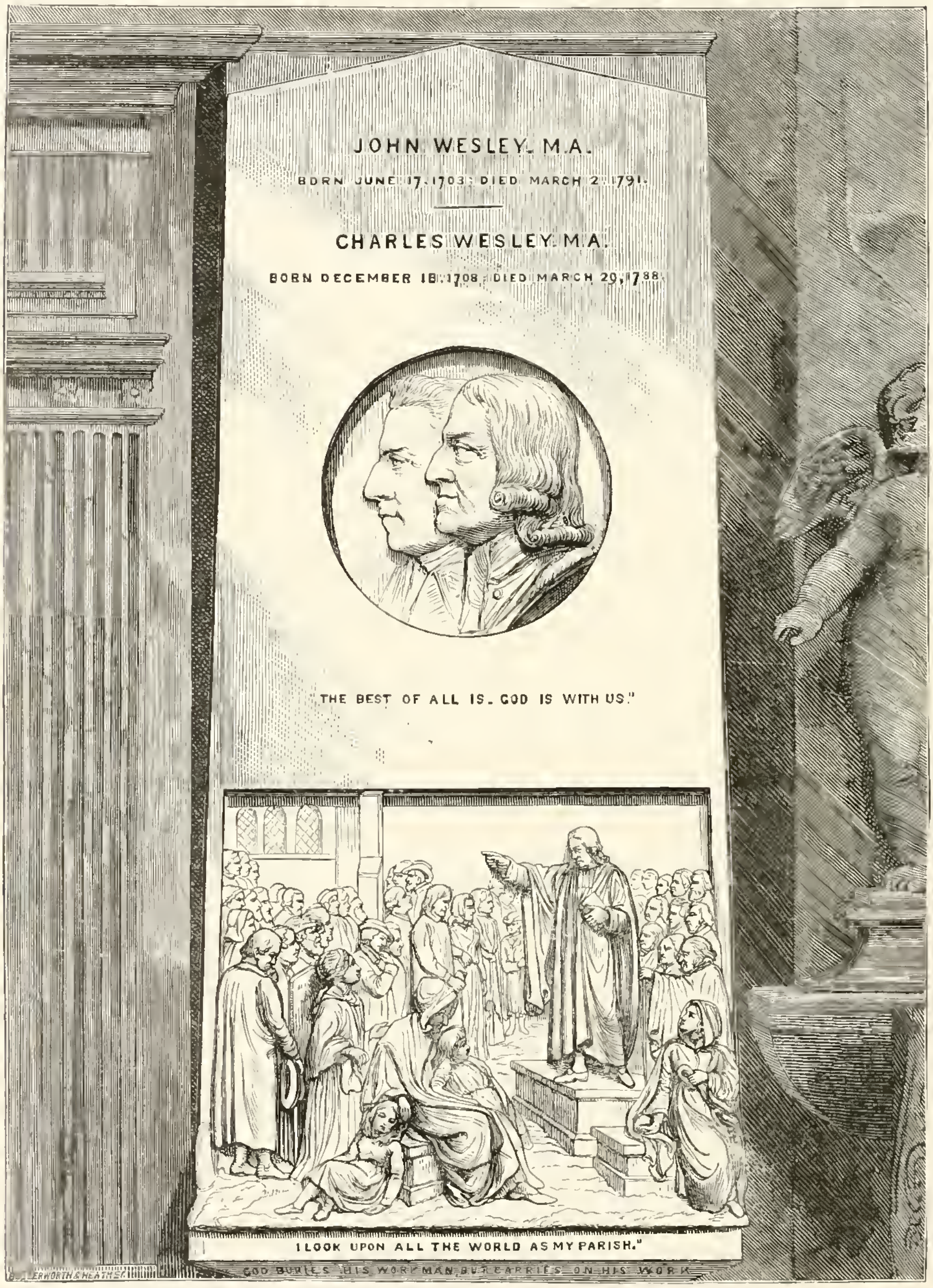


The South Aisle of Henry the Seventh's Chapel.

four years old, Fuller tells this beautiful little incident: 'Being told to pray by those about her at the last, "I am not able," saith she, "to say my long prayer (meaning the Lord's Prayer); but I will say my short one, 'Lighten mine eyes, O Lord, lest I sleep the sleep of death.'" This done, the little lamb gave up the ghost.' To the east of Mary's is the tomb of Margaret Beaufort, Countess of Richmond and Derby, mother of Henry VII., and foundress of St. John's and Christ's Colleges, Cambridge. The tomb occupying the foreground in the engraving is a splendid example of Torrigiano's work. To the west that of Margaret, Countess of Lennox, mother of the hapless Darnley, husband of Mary Queen of Scots. She died in poverty at Hackney, but was buried here in great state by Queen Elizabeth. Before the altar lie the remains of Charles II., Queen Mary, wife of William III., Queen Anne, and General Monk.

Perhaps the most frequented spot in the whole Abbey is the south transept, or, as it is generally called, Poets' Corner. Addison's remark still holds true in a measure: 'In the poetical quarter I found there were poets who had no monuments, and monuments which had no poets.' The use of this portion of the church for the burial of literary men did not become general until after Spenser's burial close to the tomb of Chaucer, and now there are memorials to many writers whose remains do not lie within the walls. Beginning at the Chapel of St. Benedict, and making the circuit of the 'Corner,' the most interesting monuments are those to Dryden, Longfellow, Chaucer, Jonson, Spenser, Milton, Shakespeare, Dr. Johnson, Goldsmith, Thackeray, Macaulay, and Dickens. The whole extent of the aisles of both nave and transepts are also occupied with monuments, many of them well worthy of their place both from the deeds of those they commemorate, and the skill with which they have been executed. But a large number have no claim to a place in the church in which they are found, and are from the style of their art either incongruous or ridiculous. They serve chiefly as illustrations of the men and manners of the times in which they were erected. We give as an example of one of the interesting memorials in the nave, the tablet placed there in commemoration of the life and work of John and Charles Wesley.

Near the western end of the south aisle of the nave is a fine old oak gallery known as 'the abbot's pew.' It was built by Abbot Islip early in the sixteenth century, and has been used by distinguished visitors from time to time to watch the processions pass up the nave. Part of the old abbot's house now constitutes the Deanery. One of the rooms connected with this part of the Abbey is the famous Jerusalem Chamber. The magnificent old dining-hall adjoining, now used by Westminster School, was also part of the ancient abbot's house, the Jerusalem Chamber being the withdrawing-room. In accordance with the fashion of the age in which it was built, and probably from the subjects of the tapestry hanging on the walls, it received the name by which it is still known. An ante-chamber of somewhat later date is known as 'the Jericho Parlour.' In the Jerusalem Chamber many historic scenes have occurred. Hither Henry IV., who on the eve of starting for Palestine was praying at St. Edward's shrine, being seized with


JOHN WESLEY M.A.
BORN JUNE 17.1703: DIED MARCH 2. 1791.
CHARLES WESLEY M.A.
BORN DECEMBER 18. 1708: DIED MARCH 29. 1788.
"THE BEST OF ALL IS. GOD IS WITH US."
I LOOK UPON ALL THE WORLD AS MY PARISH."
GOD BURIES HIS WORKMAN BUT CARRIES ON HIS WORK
ERWORTH & HEATHER

THE MONUMENT TO THE WESLEYS IN THE NAVE OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

serious illness, was brought to die. Fabyan's Chronicle tells us 'they for his comfort bare him unto the abbot's place, and laid him down before the fire in this chamber. On coming to himself, and learning that he was in the chamber named Hierusalem, then said the King, "Laud be to the Father of heaven! for now I know that I shall die in this chamber, according to the prophecy made of me beforesaid, that I should die in Hierusalem;" and so he made himself ready, and died shortly after.' It is to this incident that Shakespeare refers when he puts into the mouth of the dying king the words:

> 'Bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie—
> In that Jerusalem shall Harry die;'

and here, if anywhere, occurred the scene so powerfully given by the poet of the crowning of himself by Prince Henry. Within this chamber Sir Thomas More passed four days, and hence, on refusing to take the oath of supremacy, he was taken to the Tower. In 1643 the divines composing the Westminster Assembly 'did sit in Henry VII.'s Chapel, in the place of the Convocation; but since the weather grew cold they did go to the Jerusalem Chamber, a fair room in the Abbey of Westminster.' The same authority, Robert Baillie, one of the Scotch Commissioners, thus sketches the way in which the Westminster Confession was reduced to form: 'They follow the way of their Parliament. Much of their way is good, and worthie of our imitation: only their longsomeness is wofull at this time, when their Church and Kingdom lyes under a most lamentable anarchy and confusion. They see the hurt of their length, but cannot get it helped; for being to establish a new plattforme of worship and discipline to their Nation for all time to come, they think they cannot be answerable if solidlie, and at leisure, they do not examine every point thereof.' 'For five years, six months, and twenty-two days, through one thousand one hundred and sixty-three sessions, the Chapel of Henry VII. and the Jerusalem Chamber witnessed their weary labours. Out of these walls came the Directory, the Longer and the Shorter Catechism, and that famous Confession of Faith which alone within these Islands was imposed by law on the whole kingdom; and which alone of all Protestant Confessions, still, in spite of its sternness and narrowness, retains a hold on the minds of its adherents, to which its fervour and its logical coherence in some measure entitle it.'[1] The Jerusalem Chamber also witnessed the labours of the two companies of scholars who between the years 1870 and 1884 carried out the revision of the translation of King James's 1611 version of the Bible. The room is a fine old apartment, hung with ancient tapestry, and possessing a very handsome fireplace. Some years ago the ancient oak roof was restored, a flat modern ceiling being cleared away, and thus permitting the old beams to be seen. The portrait of Richard II., the earliest known contemporary painting of an English sovereign, which now hangs to the south of the communion table in the choir, hung for many years in this chamber.

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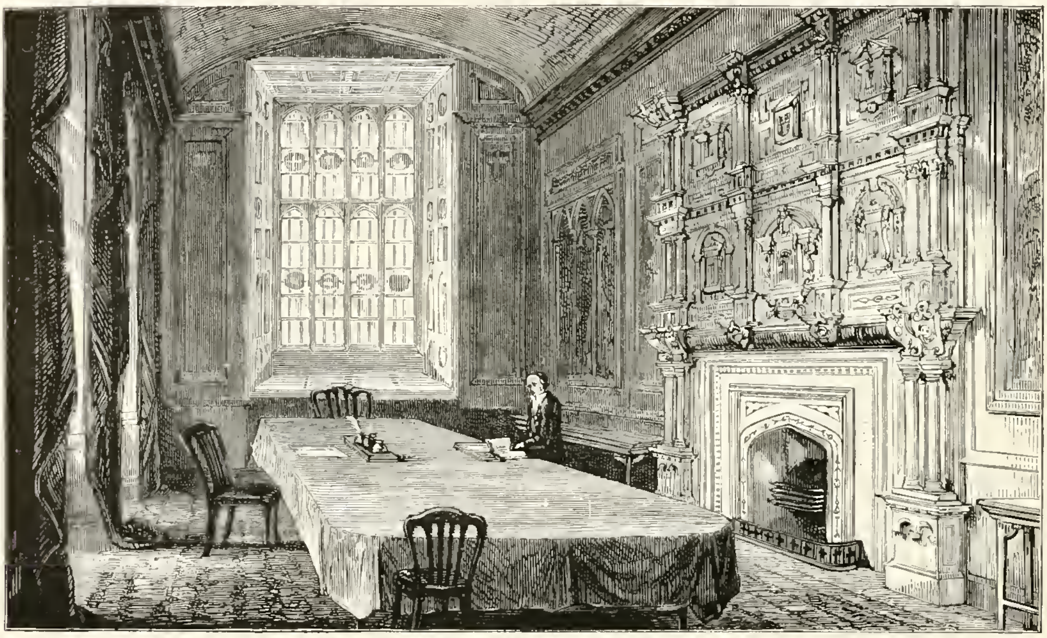
[1] Stanley, *Memorials of Westminster Abbey*, p. 436 (fifth edition).

It is impossible to linger, as one is tempted to do, over the chapter-house, the cloisters, and the still extant traces of the ancient Abbey. The chapter-house, under the skilful restoration of Sir Gilbert Scott, has resumed something like its ancient appearance, and is a very fine specimen of thirteenth century architecture. It is entered from the east walk of the cloisters. The roof is supported by a beautiful clustered pillar of Purbeck marble, and the house itself is fifty-eight feet in diameter. Here the old meetings of abbot and monks were held; here later on, from the reign of Edward I. until 1547, the House of Commons regularly met. In 1540 it passed with the monastery to the crown, and never having been restored, the chapter meets in the Jerusalem Chamber.



THE JERUSALEM CHAMBER.

Westminster Abbey abounds in rooms and nooks and out-of-the-way corners—all full of varied antiquarian interest. A walk through the triforium not only enables the visitor to get unrivalled views of the great building as a whole, but brings before him many relics of past centuries, and makes it easy for him to understand how on great occasions thousands of people can be accommodated in these spacious galleries. The Chapel of the Pyx, the muniment room, the library, all possess features of special value. But perhaps the most curious corner is the upper room in Abbot Islip's Chapel, where are yet preserved what are known as the Westminster effigies. In early times, at the funeral of royal or distinguished personages, the embalmed body lay in state, and was visible in the funeral cortège. But about the thirteenth or fourteenth century, instead of the body, a 'lively effigy,' that is, a carved image of the deceased, was made for this duty. In Tudor times wax was used for the features of the departed. The 'herse' had no resemblance to the modern vehicle, but was 'a temple-shaped structure of wood, gilded and draped with rich hangings, and decorated in every available part, especially the roof, with small flags, banners, and hatchments, bearing the arms of the deceased.' When the funeral was at night—a not unfrequent occurrence—the herse was covered with candles. On reaching the Abbey the herse was erected usually in the nave or Chapel of Henry VII., the wax effigy of the departed placed in it, the body in a leaden coffin buried, and the herse remained, sometimes for years, either until it grew too shabby or until the space was needed for another. In this way many royal interments were carried out, and to this custom Ben Jonson refers in his lines to the Countess of Pembroke interred at Warwick:

'Underneath this sable herse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.
Death! ere thou hast slain another
Fair and wise and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.'

When the herse had to be removed, the effigy was enclosed in a glass case and put either over the tomb or in some chapel or unoccupied corner. Gradually these accumulated in the crypt, and finally in the room built over Islip's Chapel. When Stow saw them he enumerated those of Edward I., Henry V., Henry VII., James I., and their queens, Prince Henry and Queen Elizabeth. All of these except the last have disappeared from the present collection, which can be inspected only by special permission. It is a grim series of portraitures. Elizabeth's effigy was 'restored' in 1760; there are also to be seen those of Charles II., which stood for one hundred and fifty years in the south aisle of the Chapel of Henry VII., and is the only monument erected to him in the Abbey; William and Mary, Queen Anne, the Duchess of Richmond, the Duke and Duchess of Buckingham, the last (1743) being possibly the latest genuine effigy admitted into the Abbey. There are also wax figures of Chatham and Nelson, but these were made not for funerals, but as additions to a collection the exhibition of which added to the revenue of the Abbey vergers. A recent writer[1] thus admirably sums up the impression made upon the observer by this curious collection: 'In spite of the devastation that time has wrought, there is a dignity and impressiveness about them which not even their draggled features and faded, moth-eaten garments, laden with the dust of centuries, can efface. The reason of this is clear; they are really extraordinary works of art, masterpieces of a handicraft that is almost unknown at the present day.

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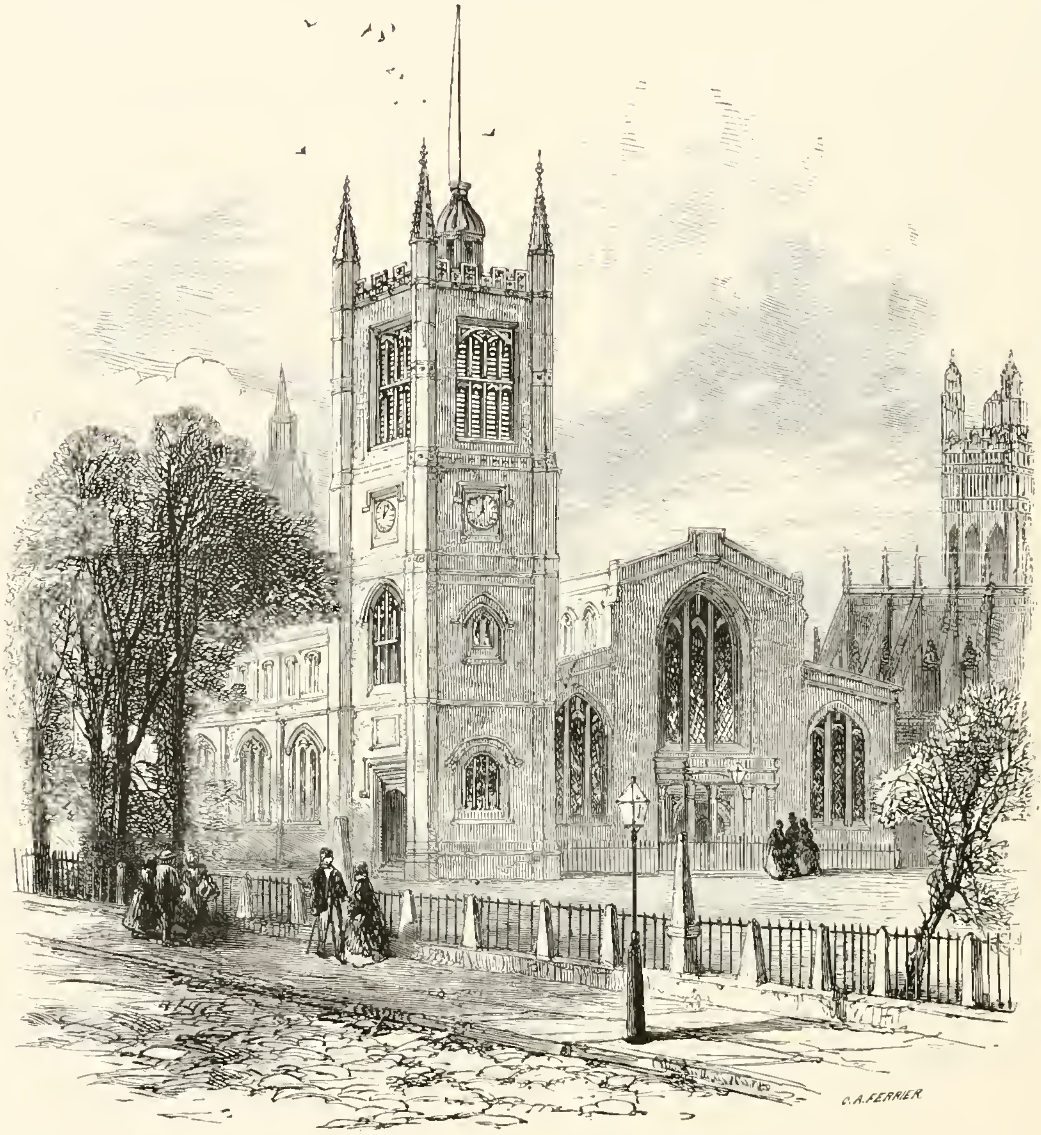
[1] John Lillie, in an article in *Harper's Magazine* for August, 1889, entitled, 'Westminster Effigies.'



St. Margaret's Church, Westminster.

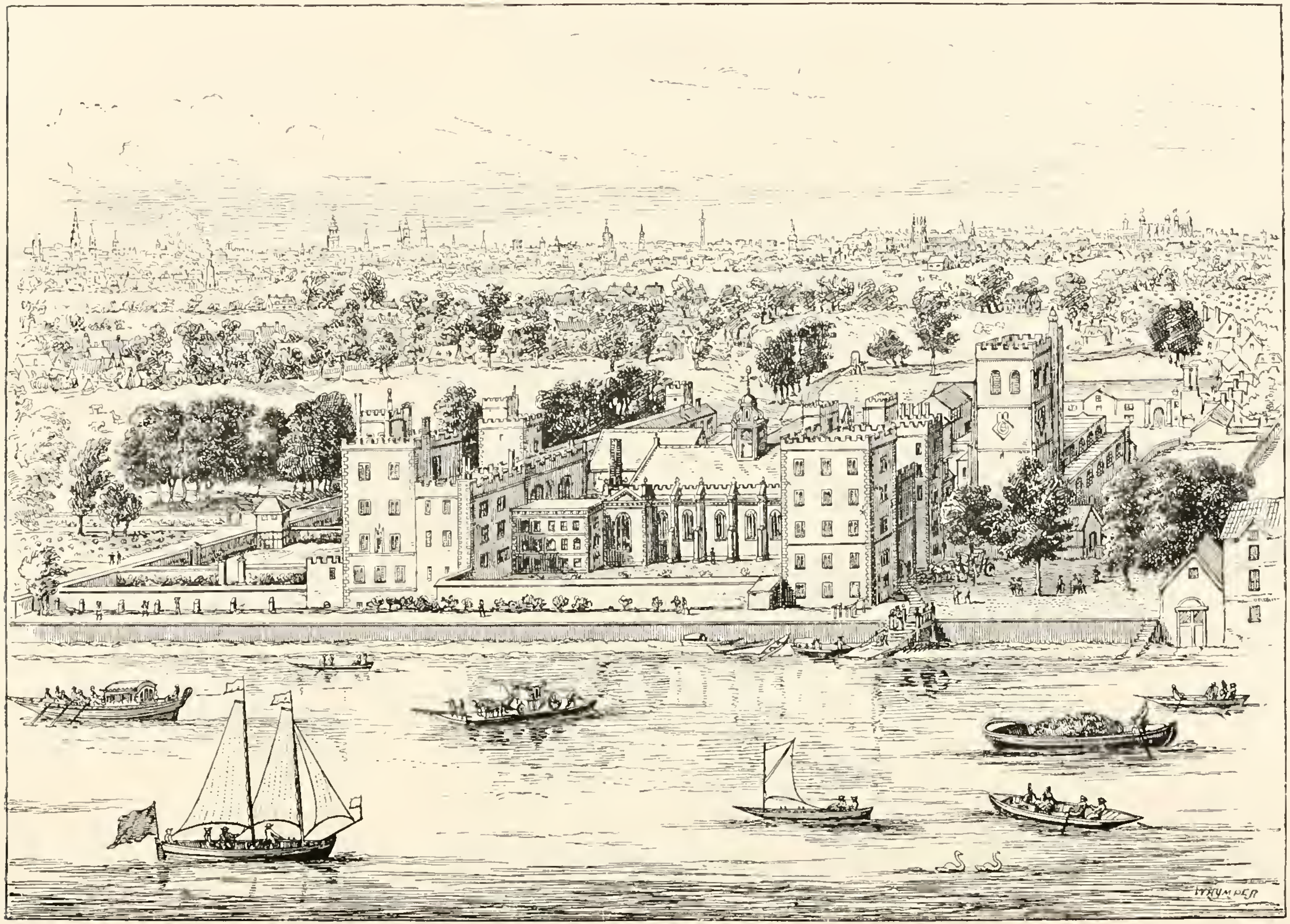
As historical portraits, too, the wax effigies have a fascination all their own. Not only are they wearing the very garments worn by their originals in life, but the wax faces were moulded in the cast that actually touched the royal features. As we turn from one figure to another of this curious assemblage, each life-like portrait in its stately clothes seems to speak to us from the past with strange distinctness, and bring us suddenly into close communion with bygone centuries.'

The north door of the Abbey is at present (1890) undergoing restoration, the rose window having been renewed in what is believed to be its original aspect. A short distance from this stands the church of St. Margaret's, Westminster, dwarfed, indeed, by its huge neighbour, but serving at the same time as an admirable scale by means of which to gauge the great proportions of Westminster Abbey. St. Margaret's is the church of the House of Commons, and, except St. Paul's and the Abbey, is the oldest foundation in London, having been founded by the Confessor and dedicated to Margaret, the Martyr of Antioch. It was rebuilt in Edward the First's time, restored by Edward IV., and again in the unfortunate modern fashion in 1877–1878. Many important assemblies were held in this church during the Commonwealth; here Hugh Peters, Calamy, Owen, Baxter, Lightfoot, Burnet, Sprat, and a host of other well-known men, have preached. The east window, a splendid specimen of Gouda work, was originally ordered by Henry VII. for his own chapel, but not finished in time. It was presented by Henry VIII. to Waltham Abbey, and after a series of adventures was purchased for St. Margaret's in 1758. Among those buried in the church are Milton's second wife, Katherine Woodcocke, James Harrington, and John Skelton. Memorial tablets have been put up to Sir Walter Raleigh, who was beheaded in Old Palace Yard and buried in the chancel, and to Caxton, who is buried in the churchyard. Memorial windows have also been erected recently to Sir Walter Raleigh, John Milton, Sir Thomas Erskine May, Lord and Lady Hatherley, and Lord Frederick Cavendish. A window in commemoration of Queen Victoria's Jubilee, with an inscription by Robert Browning, was erected in 1887.

London is not the seat of an archbishop, and therefore contains no Canterbury Cathedral or York Minster. But it does contain the residence of the Primate, Lambeth Palace, the building which for over six hundred years has been the London residence of the Archbishops of Canterbury. Situated on the south bank of the Thames, nearly opposite the Houses of Parliament, the cluster of towers and buildings comprising the Palace forms one of the most picturesque objects in London. An engraving of it stands at the head of this chapter. Four in the long succession of archbishops have been noted for their building propensities. The fine Early English Chapel was built by Archbishop Boniface about 1245. Like most buildings of its class, it has suffered much at the hands of foes and restorers, but is undoubtedly the most ancient structure of the group. It is 72 feet long and 25 broad, and is divided by an old oak screen erected by Laud. One archbishop only, Parker, who died in 1575, lies within its walls. Adjoining the east end is a handsome old panelled room, known as 'Cranmer's Parlour,' which also communicates with the private apartments. The chapel is entered through a chamber known as the Post Room, from the fact that an ancient wooden pillar occupies the centre. Legend asserts that Lollards were tied to this post and scourged. From this room is made, by a winding turret stair, the ascent of the Lollards, or, as it should correctly be termed, the Water Tower, the work of the second great builder, Archbishop Chicheley, in 1434. It is the massive square tower at the eastern extremity of the river front. The staircase is made of rough logs, which are said to be those which Chicheley's builders placed there. The upper floor is wholly taken up with the so-called 'Lollards' Prison,' a room 13 feet long, 12 broad, and 8 high. Rough massive boards line the apartment, and upon them are cut a few inscriptions, among them being Cranmer's motto, *Nosce te ipsum*—'Know thyself,' and another uttering the useful prayer, 'I.H.S. cyppe me out of all el compane. Amen.' The room is lighted by two small windows, and it contains a fireplace. Large rings fastened in the walls are supposed to have been used to chain up the prisoners. Although the Lollards' Tower of Foxe was, as we have shown, at St. Paul's, there can be no doubt that many victims of ecclesiastical persecution have here suffered.

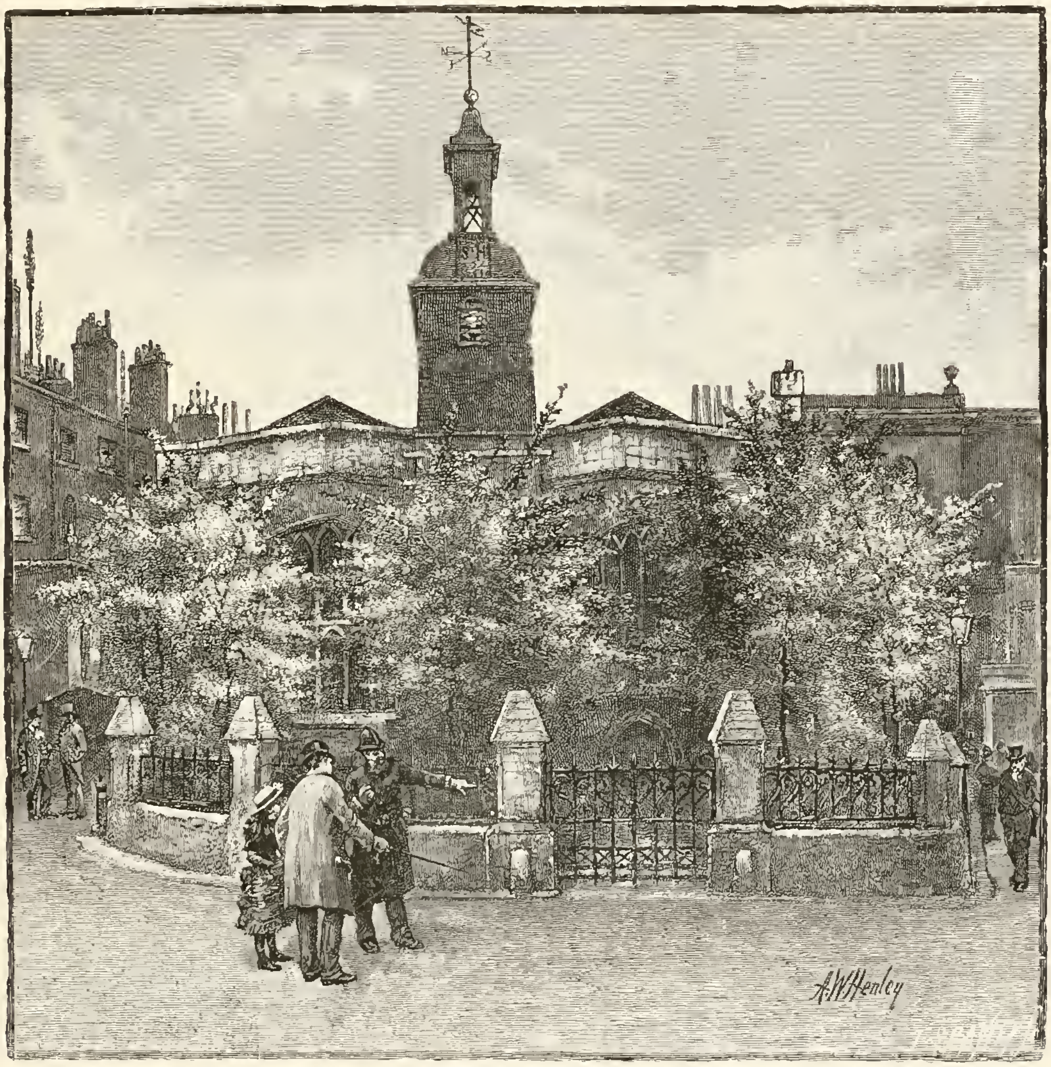
The large and handsome gate-house at the western end of the river front is the work of Cardinal Morton, about 1490. The fine old hall with the lantern roof, to the east of the gate-house, stands on the site of the ancient hall which was destroyed during the Commonwealth. It is the work of Archbishop Juxon, the prelate who stood by the side of Charles I. on the scaffold, who shared the exile of Charles II., and who had the somewhat rare distinction of being favourably remembered by that unworthy monarch in the days of his prosperity. Upon the accession of Charles II. Juxon was made Primate, and immediately set about the building of this hall. It is 93 feet long, 38 wide, and 50 high. The roof, lighted in the centre by a lantern, is of oak, and into one of the windows has been collected a few of the remaining fragments of ancient glass. The library, which it now contains, was founded by Archbishop Bancroft in 1610, and has been enriched by successive benefactions. It contains some superb MSS., notably the Gospels of MacDurnan, about 900 A.D., an Apocalypse of the tenth century, a St. Alban's Chronicle of the fifteenth, and a MS. relating to the rights and privileges of the clergy, done by command of Laud in 1637. Among the printed treasures are a New Testament on *vellum*, belonging to the first book ever printed with movable type, viz., the Gutenberg Bible, a magnificent perfect copy of *The Chronicles of Great Britain*, printed by Caxton in 1480, and a *Golden Legend* by Wynkyn de Worde. As might be expected, the collection is rich in works on Divinity, and on matters connected with the Anglican Church. There are about 30,000 books, 2,000 MSS., and an invaluable series in 41 volumes of the Registers of the official acts of the archbishops from 1274 to 1744.

In the room known as the Guard Chamber, remarkable for a fine old



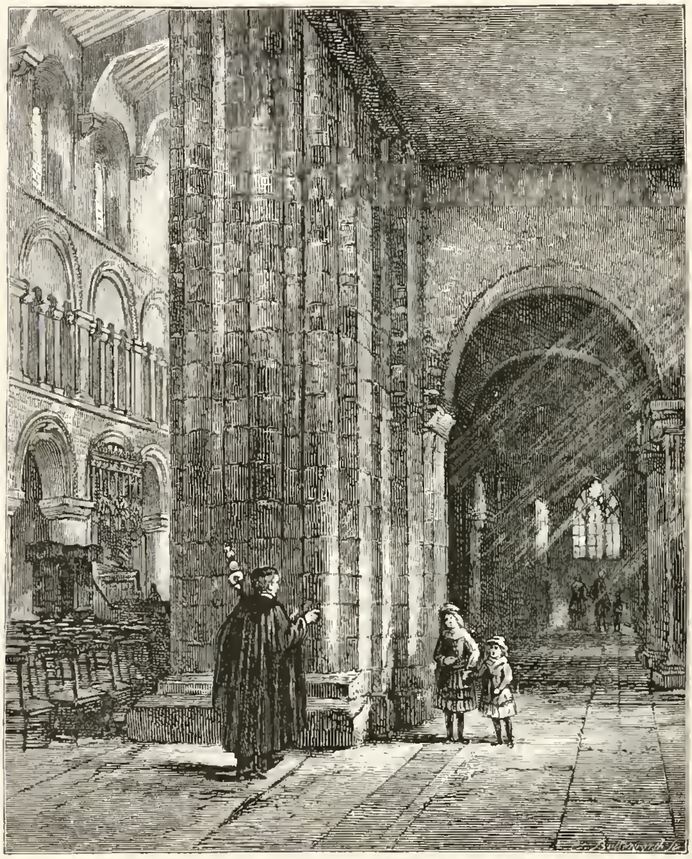
Lambeth Palace in 1688.

roof, is a series of portraits of the archbishops from 1533. The most notable from the art point of view are Warham (1504–1533) by Holbein, and Laud (1633–1644) by Vandyck. This is the picture to which Laud, in his Diary, refers as having found it 'fallen down upon the face, and lying upon the floor. God grant this be no omen!' Among the rest are portraits of Pole, Cranmer, Parker, Bancroft, Juxon, Sancroft, one of the seven bishops sent to the Tower by James I., Tillotson and Wake. The modern apartments of the palace were built by Archbishop Howley between 1828 and 1848.



St. Helen's, Bishopsgate.

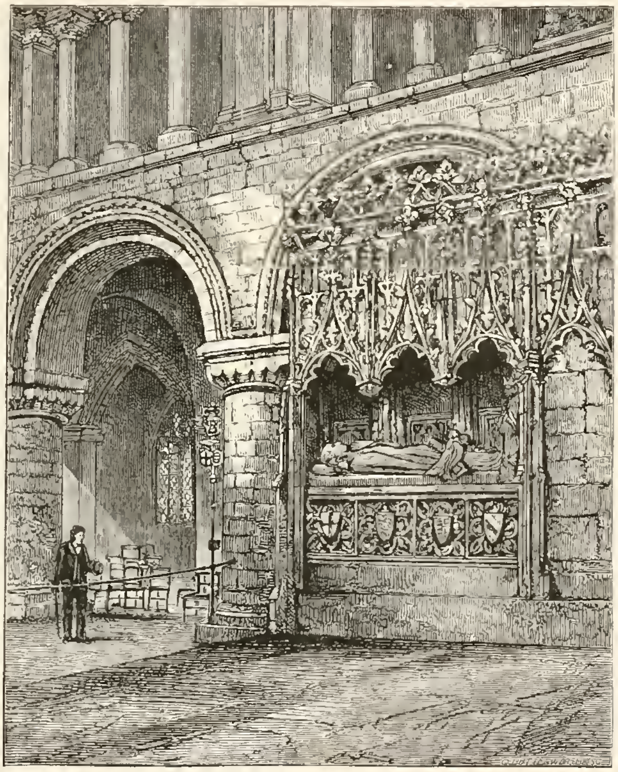
The City churches, the old centres of Nonconformist worship, and sites such as Smithfield, Moorfields, and others, connected with the ecclesiastical history of London, are rich in facts and associations not only of the highest interest, but which ought to be well known to every Londoner. The true Londoner, however, who really knows the City churches and their history, who can guide a visitor promptly to the most important sites connected with the Wesley revival, the Tudor martyrdoms, and the mediæval monasteries, is the rare exception. But in this, as in many other ways, London is improving, and there is reason to hope that in days not far distant the average resident in London will begin to feel some of that pleasure in seeing and studying famous buildings and objects, which for the most part is now met with self-satisfied tolerance when displayed by the country cousin, or the intelligent foreigner.



The South Aisle of the Choir of St. Bartholomew the Great.

Whole volumes of London history are written in the walls, and spires, and monuments, and records of the City churches. If you wish to appreciate Wren's genius, go into St. Stephen's, Walbrook; if you wish to be carried back in thought to a remote antiquity, spend half an hour in St. Bartholomew the Great, or in St. Helen's, Bishopsgate; if you love the literary and historical associations of the past, look in at the open door of St. Giles', Cripplegate, of St. Saviour's, Southwark, of St. Andrew Undershaft, of Allhallows, Barking. Now-a-days the doors are almost always open during business hours, and the habit once formed of looking in during a spare five minutes will add many an interesting item to your stock of information about London.

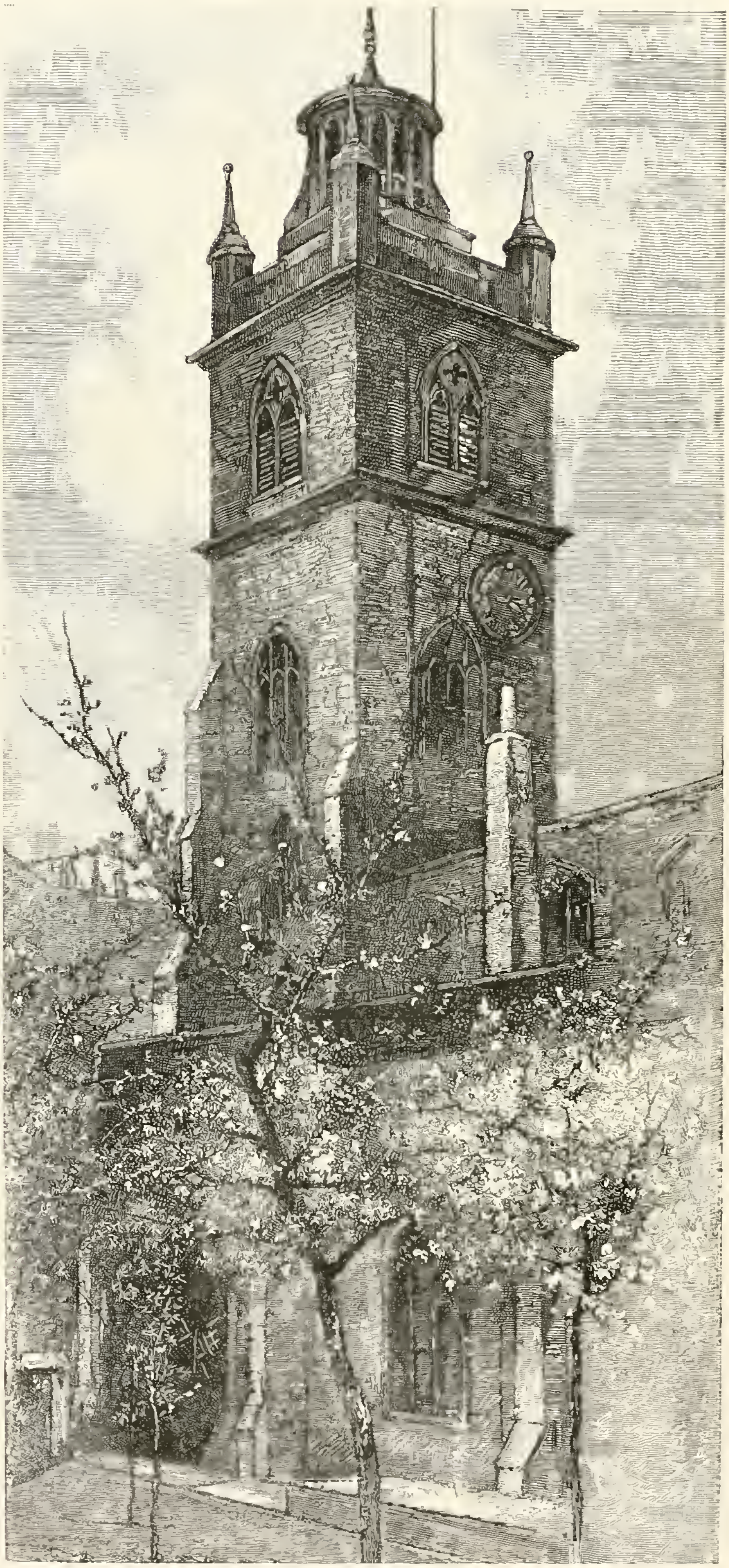
We indicate as briefly as possible, by a few good examples, the richness of this vein of London research. Passing out of the south-eastern corner of Smithfield, by that splendid old archway within a few yards of which martyrs have been burnt, and gorgeous tournaments held, and entering the door at the base of the tower shown in the engraving on page 116, you pass in a moment from the nineteenth into the twelfth century. You see a fragment, it is true, but a very noble fragment. You see the choir with its aisles and part of the transept of the great priory church founded by Rahere in 1123. It is a superb specimen of pure Norman architecture, and with the sole exception of St. John's Chapel, in the Tower, is the oldest piece of church architecture of any size in London. It has recently been very well restored. On the south side of the choir is a beautiful oriel, dating from the sixteenth century, and known as Prior Bolton's pew, which the prior occupied during service, or whence the sacristan watched the altar. On the north side of the choir is the splendid tomb of the founder, to whose benevolence London is also indebted for the great hospital opposite the church. At the foot stands an angel, and on either side kneels a monk with a Bible open at Isaiah li., 'The Lord shall comfort Zion: He will comfort all her waste places; and He will make her wilderness like Eden, and her desert like the garden of the Lord; joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving, and the voice of melody.' Another handsome tomb is that to Sir Walter Mildmay, Chancellor of the Exchequer, who died in 1589. It is made of alabaster, and is placed in the south ambulatory.



THE TOMB OF RAHERE.

A short distance to the east of Smithfield, entered by an archway from Red Cross Street, stands the church of St. Giles', Cripplegate. The old gate, so-called perhaps from the cripples who begged there, was demolished in 1762. The church tower rises high above some quaint old houses that yet remain before it, but doomed in all probability speedily to disappear under the pressure of business requirements. The building dates from 1545, in which year the church was rebuilt after a fire. Here Foxe, the author of the *Book of Martyrs*, was buried in 1587; Frobisher, the Arctic voyager, in 1594; and John Milton in 1674. In this parish *Paradise Lost* was written. On August 20th, 1620, Oliver Cromwell was here married to Elizabeth Bowchier. Lancelot Andrewes was at one time the vicar.

In the same neighbourhood are both the Charterhouse and the remains of St. John's Priory. The former was founded in 1371, and suppressed by Henry VIII. in 1537, the well-known story of the way in which the monks met their dissolution being one of the most impressive in the whole Reformation history. In 1611 Thomas Sutton purchased the property, and made it a school for forty 'poor boys' and eighty 'poor men.' The school, now one of the large modern public schools, was removed to Godalming in 1872. The old buildings are now occupied by the Merchant Taylors' School. Barrow, Addison, Blackstone, Grote, Leech, Thackeray, and a host of other noted and famous men, were educated here. No reader of *The Newcomes* can ever forget the part the Charterhouse plays in that story. The Great Hall, the Great Staircase, and the Great Chamber, are all fine specimens of sixteenth-century work. Of the old establishment of the Knights



St. Giles', Cripplegate.

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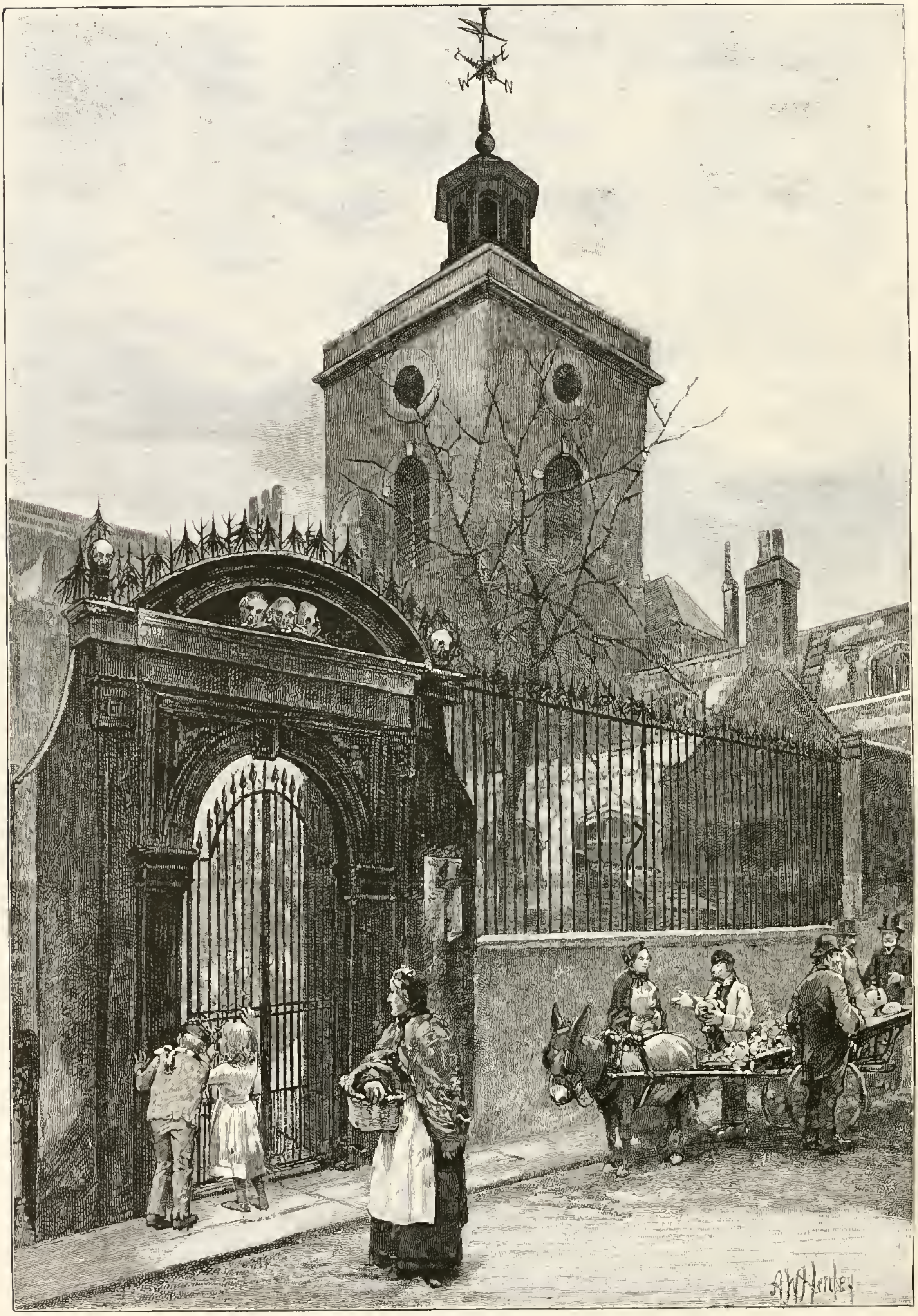


St. Olave's, Hart Street.

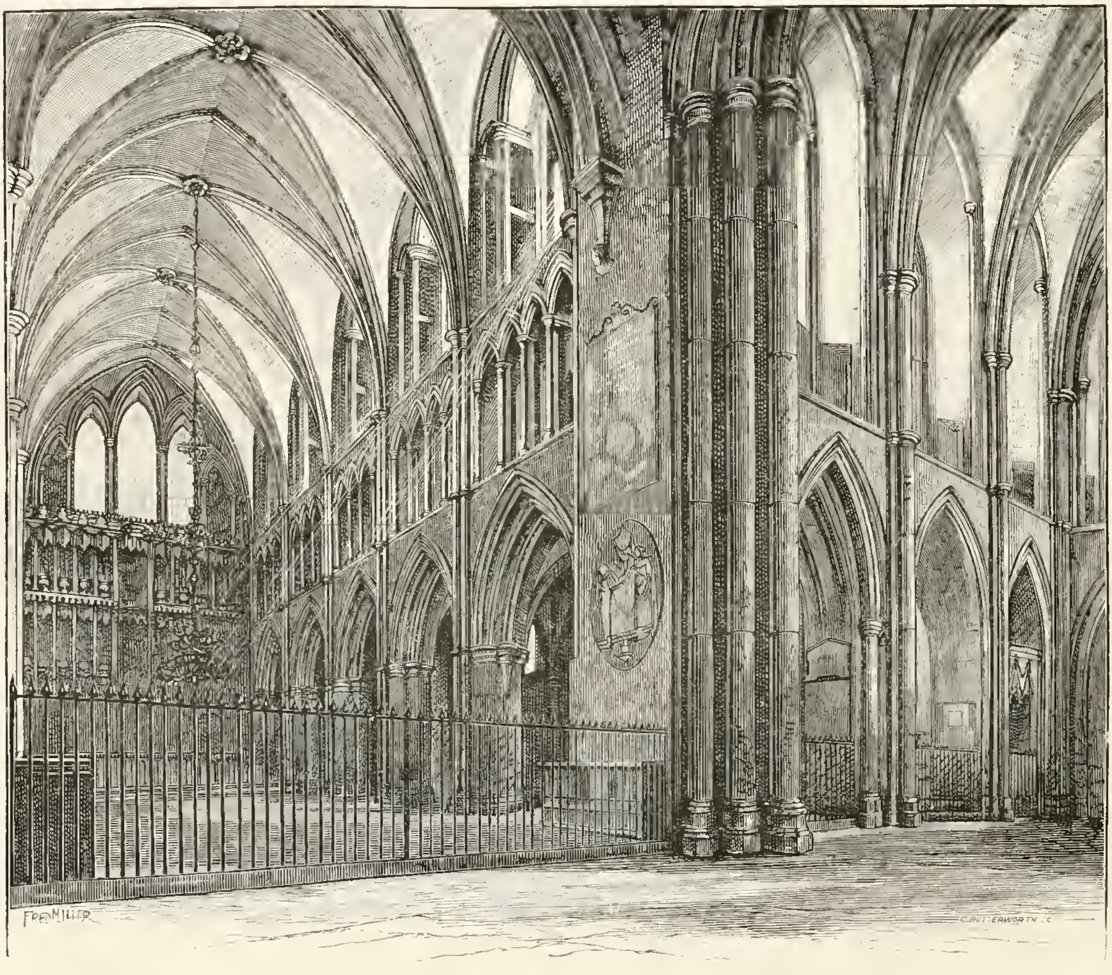
of St. John, the only remaining relics are the Norman crypt of the old priory church and St. John's Gate, dating from 1502, which still spans St. John's Lane.

Mark Lane is one of the busiest centres in London, and contains the Corn Exchange. On the east side of Mark Lane is Hart Street, and the church of which we give an engraving is one of three in London dedicated to Olaf the Saint, the typical Norwegian hero, the man under whose influence Norway became nominally Christian, and who was killed in 1028 at the battle of Stiklestad. He was afterwards canonized. It was not in the area devastated by the Great Fire, and consequently escaped the fate of so many sister churches. In the graveyard multitudes of the victims of the Great Plague were buried. The skulls over the gateway grimly commemorate this fact. Samuel Pepys lived in this parish, and regularly attended the church. He frequently refers to it in his *Diary* as 'our owne church.' He was buried here in 1703. His wife and his brother also lie here. In the famous *Diary* there is this characteristic reference to the church after the Plague: 'This is the first time I have been in the church since I left London for the Plague; and it frightened me to go through the church more than I thought it could have done, to see so many graves lie so high upon the churchyard, and where people have been buried of the Plague. I was much troubled at it, and do not think to go through it again a good while.' On a brass erected to the memory of John Orgone and his wife Ellyne, 1584, is the following inscription:—

'As I was, so be ye;
As I am, ye shall be;
That I gave, that I have;
That I spent, that I had;
Thus I ende all my coste,
That I lefte, that I lost.'

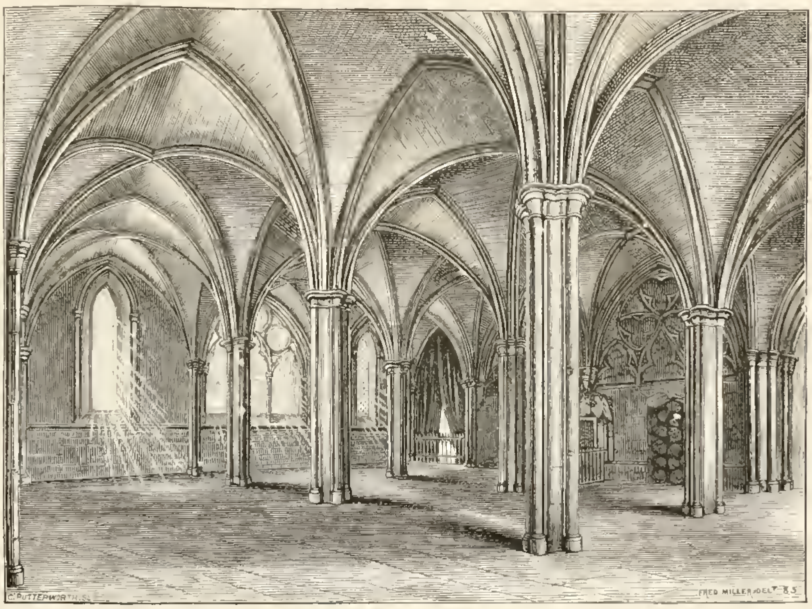
The last of London's churches to which we can here refer, is by no means one of the least. It is now known as St. Saviour's, Southwark, but the ancient name was St. Mary Overey. It has had an even more chequered history than has usually fallen to the lot of a City church. Though possessing some of the finest architecture in London, it has suffered more from the hands of restorers than perhaps any structure in London. In 1839, for some undiscoverable reason, the fine harmonious nave was pulled down and a building erected in its place admirably adapted for modern worship, in which the sermon is a conspicuous and important part, but as much out of keeping with the transepts and choir to which it is united as it is possible to conceive. Great efforts are now (1890) being made to obtain funds for the destruction of this and the restoration of a nave that shall resemble the original. Here also in early times stood a priory, and to this the church belonged. It was founded in Henry the

First's reign. Poor at first, when the fame of Thomas à Becket thronged the road to Canterbury with pilgrims, it began to get rich. It gradually obtained possession of the two parishes of St. Margaret and St. Mary Magdalene, and in 1540 these were united to form the parish of St. Saviour's, and the old priory church became the church of the new parish. The church was built by Gifford, Bishop of Winchester, in the thirteenth century, and Winchester House, the town residence of the bishops of that see, formerly stood between St. Saviour's and the river.



The Nave and South Transept, St. Saviour's, Southwark.

The choir is a beautiful specimen of Early English architecture, a special feature in it being the magnificently carved screen, separating it from the Lady Chapel, erected by Fox, Bishop of Winchester, in 1528. Upon it can be seen his device, the pelican. The Lady Chapel is interesting in itself, but doubly so for all Protestants for the memory of scenes that have occurred in it. Here in 1555 Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, held the court which condemned two notable men to death. One was Bishop Hooper, the other was John Rogers, Vicar of St. Sepulchre's, the editor of the first great English Bible, that known as Matthew's Bible, printed and published in 1537. This, rather than Coverdale's, which was published in 1535, is the true primary English Bible, being, with the exception of II. Chronicles to the end of the Old Testament, chiefly the work of Tyndale. So strong was the popular sympathy for Rogers that he had to be taken secretly to Newgate, whence he was led out to be burnt in Smithfield, his martyrdom taking place in full view of the gateway leading to St. Bartholomew the Great.



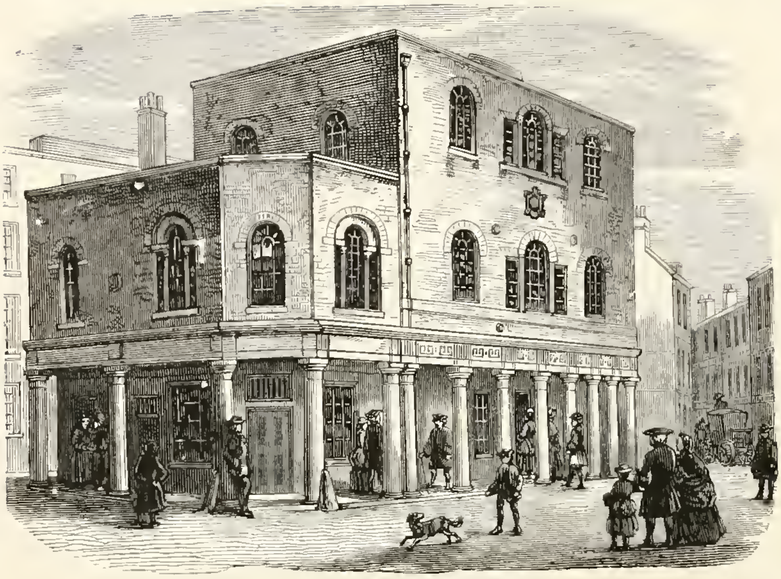
The Lady Chapel, St. Saviour's, Southwark.

St. Saviour's is exceptionally rich in monuments. In the Lady Chapel is the tomb of Lancelot Andrewes, Bishop of Winchester, who died in 1626, and called in the inscription *meritissimum lumen orbis Christiani.* In the south transept is the tomb of Gower, author of *Confessio Amantis,* who died in 1402. Many of the monumental inscriptions deserve attention for their quaint and curious wording. Perhaps the most outrageous is the rhyme placed over a certain Miss Barford:

'Such grace the King of Kings bestowed upon her,
That now she lives with Him, a Maid of Honour.'

The neighbourhood is closely associated with Shakespeare and the great dramatic writers of the Elizabethan age. Hence it is not surprising to find traces of them in the church registers. Among the entries are these: 'March 20, 1639–40, buried Philip Massinger, a stranger;' and under 1607, 'Edmond Shakespeare, a player, in the church'; the former being the dramatist, the latter a brother of England's greatest poet.

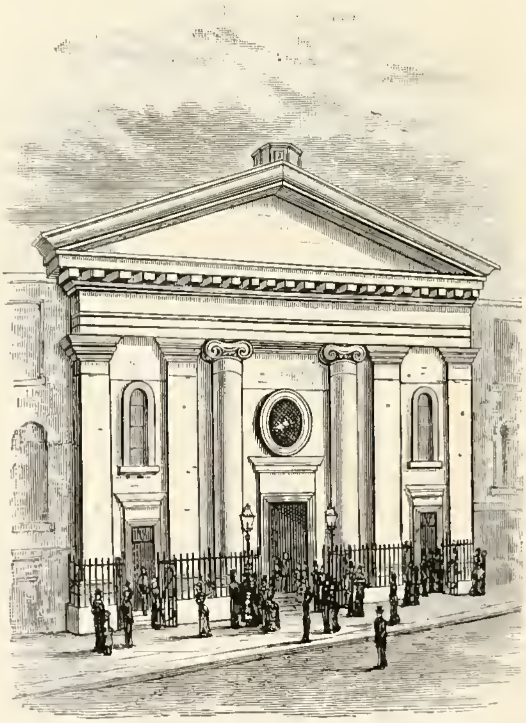
In London, naturally Nonconformity has been an increasing power ever since the days of Elizabeth. The Act of Uniformity of 1662 not only



THE OLD WEIGH HOUSE CHAPEL.

deprived the Established Church of multitudes of her most spiritual and ablest ministers, but it also gave to Nonconformity a great impulse, and that notwithstanding the persecution and legal disabilities suffered by both ministers and people. Cast out of the Church of the State, compelled for generations to seek obscurity rather than prominence, and yet ever becoming a stronger influence for good in the life of the metropolis and of the nation, Nonconformity cannot point to her St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey. But traces of her presence are not lacking. She has greatly suffered, it is true, at the hands of the improvers of modern London. Old centres, like Fetter Lane Chapel, Spa Fields Chapel, Zoar Chapel, Southwark, have either entirely disappeared or have ceased to be used as centres for worship. On the other hand, the growing power, wealth, and influence of the free Church life, is shown by the handsome buildings that are springing up in all parts of London, and by the energy with which the free churches are doing their share in the evangelization of the millions of the metropolis.

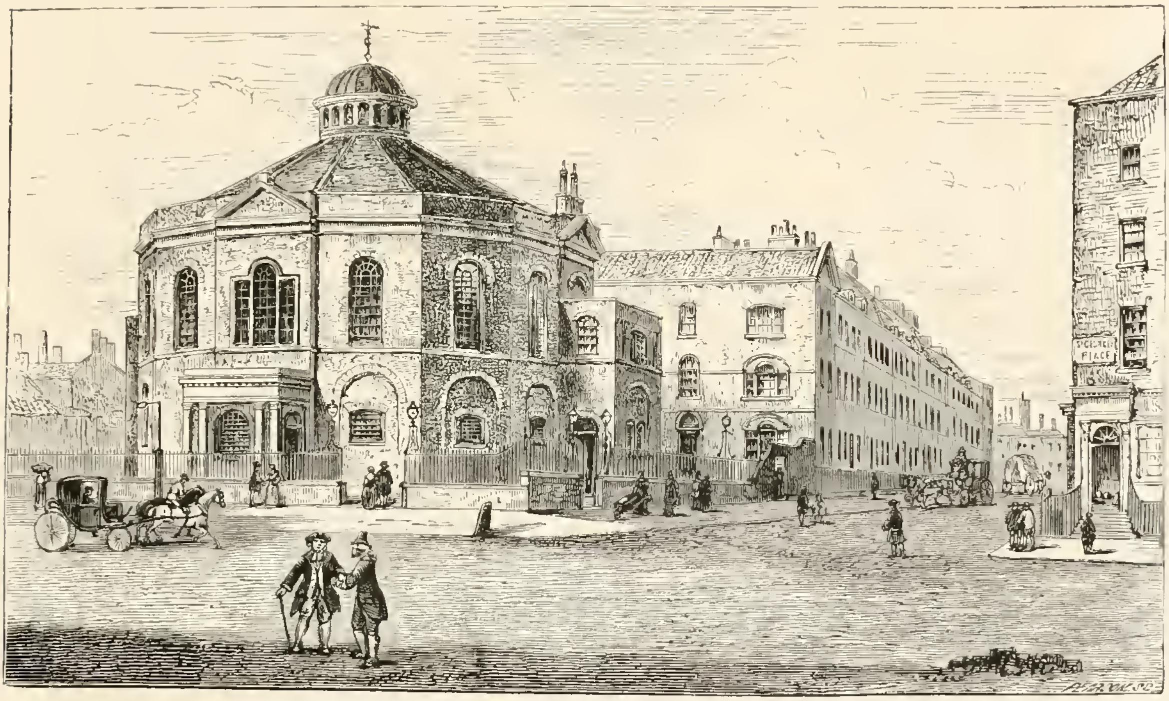
During the last twenty years Spa Fields Chapel, so closely associated with the work of the Countess of Huntingdon, and rich in its associations with Whitefield and the Evangelical Revival, has disappeared; the King's Weigh House Chapel has been swept



THE NEW CHAPEL, DESTROYED IN 1883.

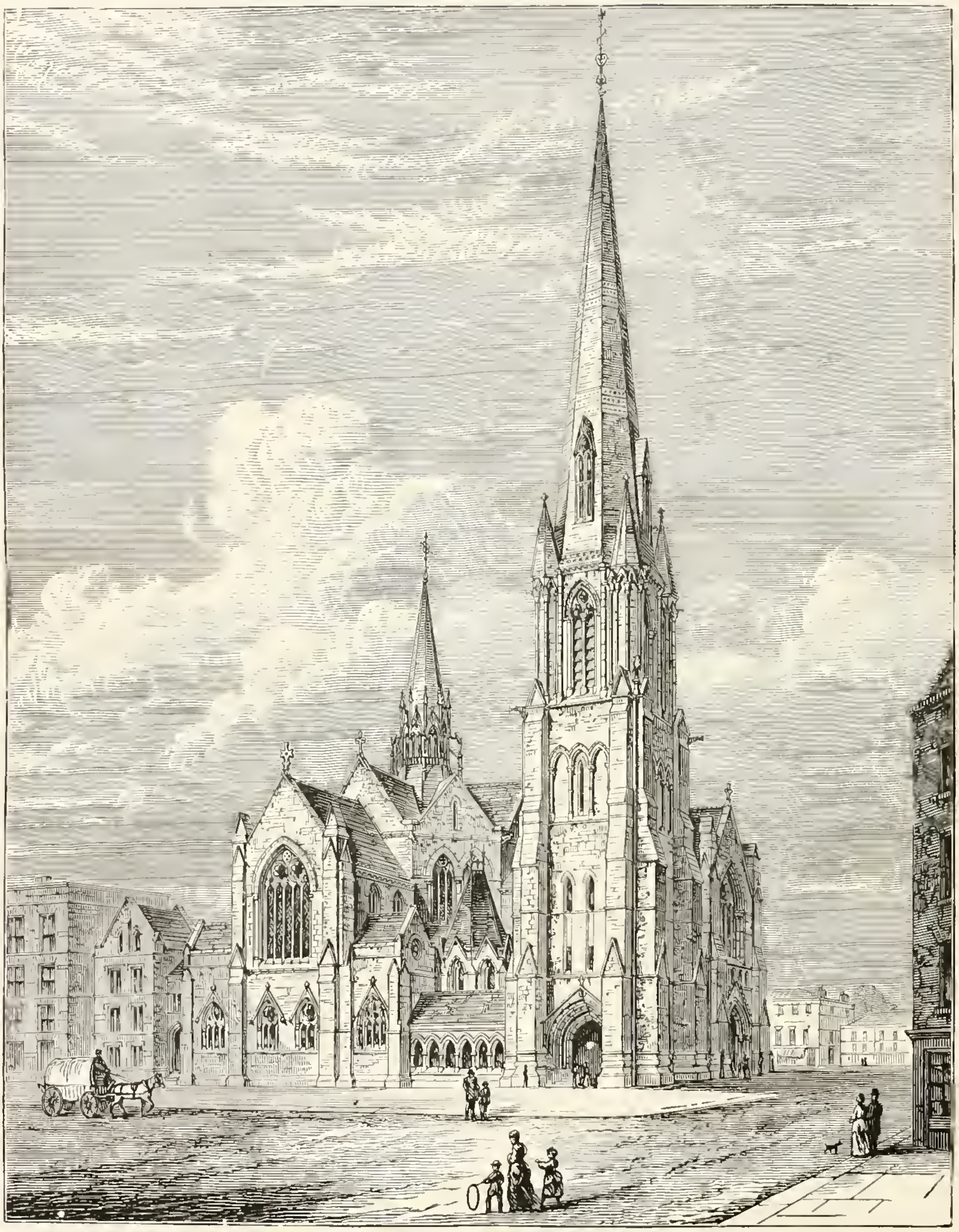
away in order to make room for a railway station, and the old Surrey Chapel, around which clusters such a cycle of stories and incidents relating to its famous minister, Rowland Hill, has been diverted to business purposes. The local habitation changes, but the spiritual work goes forward. In the splendid pile of buildings known as Christ Church, in the Westminster Bridge Road, the work of old Surrey Chapel is carried forward, and in a new, handsome, and commodious home in Robert Street, Oxford Street, the King's Weigh House Chapel will continue to influence the religious life of London.

We give illustrations of the old and the new Weigh House Chapels. The first is the building erected in Eastcheap after the Great Fire. The church had begun to worship in 1662 in the Weigh House that stood in Cornhill, thus affording an illustration of the fact that the City was ever ready to place buildings at the disposal of those who loved liberty of conscience. In the building originally erected about 1695, and subsequently altered and enlarged, the church life was carried on under such ministers as John Knowles, Dr. Langford, Dr. Wilton, and John Clayton. In 1829 Thomas Binney, in many respects one of the greatest Nonconformist preachers of the nineteenth century, became pastor. For him the new church was built, he preaching the last sermon in the old Weigh House on May 25th, 1834, from the text, 'Arise, let us go hence,' while John Angell James preached the first in the new building on May 28th of the same year, from



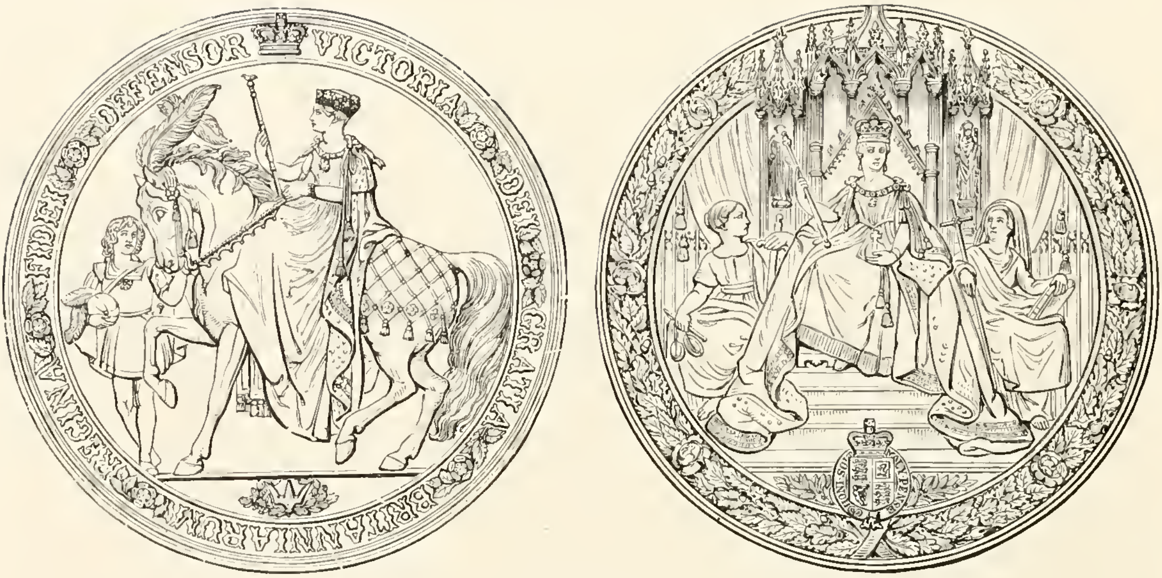
SURREY CHAPEL.
(*From an Old Print.*)

the text, 'And there they preached the Gospel.' Admirably fitted for its purpose, well and strongly built, the New Weigh House might have stood for generations, but after a life of barely fifty years, in 1883 it was purchased and removed by the railway company whose station now stands upon its site.



CHRIST CHURCH, WESTMINSTER BRIDGE ROAD.

Surrey Chapel, an unprepossessing octagonal building, still standing in the Blackfriars Road, at the corner of Little Charlotte Street, was built for Rowland Hill, then a preacher of considerable fame, and opened in 1783. There for fifty years the powerful and eccentric preacher laboured; in the adjoining parsonage in 1833 he died. The stories of his wit and readiness are as numerous, and many of them probably as apocryphal, as those told of the Rev. Charles Spurgeon, whose enormous church, only a few minutes' walk from Surrey Chapel, when thronged with its average congregation, is one of the sights of London. Rowland Hill was a good organizer of religious work, a friend of the Sunday School, an active philanthropist, yet it is to be feared he is now remembered more for his witty and eccentric sayings than for his wise and influential deeds. When he saw a number of people taking refuge from the wet in the chapel, he remarked that he had heard of people making religion a cloak, but never before of their making it an umbrella. To him is attributed the remark, the singing at his services being exceptionally good for the time, that he did not see why the devil should have all the best tunes. Southey, who went to hear him, thus describes the result: 'His manner was animated and striking, sometimes impressive and dignified, always remarkable; and so powerful a voice I have rarely or ever heard. Sometimes he took off his spectacles, frequently stooped down to read the text, and on these occasions he seemed to double his body, so high did he stand. He told one or two familiar stories, and used some odd expressions, such as "A murrain on those who preach that when we are sanctified we do not grow in grace!" And again, "I had almost said I had rather see the devil in the pulpit than an Antinomian!" The purport of his sermon was good; nothing fanatical, nothing enthusiastic; and the Calvinism it expressed was so qualified as to be harmless; the manner, that of a performer as great in his line as Kean or Kemble; and the manner it is which has attracted so large a congregation about him, all of the better order of persons in business.' He sometimes received from those he addressed more than he bargained for. One day, hearing a drayman swear fearfully, he rebuked him, and said, 'Ah, my man, I shall appear one day as a witness against you!' 'Very likely,' replied the man, 'the biggest rogues always turn King's evidence!' On the expiration of the lease the congregation migrated to the handsome modern church in Westminster Bridge Road, opened for worship in July, 1876. This structure, together with such buildings as the Metropolitan Tabernacle, the City Temple, Westminster Chapel, and Union Chapel, Islington, illustrate alike the growth of the free churches of London, and also the progress of religious liberty.


VICTORIA DEI GRATIA BRITANNIARUM REGINA FIDEI DEFENSOR

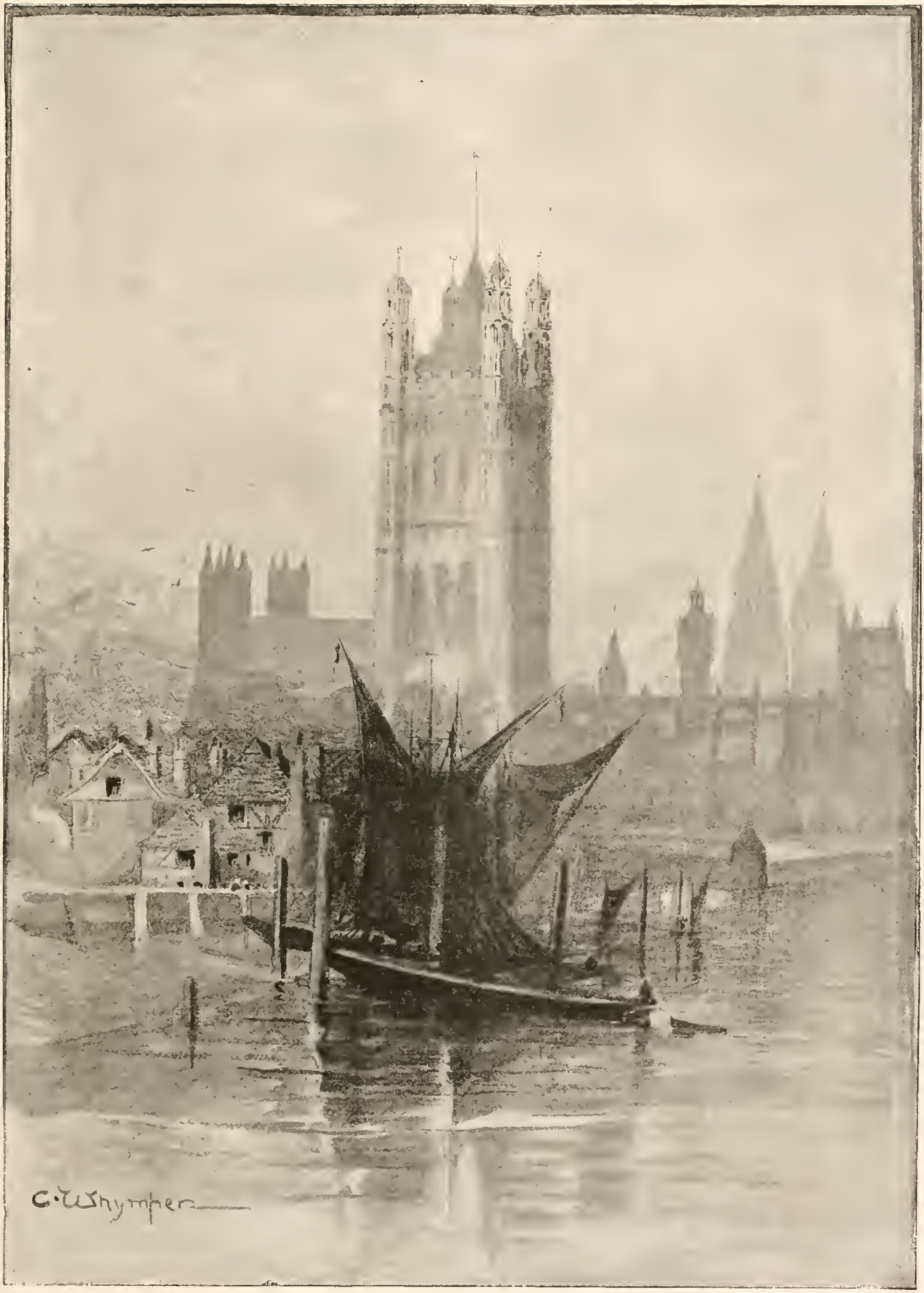
The Great Seal.

CHAPTER V.

The Imperial Government and the Royal Palaces.

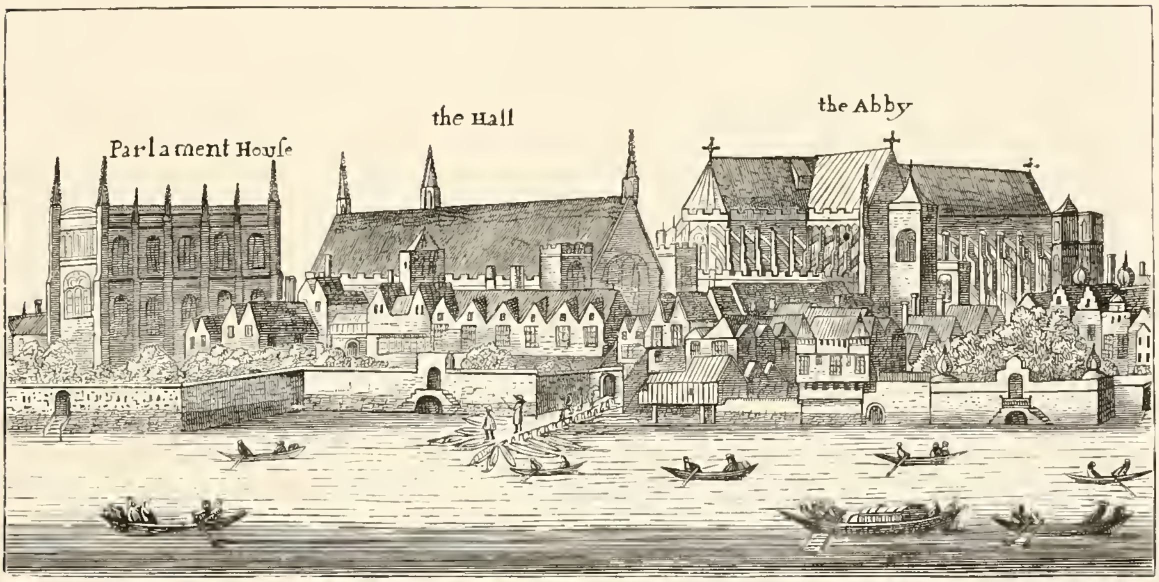
THE Imperial Government of the British Empire is carried on in the Houses of Parliament and in the various public offices which form such prominent objects in the neighbourhood of that great pile of buildings in which the Lords and Commons pass the fateful measures which determine, so far as legislation can, the happiness or the suffering of the nation. It is beyond our province to enter into the details of the constitution or administration of England. In modern times, although the term 'limited monarchy' sufficiently describes the government, the steady drift has been in the direction of democracy. The bulk of the legislation of the nineteenth century has been directed towards such great reforms as the widening of the franchise, popular education, equalization of taxation, the simplification of civil and criminal law, and similar matters of vital import to the nation as a whole. Hence, the power of the government tends to centre more and more in the House of Commons, and the controlling influence in the hands of the Prime Minister of the day and his cabinet. Following this tendency, we begin our series of pictures with the great buildings, some recent, some ancient and historic, which cluster in the neighbourhood of Westminster Hall.

A royal palace existed here from very early times. Here Canute for a time had his home, and here Edward the Confessor lived, entertained



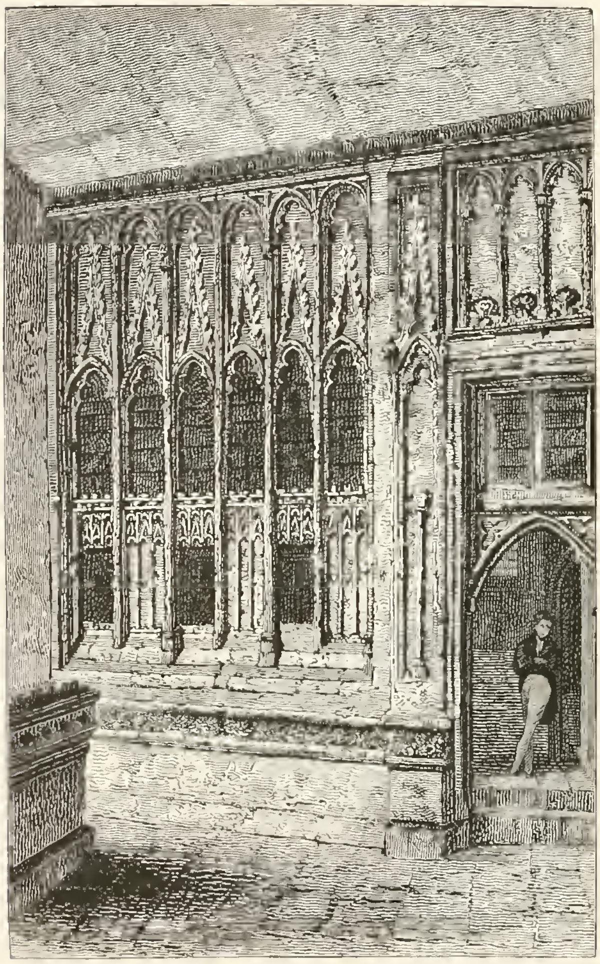
The New Palace of Westminster, from Lambeth Bridge.

William the Norman, and finally died. The Conqueror and his successors resided here from time to time, and indulged their love for building. To William Rufus we are indebted for the superb Westminster Hall, and Stephen built the chapel dedicated to his namesake, the proto-martyr. Destroyed by fire in 1298, it was rebuilt in the finest Gothic style by Edward II. and Edward III. Since in early times the King presided in person over his courts, these also were attached to the palace at Westminster, and it was not until 1882, on the opening of the new Law Courts, that their severance from Westminster became complete, except in so far as the House of Lords continues to act as the ultimate Court of Appeal. The year 1834 was fraught with an evil destiny for the old palace. In the great fire on October 16th, all traces of the palace, including buildings most intimately associated with the growth of England, were swept away, except the crypt of St. Stephen's Chapel and the Hall of William Rufus. As noted above, for a long period the Commons assembled in the Chapter House of Westminster Abbey, but in the reign of Edward VI. St. Stephen's Chapel was set apart for that purpose, and continued in use until 1834. Thus for nearly three centuries this old Gothic church was the local habitation of the House of Commons. During that long period, what scenes it witnessed and what men here carried on the constitutional progress of Great Britain! Here Raleigh, Bacon, Cecil, and the other great men of the Elizabethan epoch, guided the policy of the nation during the tremendous struggle, both diplomatic and military, with the Papacy and with Philip of Spain. Here,



Westminster in 1647.
(*After a print by Hollar.*)

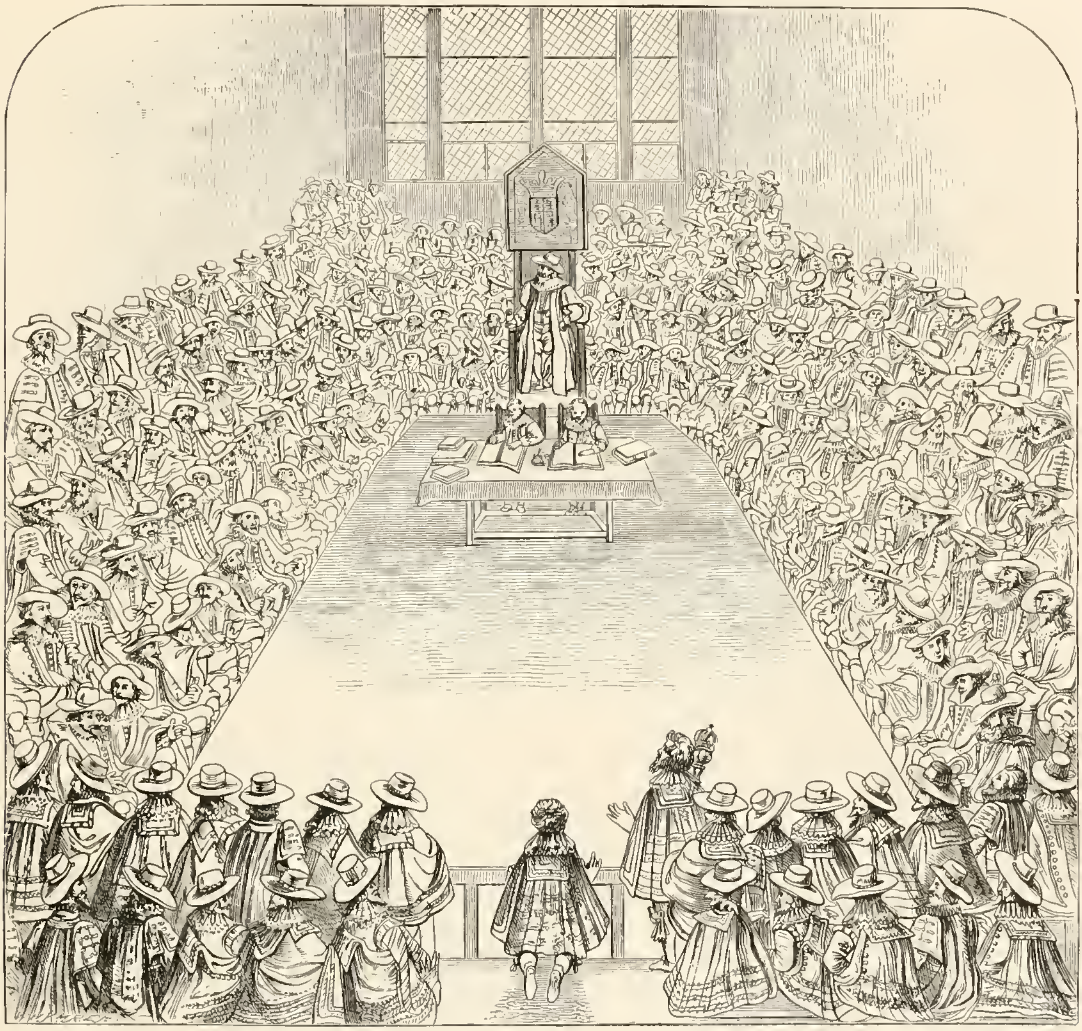
under James I. and Charles I., gradually developed the men and the parliamentary power which shattered the 'royal prerogative,' and gave England the first great impulse towards civil and religious freedom. Here Eliot, Pym, Hampden, Oliver Cromwell, and the men who supported them, overthrew the Stuart tyranny. It was from this chamber that Charles I. walked, baffled in his attempt to seize the Five Members, with the ominous cries of 'Privilege,' 'Privilege,' ringing in his ears, having taken, little as he dreamed it, a long step towards that scaffold on which, seven years later, his life was to end. Here the great struggle with James II., and the establishment of popular rights under William and Mary, took place. It was here that, under Lord North, that policy was initiated and persevered in that led first to the revolt and then to the Declaration of Independence by the American Colonies. Those old walls echoed to the eloquence of the Pitts, Burke, Fox, Canning, the Parliamentary giants of ninety years ago; and the last great historic conflict there fought and won was the struggle that ended in the passing of the Reform Act of 1832. New men, new methods, new forces, were thus brought into direct relation to the governing powers of the nation, and it was not without significance that just at this crisis in national affairs the old home of the Commons, long felt to be inadequate to modern requirements, should be swept away, thus necessitating the erection of the new Palace of Westminster on a colossal scale, no longer as a royal residence, but as the fitting home of imperial government. Our illustration on p. 176 gives a famous scene in the old chamber. It represents Eliot, in 1629, defending the rights of the Commons, the Speaker meanwhile being held in the chair, which, in deference to the royal will, he was anxious to leave before Eliot's motion was carried



THE LOBBY OF THE OLD HOUSE OF COMMONS.

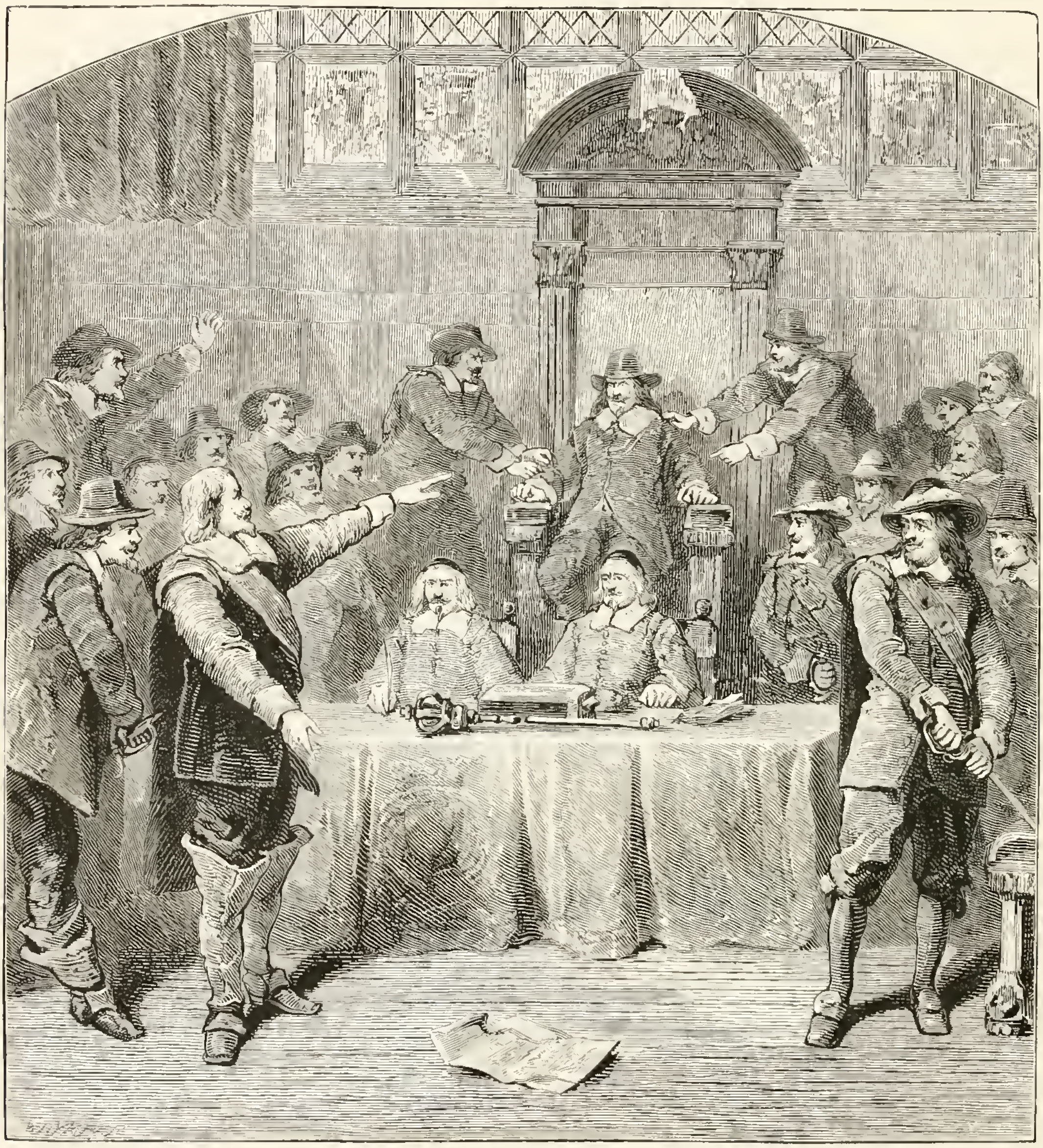
It was then that Eliot uttered the famous words, so soon to be vindicated: 'None have gone about to break Parliaments but in the end Parliaments have broken them.'

Although so much has perished that we would fain have had preserved, there still stands at Westminster a building whose historic interest is second to none in England—the great hall of William Rufus. Like the other rulers of his race, the Red King was a great builder. He did much towards the completion of the Tower; he set over against the Confessor's monastery a huge banqueting hall. The contrast in the buildings expresses well the contrast in the characters of the two kings. Like so many of these ancient structures, we see it only after it has passed through many



THE HOUSE OF COMMONS IN THE TIME OF JAMES I.

vicissitudes. Henry III., Edward I. and Edward II. all had a hand in it. In 1291 it was damaged by fire, and in 1398 Richard II. enlarged it and added the splendid roof, which from that time to this has been one of the marvels of London. It has the distinction of being one of the largest halls in the world with a wooden roof unsupported by columns. It is two hundred and ninety feet long, sixty-eight wide, and ninety-two high.

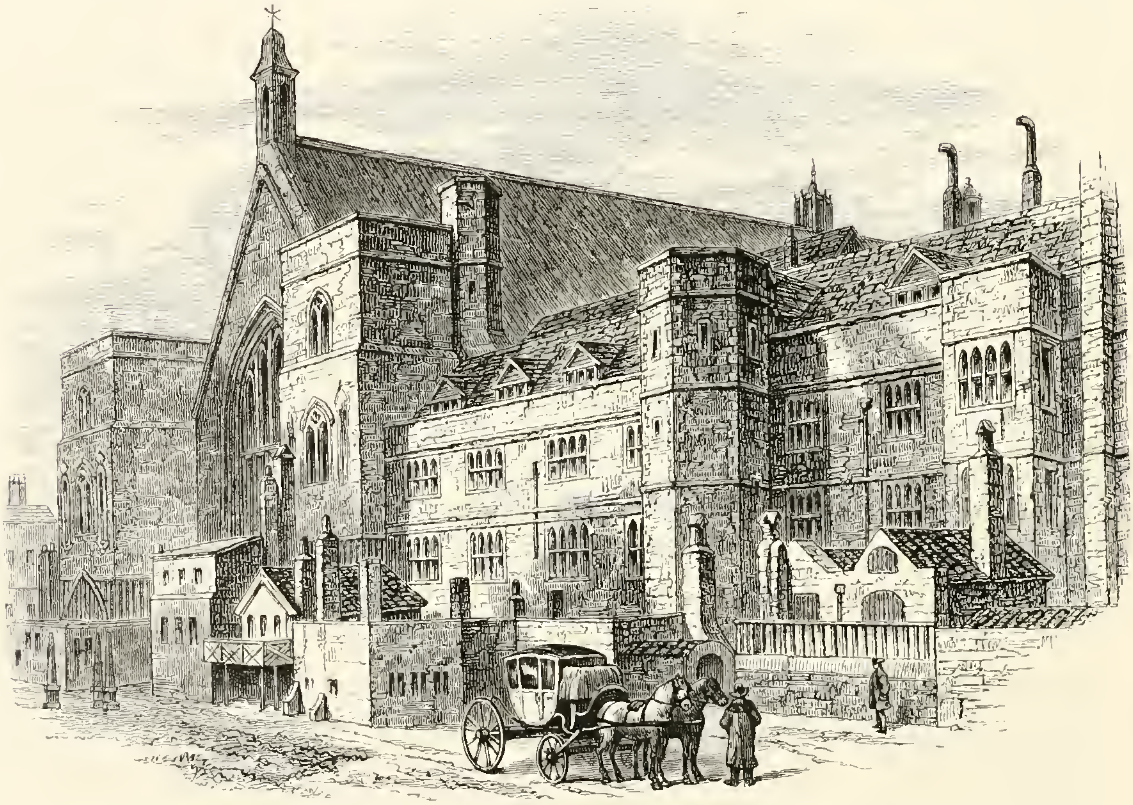


Eliot Defending the Rights of the Commons.

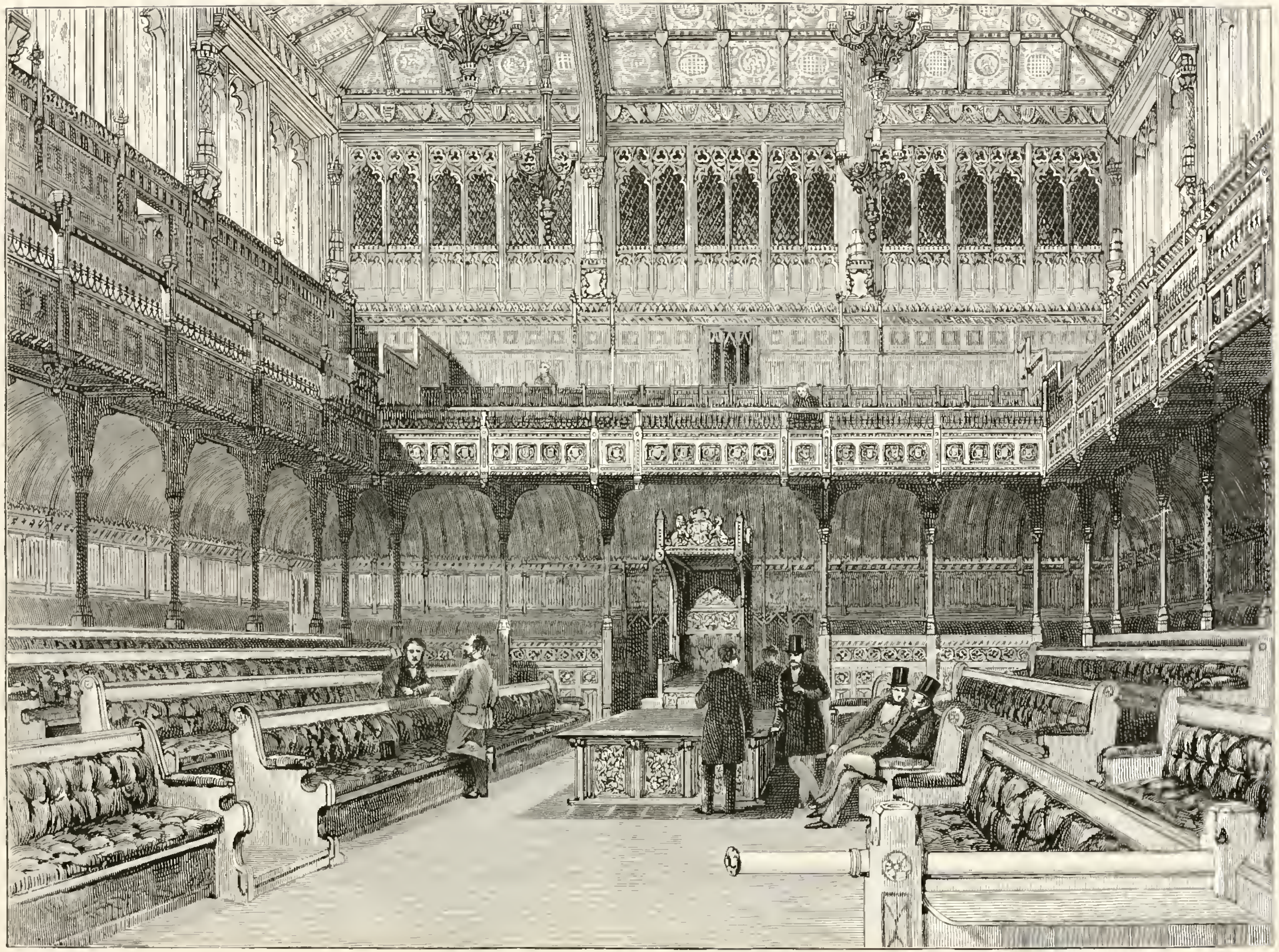
Rich in its architecture, it is richer still in its memories. Let us glance at a few of the events that have had this grand old hall as their scene during the last eight hundred years. Once only did William Rufus carouse in it ere the fatal arrow terminated his unworthy life. Here Henry I. held his festival on the occasion of his marriage with the Saxon Edith, who became the 'good Queen Maud.' Here Henry II. established the royal courts of justice; here in 1265 the first meeting of anything that can fairly be described as the House of Commons assembled; here in 1356 Edward III. received the royal captives from the Battle of Poitiers; Richard II., the second founder of the hall, like the first, held but one festival in it, and then was deposed from the throne he had disgraced. All the coronation festivals of the English sovereigns down to George IV. were held here, and the one King of England who has been brought to trial for high crimes and misdemeanours here received his fatal sentence. The great current of the legal life and action of the nation has flowed through the courts that for many centuries here had their home, while the mere enumeration of the great state trials bring centuries of English history before us. William Wallace, Sir John Oldcastle, the Duke of Buckingham, Wolsey's rival, Sir Thomas More, the Protector Somerset, Sir Thomas Wyatt, Elizabeth's Earl of Essex, Guy Fawkes and his fellow conspirators, and the haughty Strafford, all stood their trial here, and all went forth to a speedy and in many cases a cruel doom. Here the famous trial of the Seven Bishops resulted in their triumphant acquittal in 1688, and the last great state pageant of the kind held in the old hall was that so brilliantly described by Macaulay when Warren Hastings was impeached by the House of Commons, led by Edmund Burke, the trial, after dragging on for a weary seven years, resulting in the acquittal of the great satrap. Our engraving shows the Hall as it appeared at that time.

Now it forms an approach—the most magnificent of several—to the new Palace of Westminster, the stately home of the English Parliament, erected between 1840 and 1859 from plans by Sir Charles Barry, at a cost of about £3,000,000. Built in the style known as the Tudor or late Gothic, it covers nearly nine acres of ground, and contains about eleven hundred apartments. It has three grand towers—the Victoria Tower, about three hundred and fifty feet high (next to the dome of St. Paul's the most conspicuous object in London); the beautiful Middle Tower, which rises up three hundred feet above the Central Hall; and the Clock Tower, close to the north end of Westminster Bridge, three hundred and eighteen feet high, the home of the great clock, whose hands are eleven and a half feet long, which takes five hours to wind up, and whose bell, 'Big Ben,' weighing thirteen tons, can be heard over nearly the whole of London on a quiet evening. The great façade of this splendid pile is on the river front, along which it extends for nine hundred and forty feet. It is ornamented by statues of all the monarchs from the Conqueror, together with their armorial bearings. At the end nearest Westminster Bridge the Speaker resides; at the other extremity Black Rod, one of the officials of the House of Lords. Between the Speaker and the centre of the facade is the Commons' Library, next to Black Rod the Lords' Library.

Entrance to the House of Commons is obtained by passing through Westminster Hall, then turning to the left through St. Stephen's Hall, which stands over the ancient St. Stephen's Crypt, thence into the Central Hall, a magnificent octagonal apartment, sixty feet in diameter and seventy-five feet high, with a beautiful stone vaulted roof, from which a passage leads straight to the Lobby of the House of Commons, and thence to the famous House itself. This apartment, the real centre and source of the government of England, was purposely kept small for acoustic reasons. But one great drawback of this is, that although there are six hundred and seventy members, only four hundred and seventy-six can be seated at any one time. When, in 1886, Mr. Gladstone introduced his celebrated Home Rule Bill, an unprecedented spectacle was witnessed, the floor of the House, extending from the Clerks' table to the door opening into the Lobby, being crowded with chairs for the accommodation of members who could find no



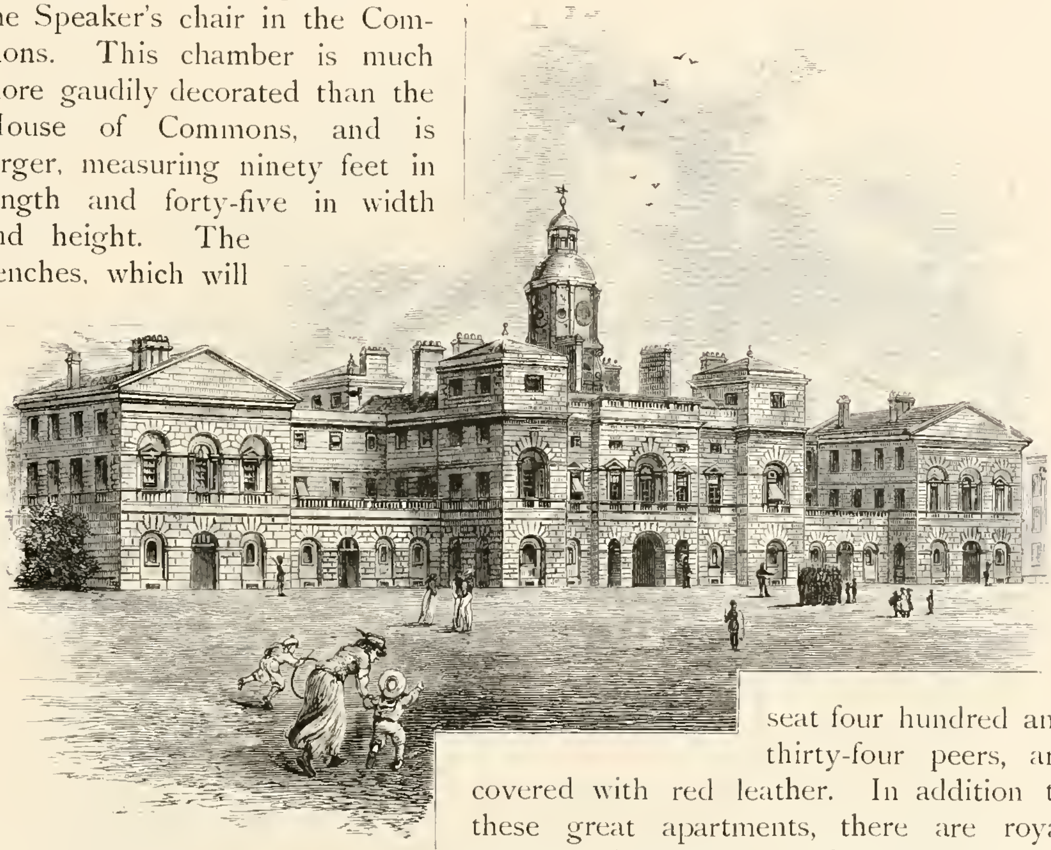
WESTMINSTER HALL AT THE CLOSE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.



The Interior of the House of Commons.
(*From a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.*)

other seats. The House is seventy-five feet long, forty-five wide, and forty-one high, oak-panelled, and supplied with benches upholstered in green leather. The Speaker sits in a handsome chair directly opposite the Lobby door, the benches to his right being occupied by supporters of the Government, to his left by the Opposition.

A passage from the Central Hall, directly opposite that to the Commons, leads to the Peers' Lobby, and thence to the House of Lords, the throne occupying a similar position to the Speaker's chair in the Commons. This chamber is much more gaudily decorated than the House of Commons, and is larger, measuring ninety feet in length and forty-five in width and height. The benches, which will seat four hundred and thirty-four peers, are covered with red leather. In addition to these great apartments, there are royal rooms, waiting halls, conference chambers, and an enormous number of committee rooms. Throughout the whole edifice the decorations in frescoes, paintings, brass, wood, and stone work have been carried out with great richness of detail, and, generally, with very great success.

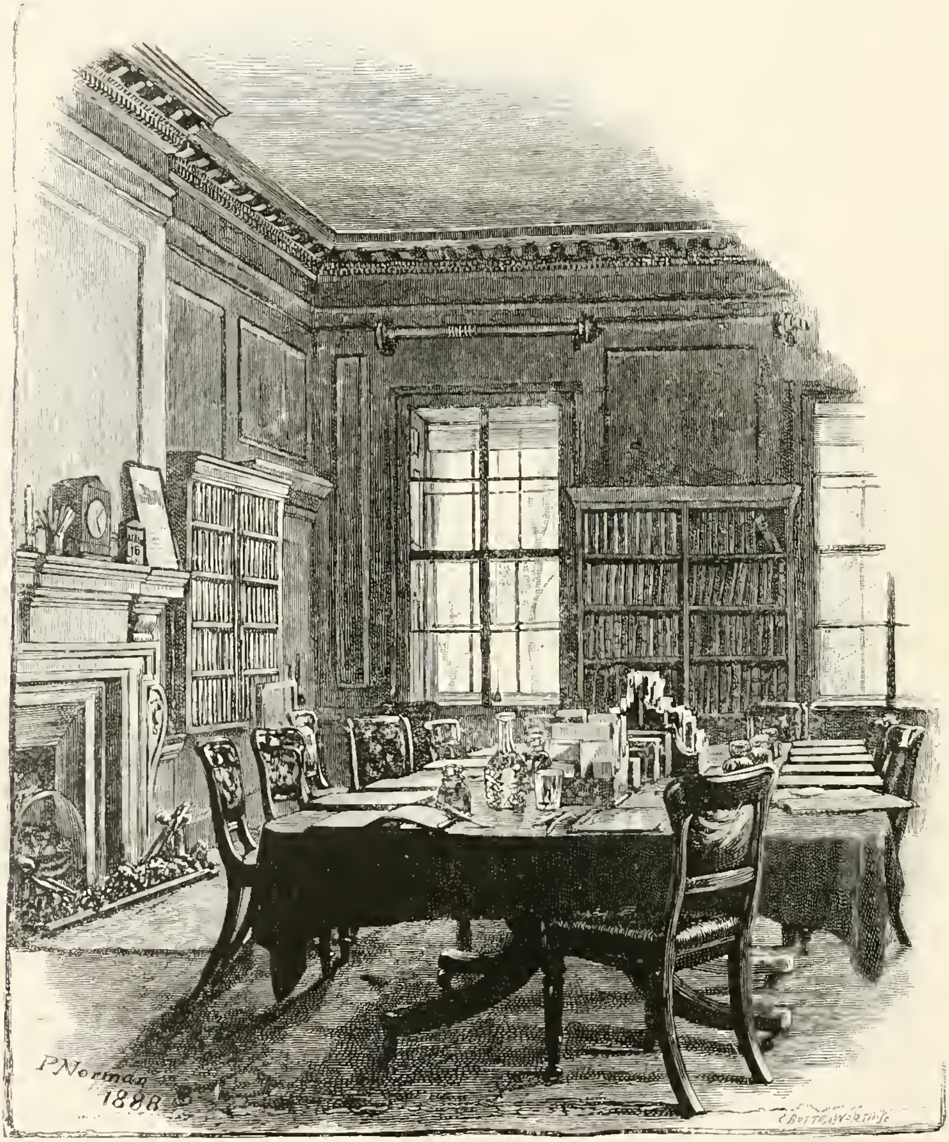


THE HORSE GUARDS FROM ST. JAMES'S PARK.

Facing Old Palace Yard is Parliament Street, leading into Whitehall, and a short distance further on, in the direction of Charing Cross, we come to Downing Street, the official home of the Prime Minister for the time being, and the centre of the great government offices. Between Downing Street and Charles Street immense blocks of buildings are occupied by the Home Office, the Foreign Office, the Colonial Office, and the India Office. Facing Whitehall, and beginning at Downing Street, come successively the

Treasury, containing also the Offices of Education, Privy Council, and Board of Trade, the Horse Guards, and the Admiralty. The War Office is in Pall Mall, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer has an official residence in Downing Street.

This short narrow street takes its name in all probability from a certain notorious Sir George Downing of Charles the Second's time, and the dingy row of houses, so famous in English history, may possibly date from his time. George II. gave No. 10 to Sir Robert Walpole and to his successors



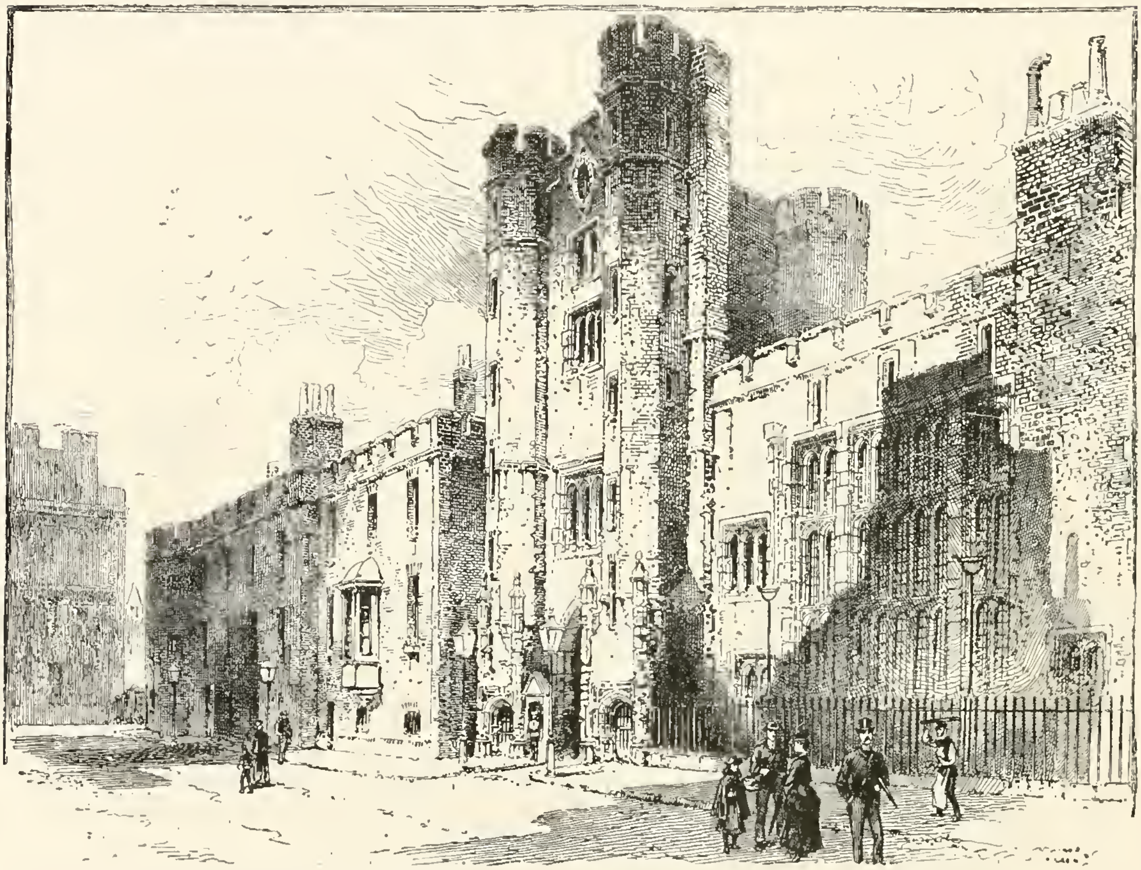
The Cabinet Room, Downing Street.

in the office of First Lord of the Treasury for ever, and since his day every statesman of front rank has been more or less closely associated with this dingy old dwelling. From the waiting room, used by Lord Beaconsfield as a dining room, there is a view of the little garden where perhaps Pepys and Addison and the men of their day may have walked. The chief interest naturally centres in the Cabinet Room, for here Lord North, Pitt, Grey, Palmerston, Beaconsfield, and Gladstone have all presided over deliberations which have shaped the national legislation, and determined questions of peace and war. It is a handsome, well-lighted apartment, separated from a smaller room by folding doors. The walls are lined with bookshelves, and in the centre stands the long table covered with a green cloth, to obtain a seat at which is the legitimate ambition of a rising statesman. The number of Cabinet Ministers has varied from eleven to seventeen, the feeling being in favour of the smaller number, although recent ministries have had about fifteen. No officials other than the ministers are present at a meeting, and no official record is kept of what is done. Nevertheless, such is the enterprise of the modern Press, that accounts more or less accurate from time to time appear of what takes place in this august centre of government.

Whitehall takes its name from the old palace that once stood there, and of which only one fragment now remains, the building known as the Banqueting Hall, from one window of which Charles I. came out in order to reach the scaffold on that fatal January morning in 1649. The property of the monastery at Westminster once extended to the Fleet, and in the reign of Henry III., Hubert de Burgh, the Chief Justiciary, purchased the property, and on his death bequeathed it to the convent of Black Friars, in Holborn, who in 1248 sold it to Walter de Grey, Archbishop of York; and known as York House it continued to be the town residence of the northern archbishops until the time of Cardinal Wolsey. That splendid prelate greatly enlarged it, and here displayed all that pomp and luxury for which he was famed, and which was no insignificant factor among the causes that led to the English Reformation. Here he gave some of those entertainments which so delighted his royal master, and here Shakespeare represents Henry VIII. as first meeting Anne Boleyn. Here Wolsey delivered up the Great Seal on his fall, and hence departed for Esher, York Place becoming Crown property. Henry enlarged and adorned it, the grounds covering the space now enclosed between Scotland Yard and Bridge Street, and between the Thames and what is now the centre of St. James's Park. To this Shakespeare refers in the words:—

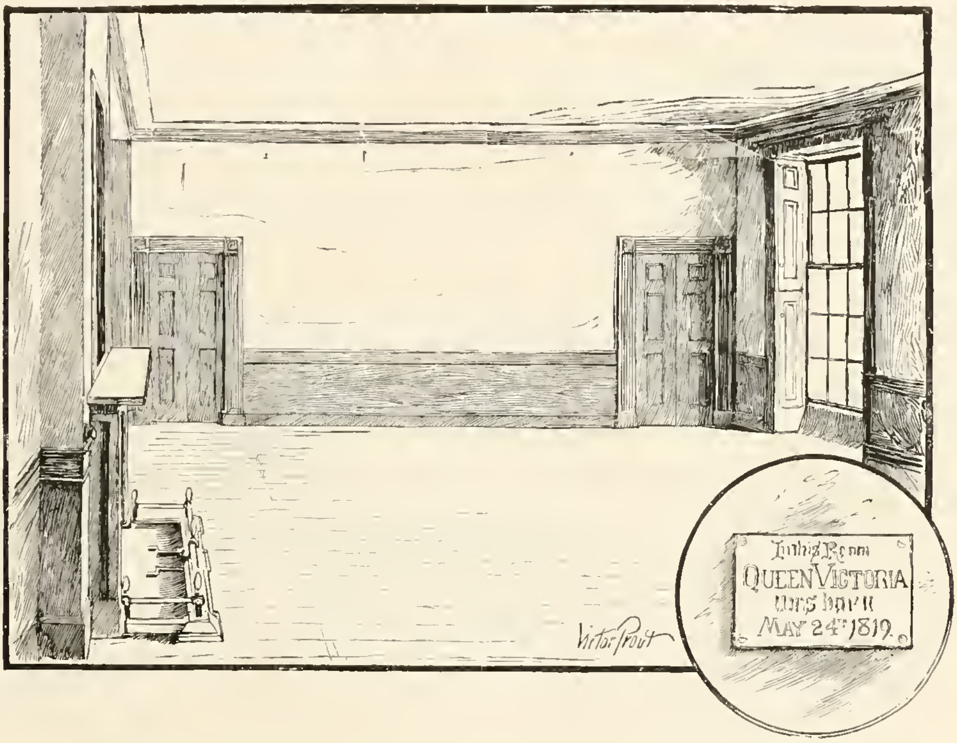
> 'Sir, you
> Must no more call it York Place, that is past:
> For, since the cardinal fell, that title's lost;
> 'Tis now the king's, and called—Whitehall.'

He erected over Whitehall, then a narrow thoroughfare, two gates, one of which, built by Holbein, was a splendid piece of architecture, and survived until 1750, when the Duke of Cumberland pulled it down, but never carried out his plan of rebuilding it at Windsor. 'In his closet at Whitehall, being St. Paul's Day (Jan. 25th, 1533), Henry married Anne Boleyn, and here on Jan. 28th, 1546, he died; hence, in 1554, Elizabeth was sent to the Tower; here, in 1555, Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, died; hence Elizabeth went to open her first Parliament, and here, in 1603, her body lay in state prior to her burial in Westminster Abbey. In the garden of this palace a few days after his accession, James I. knighted three hundred gentlemen. The old hall having been burnt, James I. resolved to construct a magnificent royal residence here, and the work was begun by Inigo Jones. He finished in 1622 the building that still survives, and which was intended simply as the centre of one wing of his plan, which was on such a magnificent scale that, completed, the palace would have covered twenty-four acres. Whitehall reached its highest splendour during the reign of Charles I., who held his



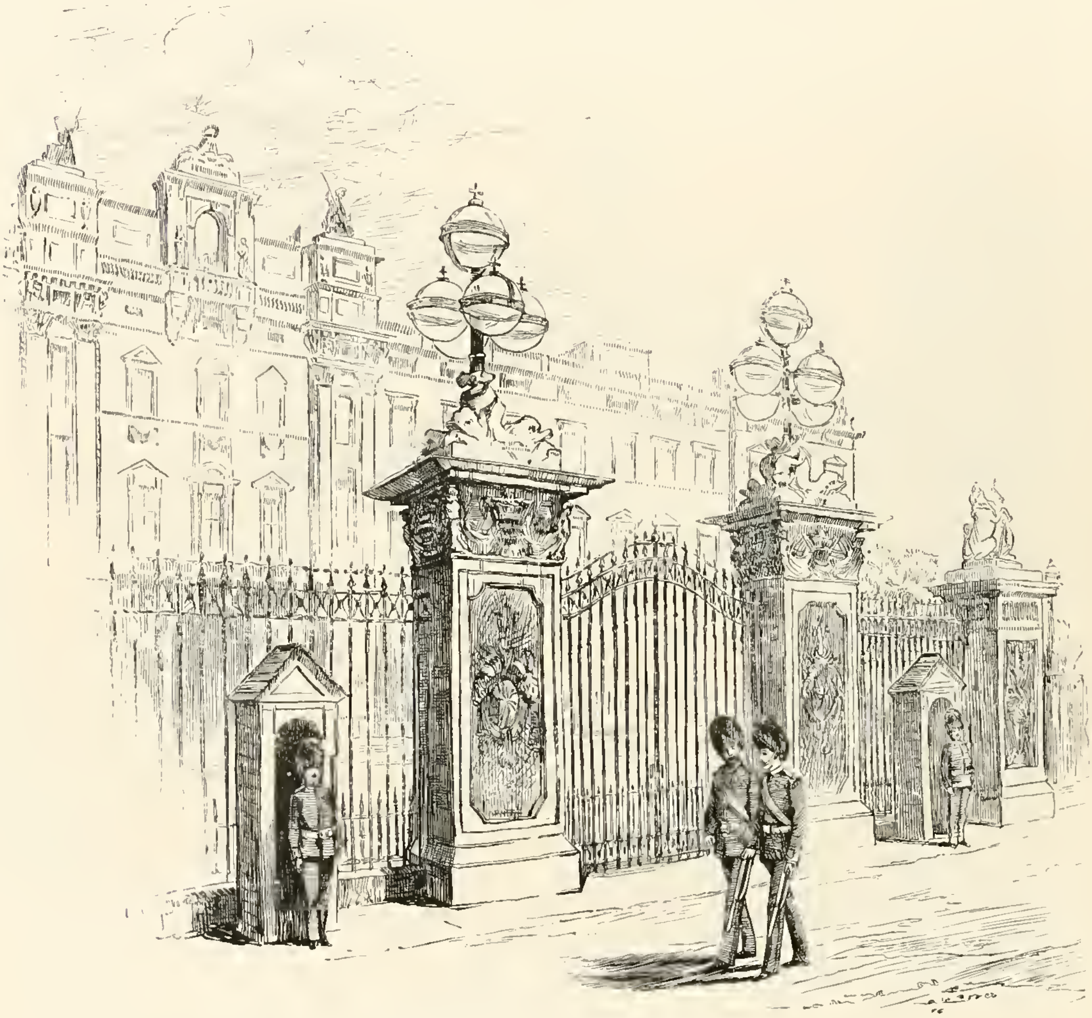
THE GATEWAY TO ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

Court here, never dreaming how his reign was to close. Here Oliver Cromwell lived for some time, with John Milton as his secretary, and here, in 1658, on the anniversary of his great victories of Dunbar and Worcester, the great Protector passed to his rest. Here Charles II. held the most profligate English Court of modern times. Here he told his brother James, who mentioned his fear that the king's life might be attempted, 'they will never kill me to make you king;' and here, in 1685, after apologising to those around him for the length of time he occupied in dying, he closed his wretched life, which began in exile, was spent in its prime in vice and in treason to his country, and to the religion which, by virtue of his office, he was bound to profess.



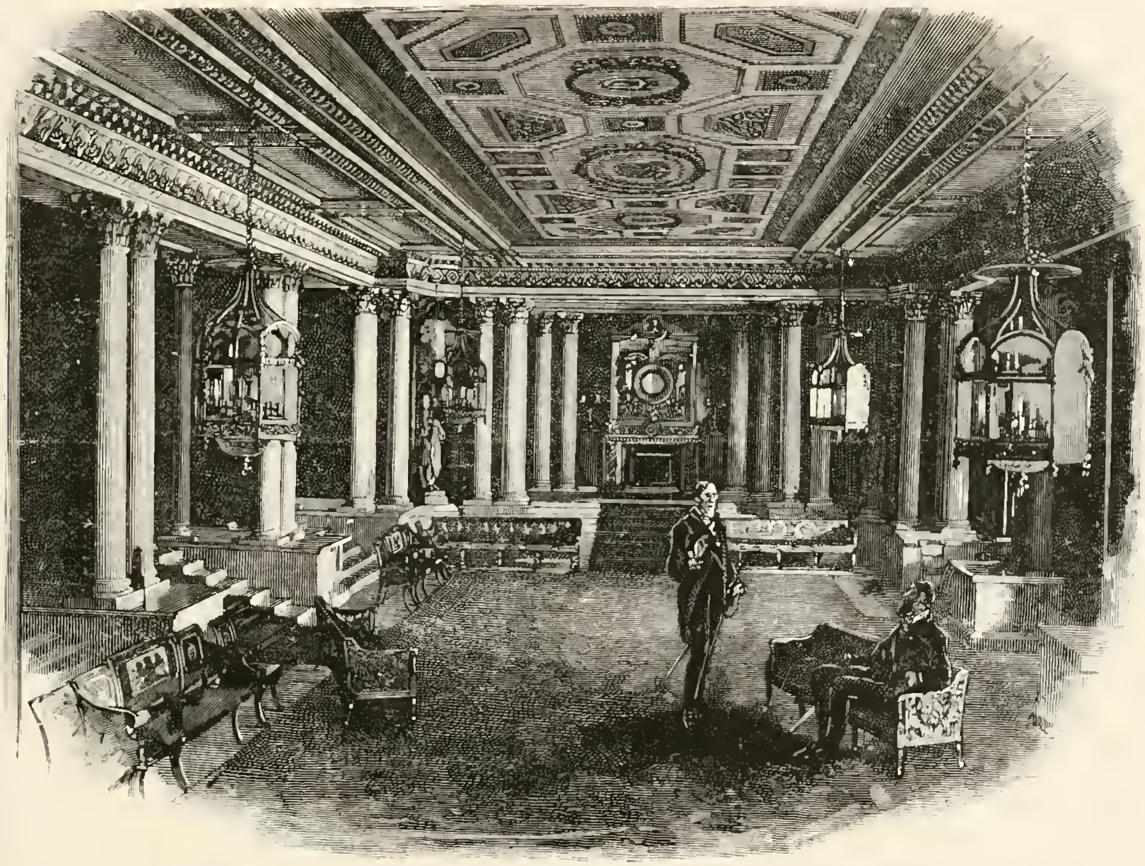
Only a few minutes' walk from Whitehall, at the junction of Pall Mall and St. James's Street, stands another old palace, the gateway of which we give an engraving, forming one of the most picturesque views in London.

The site even before 1190 was occupied by a leper hospital, and came into Henry the Eighth's possession by exchange in 1532. The palace is said to have been designed by Holbein. Anne Boleyn is commemorated by the device H and A still to be seen on the chimney-piece of one of the rooms. Henry spent very little time here, but Mary, his daughter, resided here after her desertion by Philip of Spain, and here closed the tragic story of her life on November 17th, 1558. Hither Charles I. came as the prisoner of Parliament, hence he went to his trial, and here he returned after his condemnation, and hence on the following day he went to execution. Charles II., James II., and Mary were all born in this palace, and here in 1677 Mary was married to William of Orange. To St. James's came William III. as soon as he reached London, and here also on his accession came George I., and here all the Georges and their households resided. Although the palace has ceased to be a royal residence, the official designation of the British Court is 'The Court of St. James.' The guard is changed every day at 10.45 A.M., when one of the Guards' bands plays for a quarter of an hour in the court that looks towards Marlborough House. Queen Victoria was married in the Chapel Royal attached to the palace, and prior to the close of 1861 both Drawing Rooms and Levées were held here. But since that date the former have always been held at Buckingham Palace.


THE FAÇADE, BUCKINGHAM PALACE

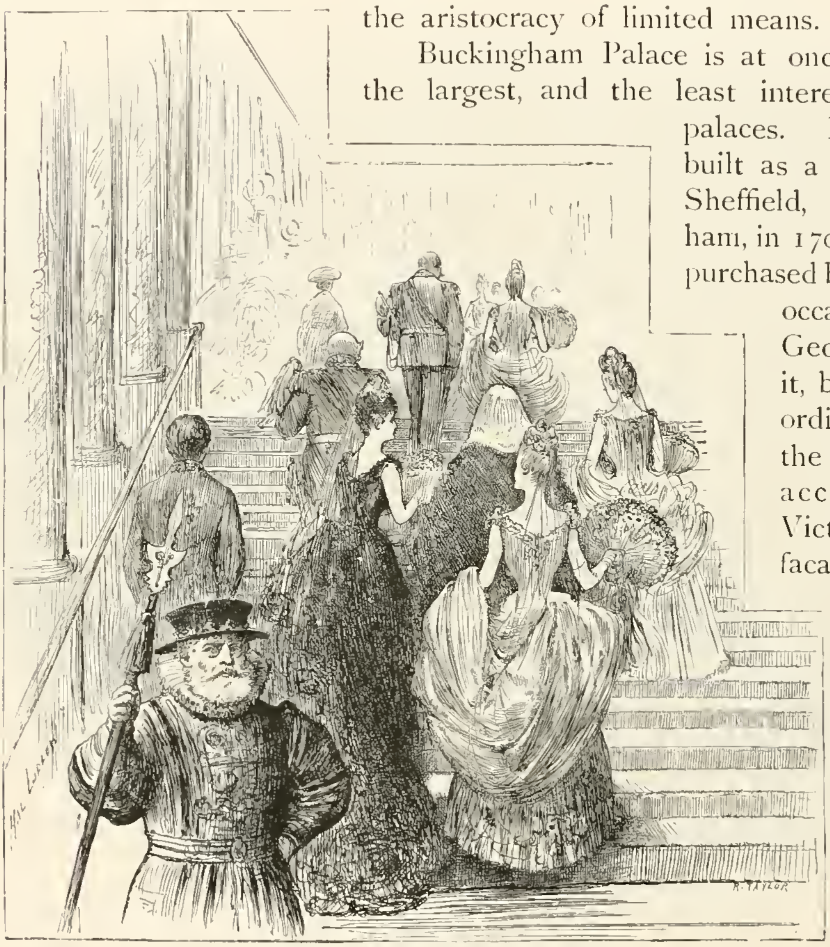
The State Apartments are nearly all modern, but form a very handsome suite. The best time to see them is at a levée, and failing that, either immediately before or after one. At all other times they are so carefully swathed in brown holland that a tour of inspection, permission to make which is not easy to get, affords but little satisfaction.

The remaining royal palaces included in the London area are Kensington and Buckingham, the former associated with the early life of Queen Victoria, the latter her present home when resident in the capital. Kensington Palace was purchased from Finch, the Lord Chancellor, in 1690 by William III. He suffered from asthma, and found his health better here than in London. Here in 1694 Queen Mary died, and here in 1702 Macaulay's hero himself passed away. In 1714 Queen Anne, the last direct descendant of the Stuarts who occupied the throne, also died here. George III. never resided here, but he assigned apartments in it from time to time to members of his numerous family. The Duke of Sussex here collected his famous library, so rich in rare and early editions of the Scriptures. Here



THE PILLAR ROOM, BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

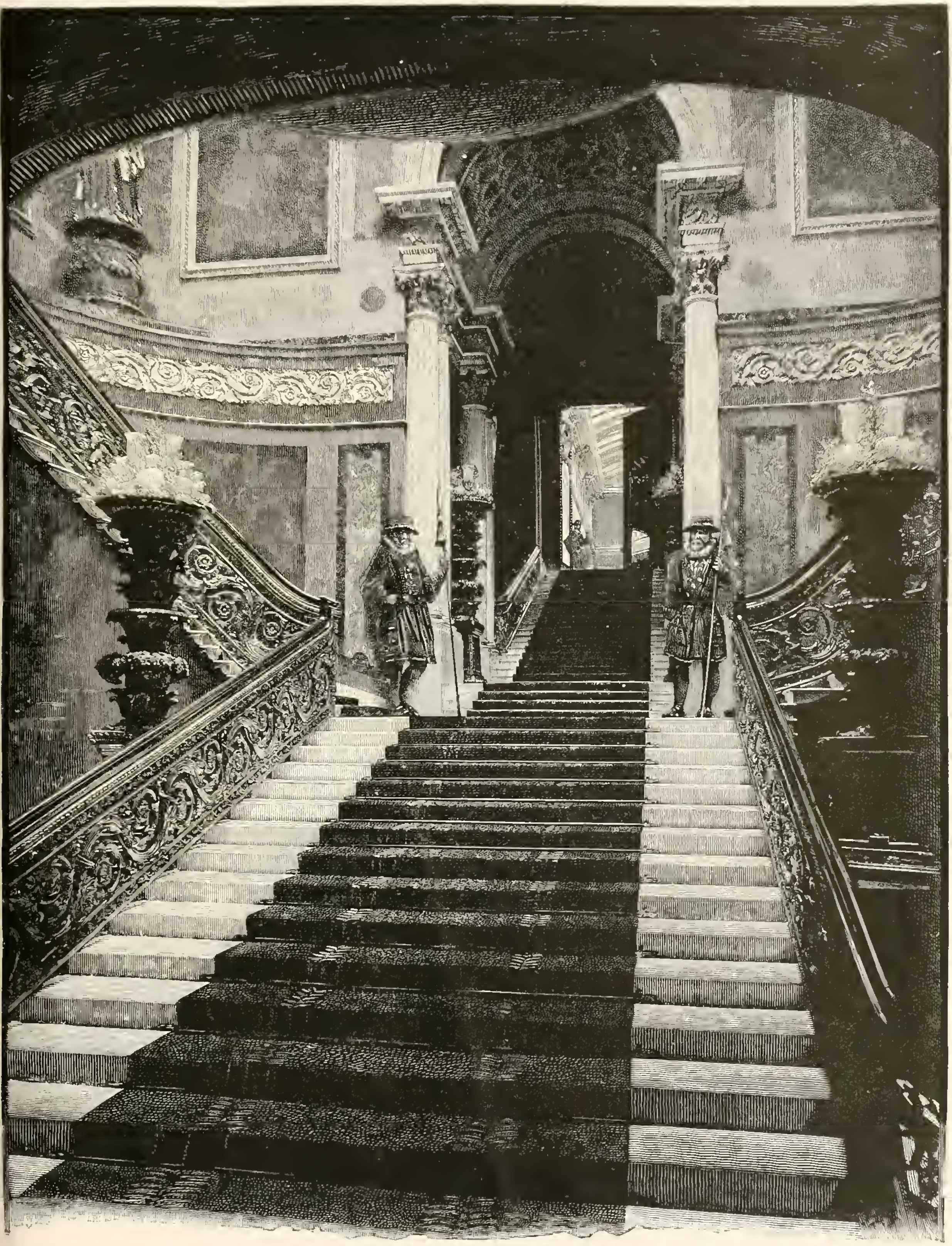
the Duke of Kent lived after his marriage with Victoria of Saxe-Coburg, and, in the room of which we give an engraving, the Princess Victoria, their only daughter, was born on May 24th, 1819. Here, on the death of William IV. in 1837, in the old palace which up to that time had been her home, Queen Victoria, then only a girl of eighteen, received the news of her accession. Here she held her first Council. The palace, like Hampton Court, is now usually occupied by some of the children of the Queen, and by royal pensioners and members ot the aristocracy of limited means.



A Drawing-Room, Buckingham Palace.

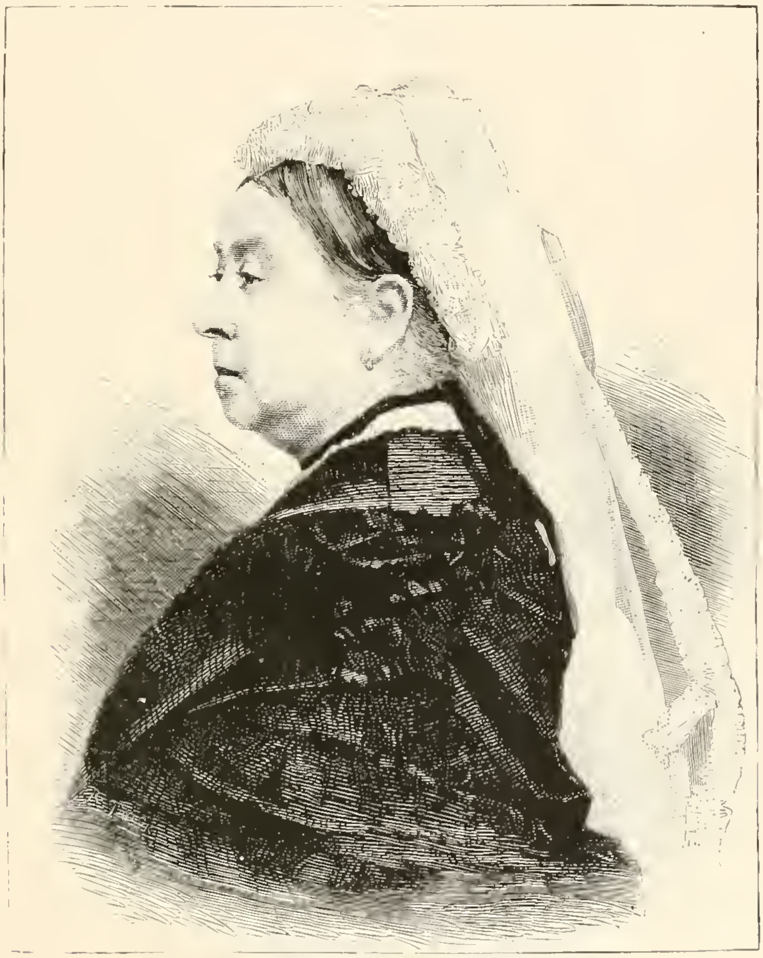
Buckingham Palace is at once the most recent, the largest, and the least interesting of the royal palaces. It was originally built as a residence by John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, in 1703, and in 1791 was purchased by George III., who occasionally lived in it. George IV. enlarged it, but it was never the ordinary residence of the Court until the accession of Queen Victoria. In 1846 the facade that now fronts on St. James's Park, three hundred and sixty feet in length, the State Ball-room, and other apartments, were added. Attached to the palace are large gardens. On the ground floor are very handsome apartments, enriched with portraits of the various royal and distinguished personages who have visited the Queen, and of presents and objects of interest connected with them. We give an engraving of the finest of these, that known as the Marble or Pillar Room.

Access to the magnificent suite of State Apartments is gained by what is the finest architectural effect in the palace, the grand staircase of white marble. It is in Buckingham Palace that the Queen holds her Drawing



THE MARBLE STAIRCASE, BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

Rooms three or four times a year. The importance of this function to those who move in what is technically known as 'society,' may be estimated from the fact that a young lady of high position is not supposed to be 'out' until she has been presented, and has kissed her sovereign's hand at a Drawing Room. The bridal ceremonies of a fashionable marriage are hardly considered complete until the bride has been 'presented' on her marriage. A very rigid censorship of the list of those to whom cards of admission are sent is exercised, and a very strict etiquette in point of dress and procedure is enforced. In fact, the expense and fatigue to which English ladies will go in the discharge of this loyal function is only surpassed by the discomforts to which the ordinary English woman will submit, and the energy she will display, in her efforts to see the face of the Queen or of some member of the royal family. Our smaller engraving of the staircase gives some faint notion of the toilet mysteries which the fair *debutantes* have to undergo before they are fit to enter their sovereign's presence.



Queen Victoria (1887).

The chief apartments in the suite are the Throne Room, sixty-six feet long, in which the Queen receives her subjects, the Ball Room, one hundred and ten feet long and sixty broad, and the Picture Gallery, one hundred and eighty feet long. This contains a small but in many respects a choice collection of paintings, mainly of the Dutch School. There are very fine examples of Rembrandt, Frans Hals, Terburg, and many other masters of this school.

It was in Buckingham Palace that the Queen passed some of the happy early years of her married life. Here the Princess Royal was born in 1840, and the Prince of Wales in 1841. Since the great shadow and permanent sorrow of the loss of her beloved husband came upon her life nearly a generation ago, influenced by feelings so natural and womanly that all her subjects can deeply sympathise with her, the Queen has lived much away from London, at Windsor, Osborne, and Balmoral. Many have wished that she could have been seen more in public, and could have felt equal to undertaking more of the ceremonial duties of her high office. And this she has done to some extent in recent years. But by her constitutional and wise and pure reign of over half a century, she has firmly established herself in the affections of her people, and the wish expressed by the Poet Laureate long years ago, and written before her great sorrow, still finds an echo in their hearts :—

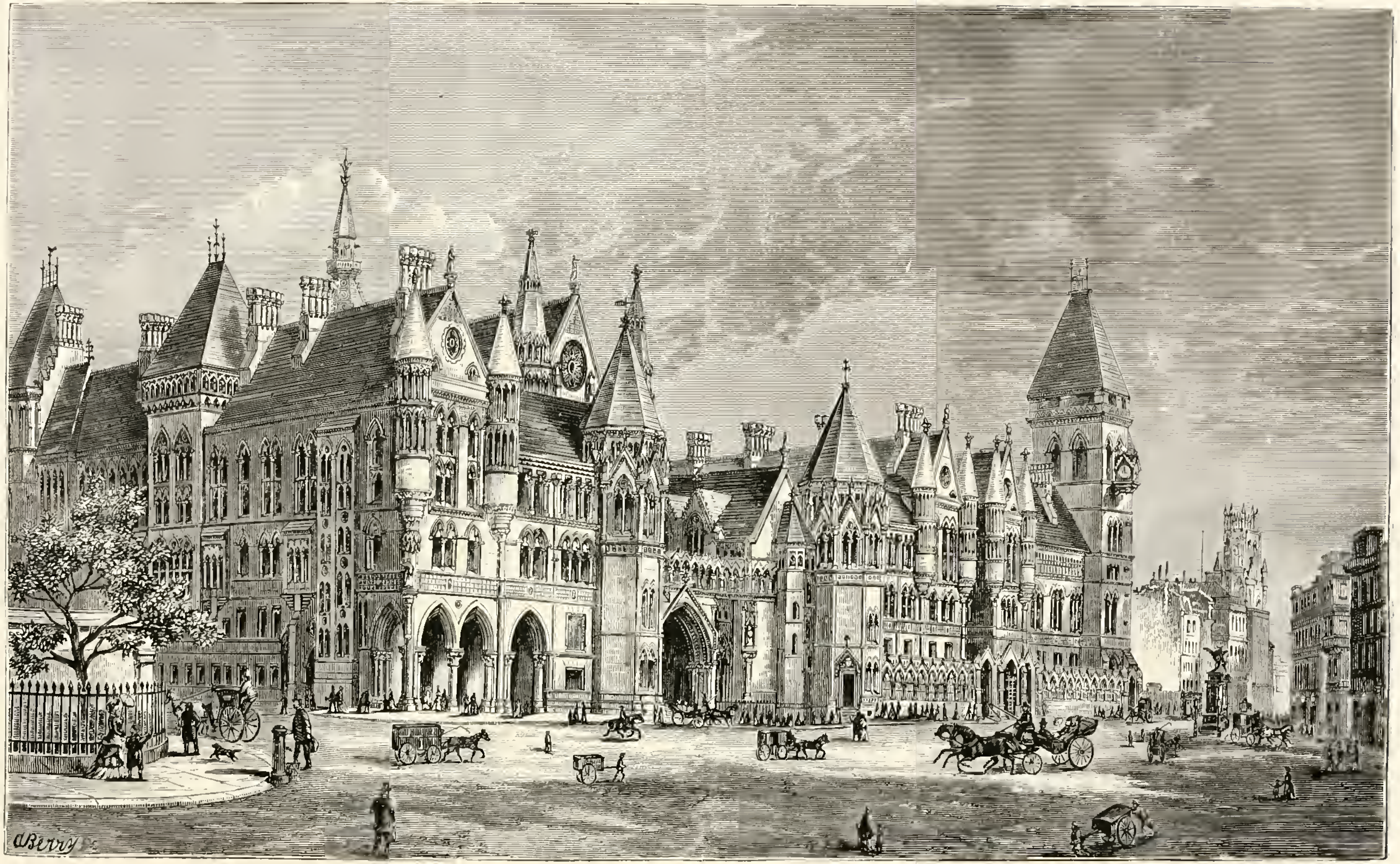
'May children of our children say,
She wrought her people lasting good ;

Her court was pure, her life serene :
  God gave her peace ; her land reposed ;
  A thousand claims to reverence closed
In her as Mother, Wife, and Queen ;

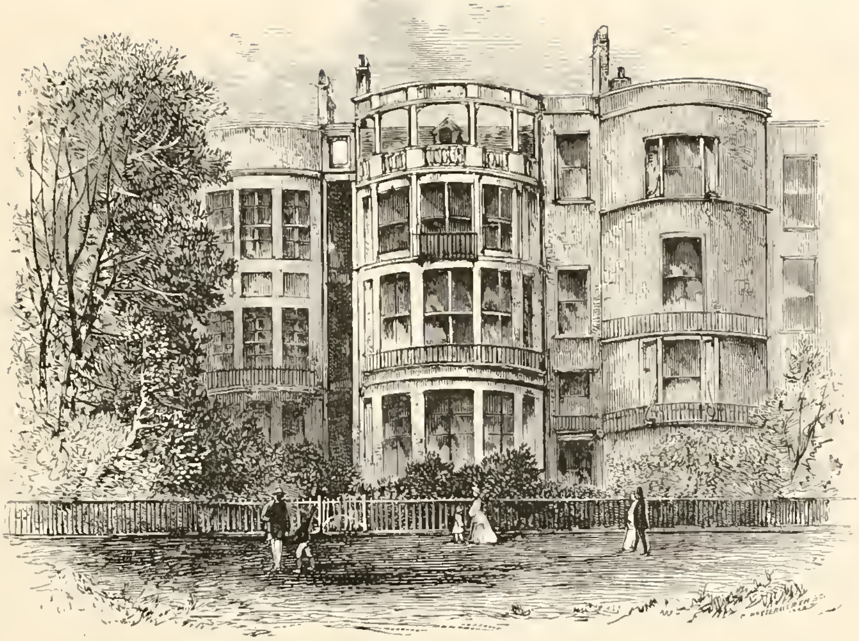
And statesmen at her council met,
  Who knew the seasons, when to take
  Occasion by the hand, and make
The bounds of freedom wider yet

By shaping some august decree,
  Which kept her throne unshaken still,
  Broad-based upon her people's will,
And compassed by the inviolate sea.'

O



The Royal Courts of Justice.



Samuel Rogers' House, No 22, St. James's Place.

CHAPTER VI.

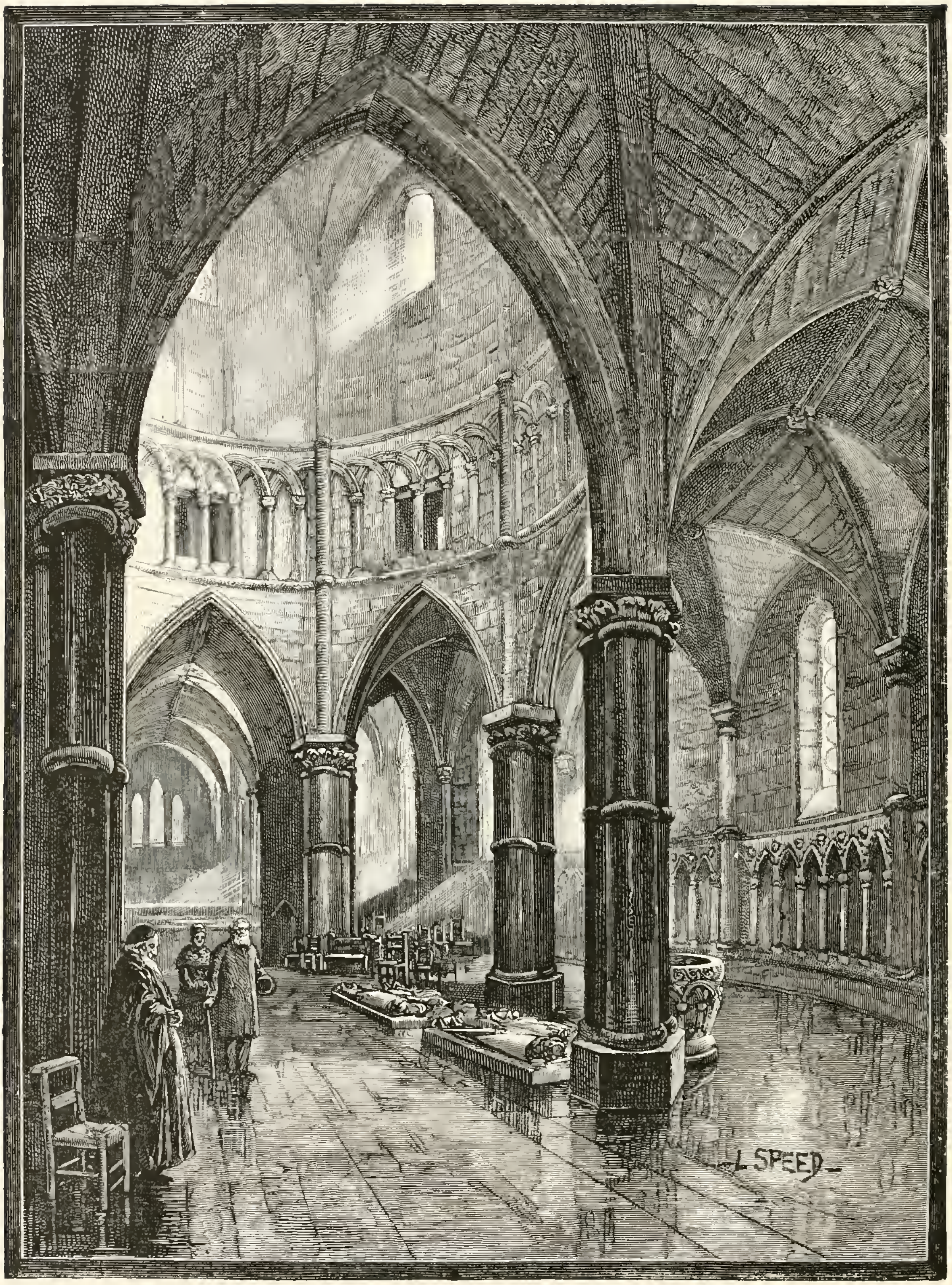
Legal and Literary London.

WE have referred in the last chapter to the connection that existed for centuries between the Courts of Law and Westminster Hall. For many years prior to 1870 it had been felt that Westminster was an inconvenient situation for the Courts, and that the old buildings were unequal to the constantly growing requirements of the day. As the outcome of much discussion, and after considerable delay, it was finally decided to erect a magnificent pile of buildings fronting upon the Strand, just to the west of Chancery Lane, and almost opposite the entrance to the Temple. The plans of the late Mr. G. E. Street were accepted, but he died shortly before the completion of his great work. The Royal Courts of Justice, as they are formally designated, comprise an enormous pile of Gothic buildings, with a frontage on the Strand of four hundred and eighty-three feet. To obtain the site a network of squalid courts and alleys was cleared away, and the building, begun in 1879, was opened by Queen Victoria on December 4th, 1882. The total cost of the structure was three quarters of a million sterling. The chief feature of the interior is the great central hall, two hundred and sixty-eight feet long, forty-eight feet wide, and eighty feet high, with a handsome mosaic floor. The building contains no less than nineteen different Courts, together with all the various apartments necessary for the judges, counsel, clerks, and attendants of all kinds. There have, however, been many complaints by those whose business calls them thither, from the judges downwards, that, admirable as the Courts may be from the architectural point of view, they are yet capable of great improvement as regards the comfort of those called there by duty. Already the Royal Courts have been the scene of a great historic trial, three of Her Majesty's judges and the foremost advocates of the English Bar having been engaged for over fifteen months, 1888–90, in what is known as the Parnell Commission.

The Royal Courts of Justice fitly stand in the very centre of legal London. They are within a few minutes' walk of the four great Inns of Court, and Chancery Lane is barely a stone's throw distant. Immediately opposite is the Temple, a region famous not only for the natural beauty which in a marvellous degree it has managed to retain in the heart of London, but also for its architecture, the great lawyers who have here carried on their practice, for the part it has played in the history of London and of England, and for the many men of letters who have lived within its boundaries.

Let us glance for a moment at the history of the Temple. The very name takes us back away beyond Stuart, Tudor, and Plantagenet times, to the height of the great Crusade movement in Western Europe. In 1118, Baldwin, King of Jerusalem, founded a religious and military Order of Knights, originally known as 'poor soldiers of the Temple of Solomon,' and hence called Templars, whose duty it was to guard the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, which had been won from the Saracens, and to protect pilgrims on their way thither. Gradually the Order grew in wealth and fame, and established houses in many parts of Europe. In 1128 they established themselves in London, in the first instance near the spot where Southampton Buildings now stand. Towards the close of the twelfth century they purchased an estate extending from Fleet Street to the Thames, and from Whitefriars to Essex House, Strand. Here they founded their great monastery. The Templars rendered very important military services to that most mistaken of all enterprises, the Crusades, but degenerated very rapidly in morals and in faith, and the Order was finally abolished by Pope Clement V. in the year 1312. The London Preceptory became Crown property in 1313, and Edward II. gave it to Aymer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke. At his death it became the property of the Knights of St. John, and in 1346 they leased it to the students of Common Law. From that day to this it has been devoted to legal and literary pursuits.

The only portion remaining of the original cluster of buildings is the magnificent church. This is dedicated to St. Mary, and is divided into two parts, the Round Church and the choir. The former, which is fifty-eight feet in diameter, and a beautiful specimen of the late Norman or transitional



THE INTERIOR OF THE TEMPLE CHURCH.

style, was consecrated by Heraclius, the Patriarch of Jerusalem, in 1185. The choir, which is an equally fine example of Early English architecture, dates from 1240. The church has suffered much in the course of its long life, and in the opinion of many has been grievously disfigured by the 'restorations' of recent years. Between the years 1839 and 1842 no less than £70,000 were spent upon it. The flames of 1666 came near enough to scorch it, but fortunately spared it, and hence we are able to-day to rejoice in the possession of such a noble and complete specimen of twelfth century work. In the Round Church are some most interesting monuments of Templars, nearly contemporaneous with its erection. They cannot be identified with any certainty. One on the south side is attributed to William Marshall, Earl of Pembroke, Regent during the minority of Henry III., who died in 1219. It is he who figures in Shakespeare's *King John*, as interceding with that cruel monarch on behalf of the hapless Prince Arthur. The monument on the south wall is that of Robert de Ros, who died in 1227, and who was one of the barons whose influence compelled John to sign Magna Charta.

A beautiful triforium runs round the church, and into this, somewhat incongruously, have been collected a number of monuments from other parts of the church. The staircase to the triforium gives access to an ancient penitential cell, four and a half feet long by two and a half feet wide, too cramped for the occupant to lie down in it. Here refractory Templars were imprisoned 'in order that their souls might be saved from the eternal prison of hell,' and here Walter, Grand Preceptor of Ireland, is said to have been starved to death for disobeying the Grand Master. Slits opening into the church enabled the prisoner to hear mass. In the choir is a white marble monument to John Selden, who died in 1654, and whom Milton called 'the chief of learned men reputed in this land.' His best known works are *On the Law of Nature and of Nations*, and his *Table Talk*. Archbishop Usher preached his funeral sermon in the Temple Church, in the course of which he said that Selden on his deathbed had said to him: 'I have surveyed most of the learning that is among the sons of men, but I cannot recollect any passage out of all my books and papers whereon I can rest my soul save this from the sacred Scriptures, "The grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world; looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ, who gave Himself for us, that He might redeem us from all iniquity."'

The organ in the Temple Church is a famous instrument, and justly celebrated in London. In the reign of Charles II., rival builders, Father Smydt or Smith and Harris were competitors, and each built his organ in the church. For a year noted players performed on the competing instruments, with the result that the benchers, in whose hands the decision lay, were unable to make up their minds. Ultimately they left the decision in the hands of a man reputed to be an accomplished musician, but, judging by his after deeds, one over whom music appears to have exerted no refining influence, and who now seems to us as about the least likely man in London to have been chosen for such an office—the bencher who in James the Second's time, as Judge Jeffreys, earned for himself such infamous and undying notoriety.

The old title of Master of the Temple has survived through all the centuries since the suppression of the Order. It is now one of the great ecclesiastical prizes of London. Hooker once held it, beginning there his great treatise *The Ecclesiastical Polity;* and when Sherlock was Master in 1748, the sees of Canterbury and London being then vacant, the following well-known epigram was written:

> 'At the Temple one day, Sherlock taking a boat,
> The waterman asked him, "Which way will you float?"
> "Which way?" says the doctor; "why, fool, with the stream."
> To St. Paul's or to Lambeth was all one to him.'

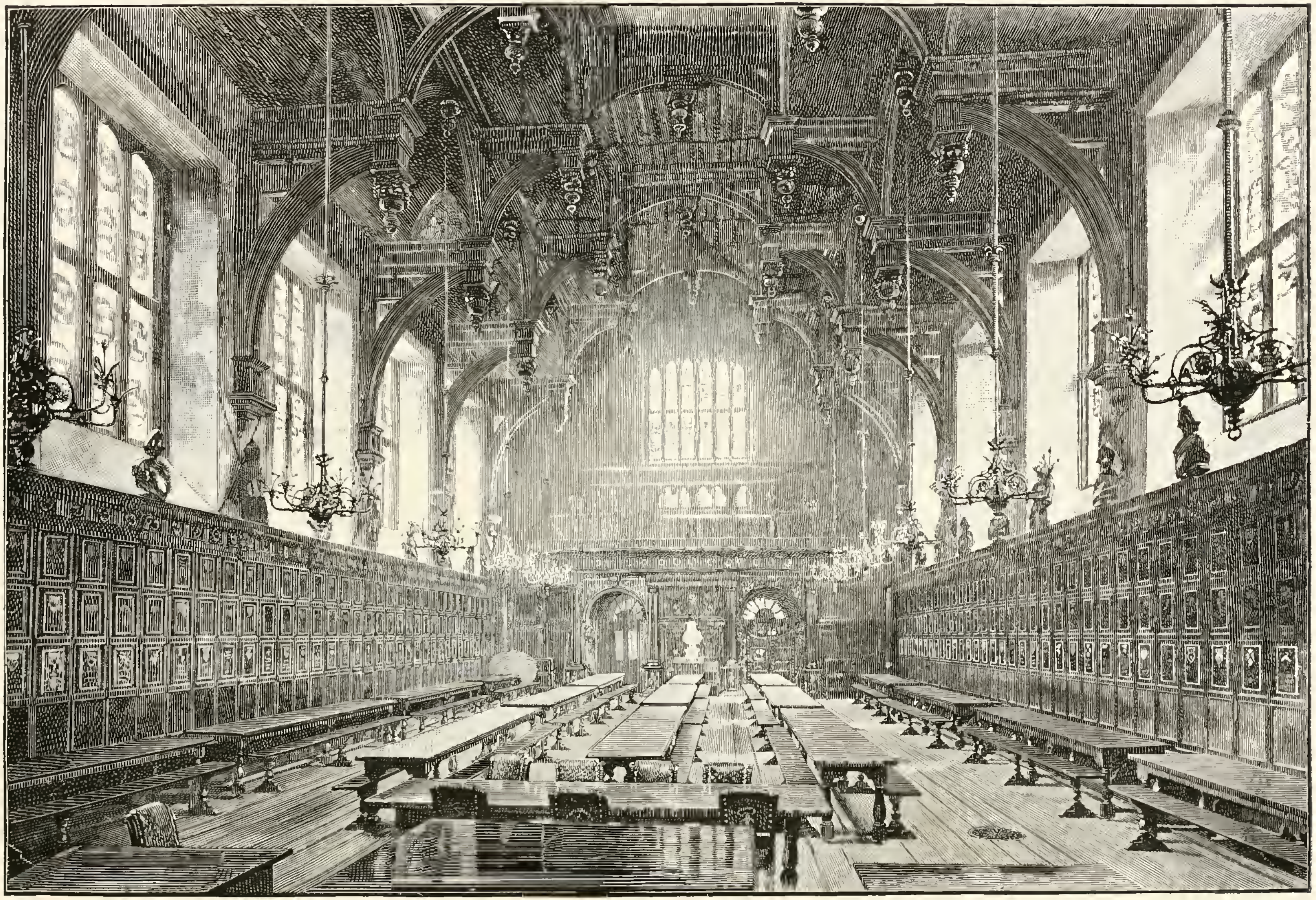
In Sherlock's case the stream ran towards St. Paul's, for he became Bishop of London.

Just as the nave of St. Paul's at one time became the resort of very indifferent characters, and the scene of practices not at all consistent with the real purpose of the building, so towards the end of the seventeenth century the Round Church was frequented, according to the author of *Hudibras*, by all sorts of indifferent characters, and Butler represents that the lawyers used sometimes to—

> 'Retain all sorts of witnesses
> That ply i' the Temple, under trees,
> Or walk the Round with Knights o' the Posts,
> About cross-legged knights, their hosts;
> Or wait for customers between
> The pillar-rows in Lincoln's Inn.'

Originally the Temple was divided into three sections or corporations, Inner, Middle, and Outer; but the latter has long since disappeared, and Middle Temple Lane now separates the other two. The Inner and Middle Temple, in conjunction with Gray's and Lincoln's Inns, are colleges for the study of law, and possess the privilege of calling to the bar, and thus constituting their students barristers. The older and more influential members form the governing bodies, and are known as Benchers.

Next to the church, in which both Inner and Middle Temple have equal rights, the most noted building is the Hall of the Middle Temple. It is Gothic in style, and was built in 1572, the old oak roof being



THE GREAT HALL OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE.

(From a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.)

considered the finest specimen of its class in London. The walls and windows are adorned with armorial bearings of the Templars and of members who have become peers. This Hall has a unique interest from a fact recorded by a barrister named Manning, who under date of February 2nd, 1602, records that, 'At our feast we had a play called *Twelfth Night, or What you Will*, much like *The Comedy of Errors* or *Menechnie* in Plautus, but most like and neere to that in Italian called *Inganni*.' Hence it follows that this old hall is the only building now standing in London which witnessed, during the poet's lifetime, a performance of one of Shakespeare's plays, at which Queen Elizabeth, according to tradition, was present. The fine old oak screen is said to date from 1575, and therefore cannot have been made, as popularly reported, of wood from the Spanish Armada, but it is nevertheless a handsome piece of work. Nathaniel Hawthorne found some congenial haunts in this part of London, and has described in his own fascinating manner this great hall: 'Truly it is a most magnificent apartment; very lofty, so lofty indeed, that the antique oak roof is quite hidden, as regards all its details, in the sombre gloom that broods under its rafters. The hall is lighted by four great windows on each of the two sides descending half-way from the ceiling to the floor, leaving all beneath enclosed by oaken panelling; which on three sides is carved with escutcheons of such members of the society as have held the office of reader. There is likewise in a large recess or transept a great window, occupying the full height of the hall, and splendidly emblazoned with the arms of the Templars who have attained to the dignity of Chief-Justices. The other windows are pictured in like manner, with coats of arms of members of the inn who have become judges; and besides all these there are arched lights high towards the roof, at either end full of richly and chastely coloured glass, and all the illuminations of the great hall came through those glorious panes, and they seemed the richer for the sombreness in which we stood. I cannot describe, or even intimate, the effect of this transparent glory, glowing down upon us in the gloomy depth of the hall.'

The New Library is a modern erection, containing about 30,000 volumes. The Hall of the Inner Temple is also a modern building, and was opened in 1870. The Temple Gardens are well kept, and annually the benchers hold a fine show of chrysanthemums. The roses have ceased to flourish here as they did in the days when Shakespeare laid in these gardens the scene of that plucking of the white and the red roses that led to so much bloodshed in the fifteenth century, between the great houses of York and Lancaster.

The references to the Temple in English literature from Chaucer downwards, and its associations with great names in English literature, as we shall see later on, are very numerous. Perhaps few of these references are so interesting, and none more musical, than that which Edmund Spenser introduces into the last complete poem he ever penned, his *Prothalamium*, or 'Spousall Verse,' in honour of the double marriage of Lady Elizabeth and Lady Katherine Somerset. It was written in 1596, and Spenser, very intimate with the whole neighbourhood from the fact that he had often stayed with his friend the Earl of Essex in his great mansion, of which the two lofty pillars at the end of Essex Street are a memento, represents the two brides under the image of two peerlessly white swans swimming slowly along the Thames.

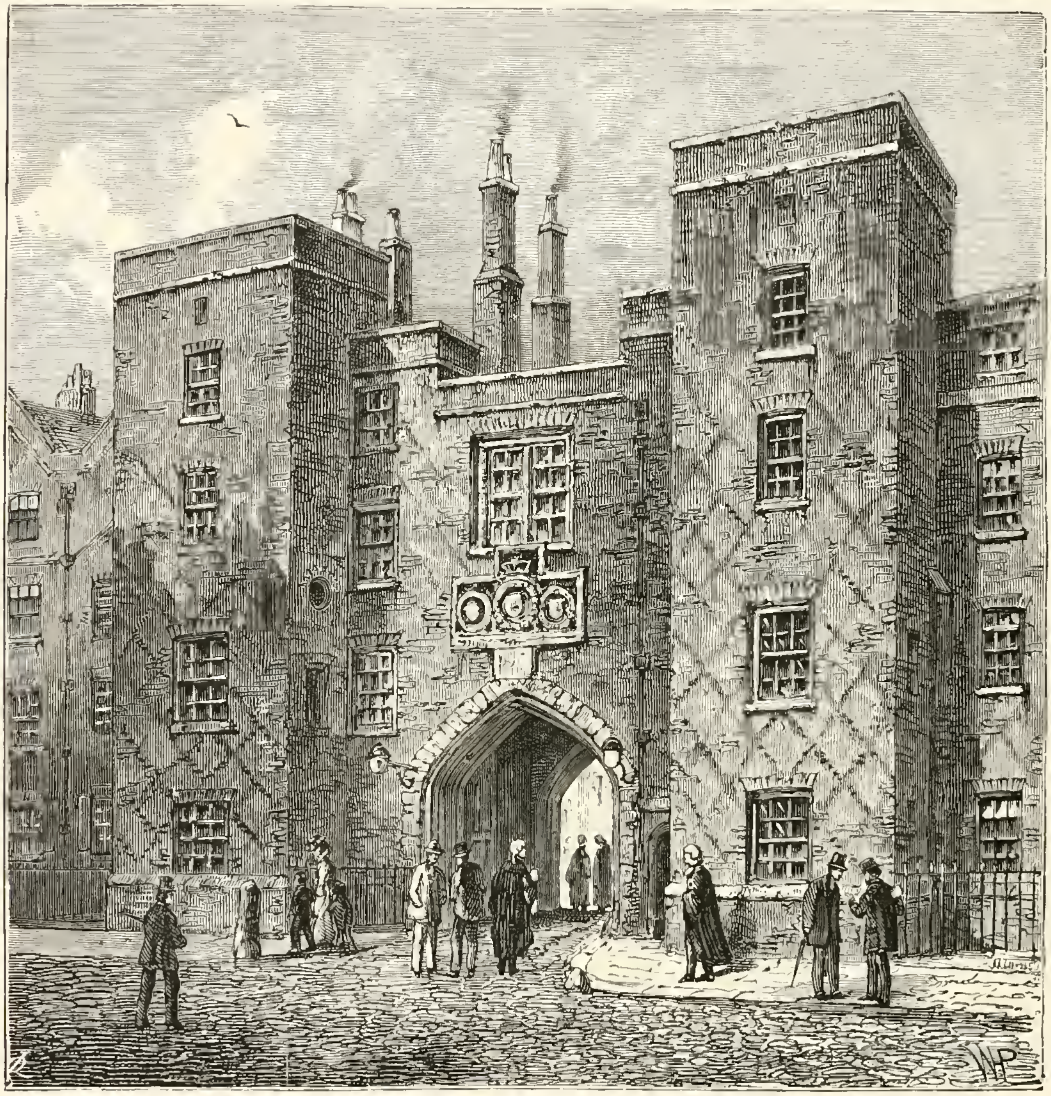
'At length they all to mery London came,
To mery London, my most kindly nurse,
That to me gave this Life's first native sourse,
Though from another place I take my name,
An house of anncient fame;
There when they came, whereas those bricky towres
The which on Themmes brode aged backe doe ryde
Where now the studious Lawyers have their bowers
There whilom wont the Templer Knights to byde
Till they decayd through pride:
Next whereunto there stands a stately place,
Where oft I gayned gifts and goodly grace
Of that great Lord, which therein wont to ease
Whose want too well now feeles my freendles ease;
But ah! here fits not well
Olde woes, but joyes, to tell
    Against the bridale daye, which is not long:
    Sweete Themmes! runne softly, till I end my Song.'

Nearly opposite the Fleet Street entrance to Middle Temple Lane is another famous street, renowned for its legal associations—Chancery, or as it used to be called, Chancellor's Lane. Here abound those who deal in wigs, in strong boxes, and in law books; here abound those huge piles of buildings which have sprung up during the last twenty years, full of offices for solicitors and others connected with the busy legal life of London, and here are still to be found some venerable and noted buildings. Immediately behind St. Dunstan's Church is situated what used to be known as Serjeants' Inn, the members deriving their name from the old Knights Templars' title of *Freres Serjens* or *Fratres Servientes*, as the serving brethren were called in the preceptories of that Order. Formerly the membership was confined to judges and serjeants-at-law, it having been the rule prior to the Judicature Act of 1873, that a man must have become a serjeant before he could be made a judge. But in 1877, as a result of the great legal changes made by the 1873 Act, the members sold their Inn and appropriated the sum received therefor. Very near this old Inn stood Clifford's Inn, approached from Fetter Lane. It was in the Hall of this Inn that Sir Matthew Hale and seventeen other judges adjudicated upon the numerous and delicate and complicated property claims arising out of the Great Fire, and so well did they accomplish their work that their portraits were painted for posterity, and are still to be seen in the Guildhall. A short distance up Chancery Lane, on the eastern side, an archway admits to the dingy old court-yard in which are situated the Rolls Court and Chapel. The office of Master of the Rolls dates from Edward the Third's reign, and until recent years these functionaries lived here. The ancient house in which the Masters used to reside still stands, and is partly occupied by offices. Like so many other bits of old London, it is living a threatened life, there being some talk of utilizing the site for an extension of the Record Office. The tiny Chapel dates from 1617, and was built by Inigo Jones. It is still used for service on Sundays, and is disfigured by some of the ugliest pews that London can now show. It contains one or two good monuments of the Stuart period, but its chief glory is a magnificent specimen of Torregiano's work—the Italian artist to whom we owe the tomb of Henry VII.—in the tomb of Dr. John Yonge, Master in the reign of Henry VIII. This tomb deserves a better fate than the dingy obscurity in which it now resides. The Earl of Strafford was born in Chancery Lane in 1593, and from 1627 to 1644 Izaak Walton lived in an old house at the western corner of Fleet Street.

On the western side of Chancery Lane, about midway between Holborn and Fleet Street, is the ancient gateway, bearing the date 1518, leading into Lincoln's Inn, so called because it stands upon ground once occupied by the Earl of Lincoln's mansion. As Cromwell's secretary, John Thurloe, had rooms on the ground floor of No. 24, Old Buildings, the great Protector doubtless often passed in under this old gateway, and Sir Thomas More, Shaftesbury, Sir Matthew Hale, Thurlow, Mansfield, and Erskine, were all members of this Inn. Concealed behind a false ceiling of Thurloe's room were accidentally discovered the letters and correspondence of Thurloe with Cromwell and the Parliamentary leaders, and which now constitute the valuable documents known as the 'Thurloe Papers.' The chapel dates from the reign of James I., and stands upon arches which form a crypt where lawyers and clients used to meet. The stained glass windows are very rich in colouring, and there is some fine oak carving. The very large and exceedingly handsome hall and library were built by Hardwicke in 1843–45, and opened by the Queen. The library is the oldest in London, dating from 1497, and contains about forty thousand volumes, including the best law library extant. It is very rich in legal MSS. Like the Temple, Lincoln's Inn has a fine garden.

Beyond the Inn to the west is Lincoln's Inn Fields, one of the largest and pleasantest squares in London. At No. 13 is the Soane Museum, which contains a valuable and varied collection of works of art, including Hogarth's series of pictures—the Election and the Rake's Progress—twelve in all. It was in this great square that Babington and other conspirators concerned in the plots on behalf of Mary Queen of Scots were executed in 1586, and here in 1683 was perpetrated one of the worst judicial murders that have ever occurred in English history—the execution of William, Lord Russell.

The fourth great legal centre—Gray's Inn—is situated in Holborn, on the north side, just opposite Chancery Lane. It was originally the residence of the family of Gray of Wilton. The hall dates from 1560. It is a very fine example of ancient work, vastly superior to the old hall of Lincoln's Inn, and little, if any, inferior to that of the Middle Temple. A portrait of Queen Elizabeth hangs in this hall, and her memory is always celebrated in a special manner on grand occasions. The gateway opening in Holborn

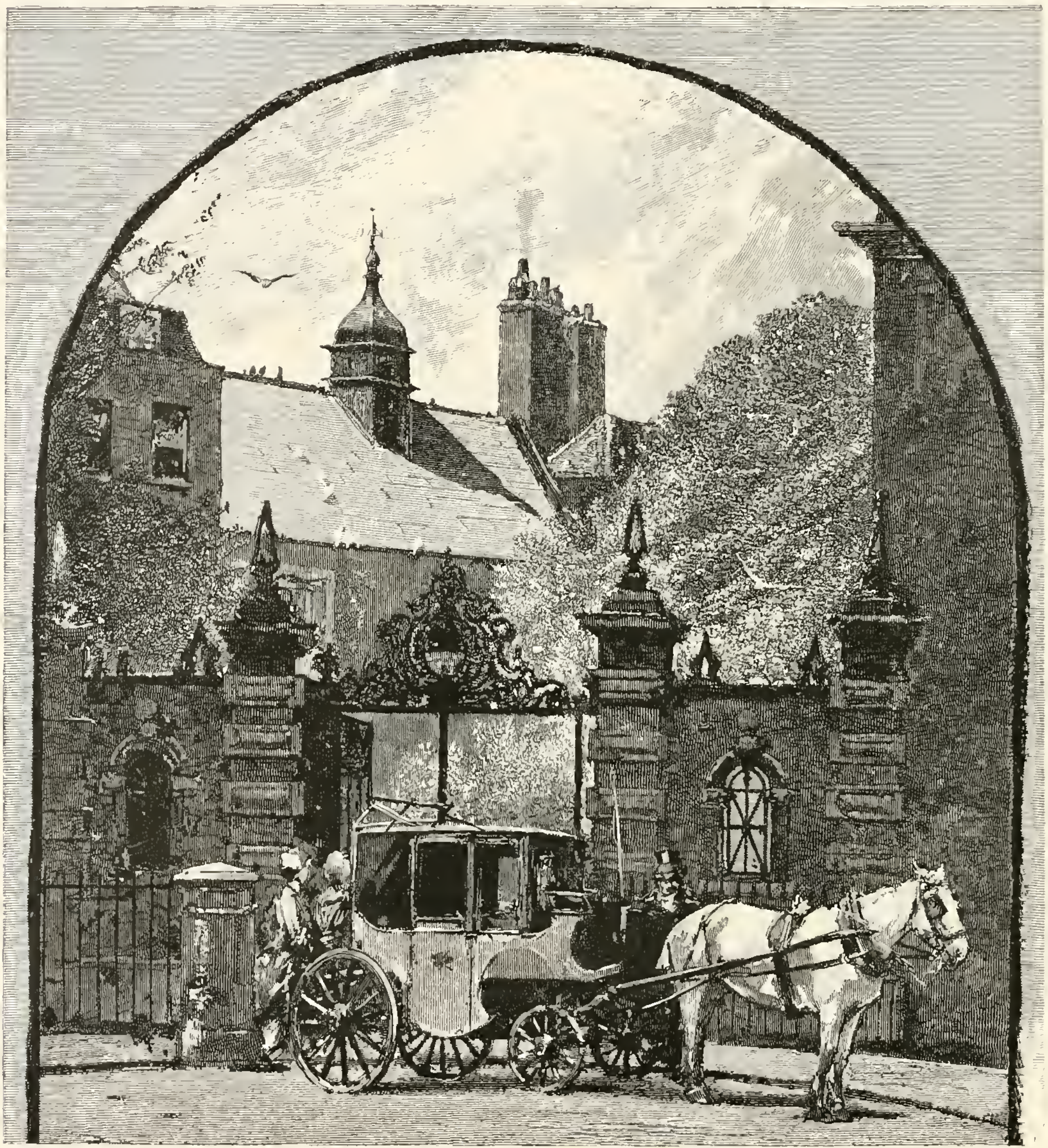


The Chancery Lane Gate of Lincoln's Inn.

dates from the beginning of the seventeenth century, and at the beginning of the eighteenth the well-known bookseller, Jacob Tonson, had his shop at 'Gray's Inn Gate.' The gardens were at one time a place of fashionable resort. Here, in 1662, Pepys came with his wife after church time to observe the fashions of the ladies, as his wife was then bent upon making some new dresses. Among the famous men who were members of this Inn, may be mentioned Gascoigne, Chief Justice in the reign of Henry IV.; Thomas Cromwell, Henry the Eighth's great minister; Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester; Lord Burleigh, Archbishop Laud, Sir Nicholas Bacon, and Lord Bacon, who here wrote the *Novum Organum.*

In addition to the four Inns of Court, there were also several Inns of Chancery. These were nurseries, so to speak, for the great Inns, the students being in a sense law undergraduates, who only attained their full dignity on being admitted into the great legal institutions. All of these have now ceased to have any official connection with law except that barristers continue to reside in them. Of Furnival's Inn, Sir Thomas More was once reader, and Dickens was residing there when he wrote the *Pickwick Papers.* Barnard's and Staple Inn are still among the quietest nooks in London. In Holborn, directly opposite Gray's Inn Lane, stands one of the most picturesque groups of old houses yet remaining in modern London. In the centre of this pile of ancient houses is an old arched doorway. The great thoroughfare is nearly always noisy with traffic and thronged with hurrying foot passengers, not one in a hundred of whom either glance at or give a moment's thought to the fine old London dwellings that have looked down upon so many hurrying, worried, and toiling generations. But pass through the old doorway, and you are at once in a different world. 'Far from the madding crowd,' you seem to have stepped back into the last century, and to have found in the heart of the world's busiest city a haven of rest and of peace. Here is a picture of the scene drawn for us by Nathaniel Hawthorne, although it is only just to observe that the fact of there being a thoroughfare from Southampton Buildings, on which the gateway shown in the engraving opens, through the Inn to Holborn, somewhat disturbs the quiet sleepiness of the Inn during business hours. 'I went astray in Holborn through an arched entrance, over which was "Staple Inn," and here likewise seemed to be offices; but in a court opening inwards from this there was a surrounding seclusion of quiet dwelling-houses with beautiful green shrubbery and grass plots in the court, and a great many sunflowers in full bloom. The windows were open, it was a lovely summer afternoon, and I have a sense that bees were humming in the court, though this may have been suggested by my fancy, because the sound would have been so well suited to the scene. A boy was reading at one of the windows. There was not a quieter spot in England than this, and it was very strange to have drifted into it so suddenly on passing through the arch of the outer court. In all the hundreds of years since London was built, it has not been able to sweep its roaring tide over the little island of quiet.'

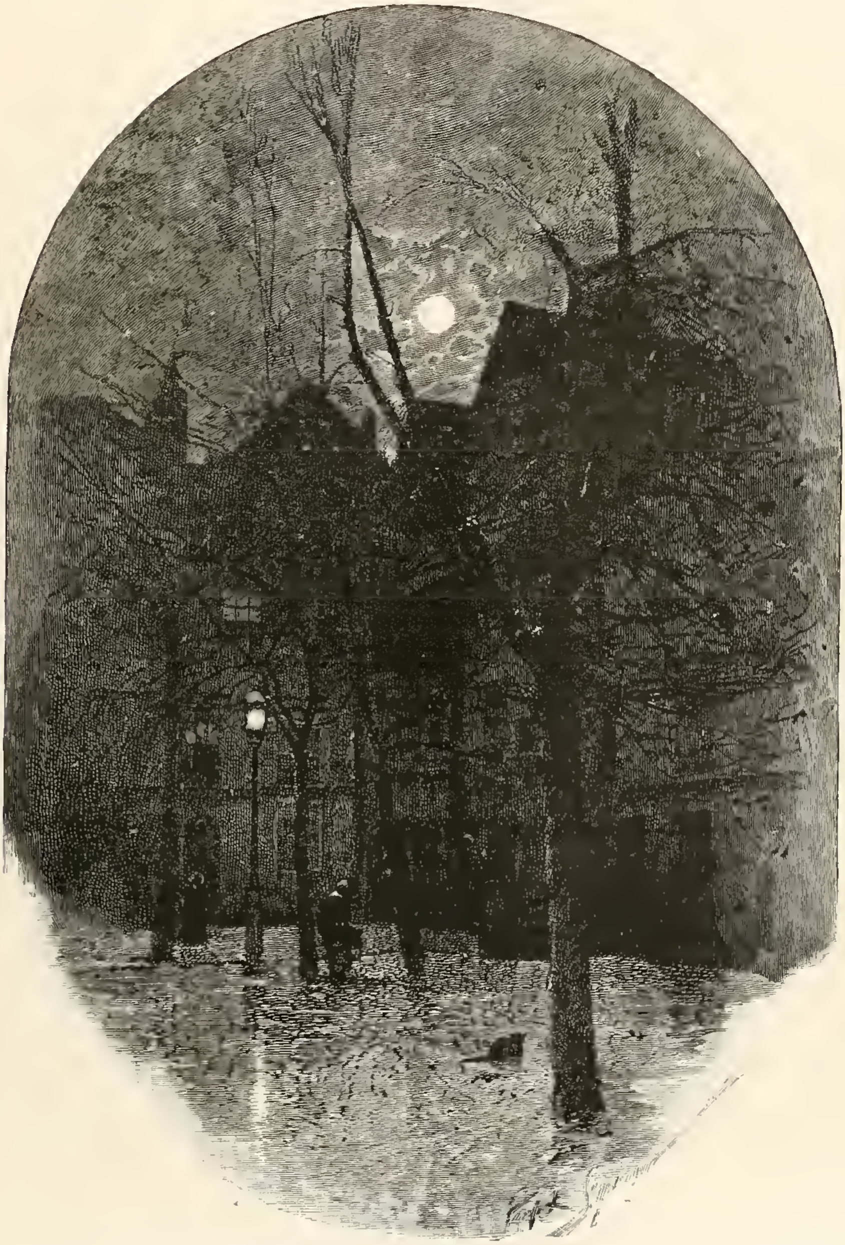
The traditional origin of the name is that in very remote times an



Staple Inn from Southampton Buildings.

hostelry of the woolstaplers stood on this site. However this may be, since the days of Henry V. it has been an Inn, and since 1529 it has been associated with Gray's Inn.

A little nearer Holborn Viaduct is a narrow doorway, over which is written 'Barnard's Inn.' Entering and passing down a narrow passage, you come upon a tiny old hall, thirty-six feet long and twenty-two feet wide, the roof supported by ancient oak beams. Like Serjeants' and Furnival's Inns, this has ceased to have any corporate capacity. The inner court, of which we give an engraving, is used for residential chambers, and while by no



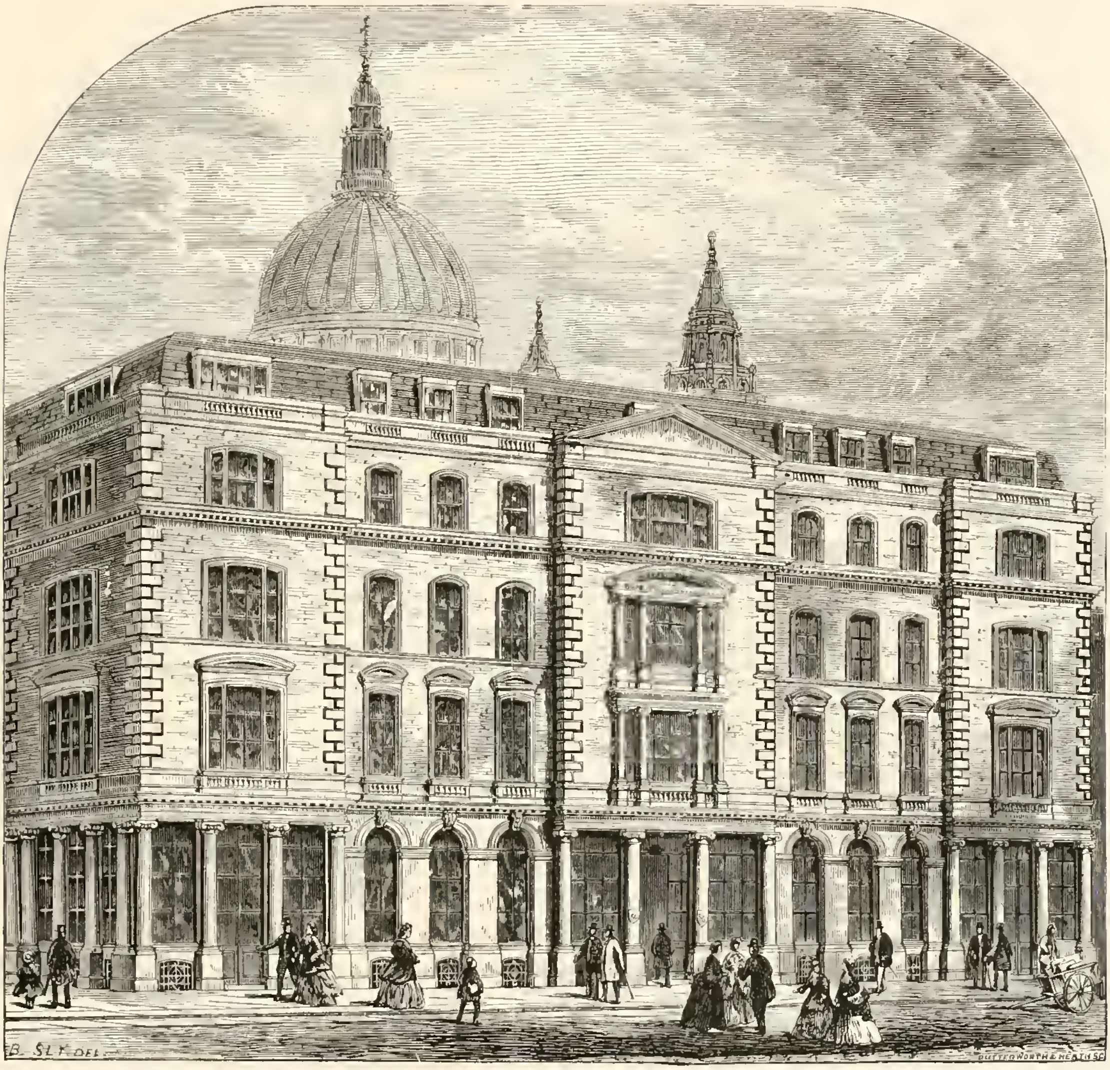
BARNARD'S INN.

means the cheeriest spot, although one of the quietest in London, it yet does not merit now, and possibly never did, the severe description given of it in *Great Expectations* as 'the dirtiest collection of shabby buildings ever squeezed together in a rank corner as a club for tom-cats.'

Important and interesting as the whole region over which we have thus rapidly skirmished is from the legal point of view, it is equally so when examined in search of mementoes and associations connected with the men who have made for themselves famous names in English literature. The development of London has swept away many old literary landmarks, and there is scant sympathy on the part of the modern business spirit with the sentiment that an old house, rich in the memories of a great man, is a better possession than a hideously ugly seven-storey erection, crammed with offices of the smallest dimensions, great though the annual rental of the latter may be. It is useless, probably, under existing circumstances, to expect private owners to sacrifice large sums under any such feeling ; and before our governments—who squander millions upon military and naval experiments that often prove only the foolishness of the officials and committees which initiate them, while they starve as far as possible such institutions as the British Museum—can be educated up to the point of seeing that the purchase and preservation of historic buildings is a legitimate use of national revenue, most, if not all of the buildings it is desirable to preserve will have been swept away.

The number of men and women in London whose whole time and energy are devoted to various literary pursuits is already very large, and is increasing. The number of those who with a certain amount of leisure on their hands, and under the idea that they have sufficient literary skill to justify them in putting pen to paper, is also, alas! to judge from an editorial point of view, rapidly increasing. It is equally true that the number of readers is rapidly growing. Opinions may and do differ as to the present Board School system, but there can be no denial of the fact that it has done much to raise the general level of intelligence, and that it has enormously increased the reading public in Great Britain. All the more needful, then, is it that those whose work in life it is to provide the food for this appetite should strive to secure that it shall be wholesome, attractive, and elevating. Much is being done in this direction by the daily and weekly press of London which centres in and about Fleet Street. The achievements of the newspaper press are among, and deservedly among, the marvels of this generation. It is, however, competent for the lover of his country to hope that the daily press, and certain portions of the weekly, may be able to do much more in the way of encouraging the higher class of literature, even if to do this necessitates abbreviating the accounts of current horse-racing, or the curtailment of the nauseous details of the latest fashionable divorce suit.

The current literature of the day still centres in a tolerably well-defined district, Paternoster Row. Here, or close at hand, are to be found the great publishing houses, like Longmans, Cassell's, and the Religious Tract Society, and great book distributing houses like the recently combined firms of Simpkin, Marshall & Co., W. H. Kent & Co., and Hamilton, Adams & Co.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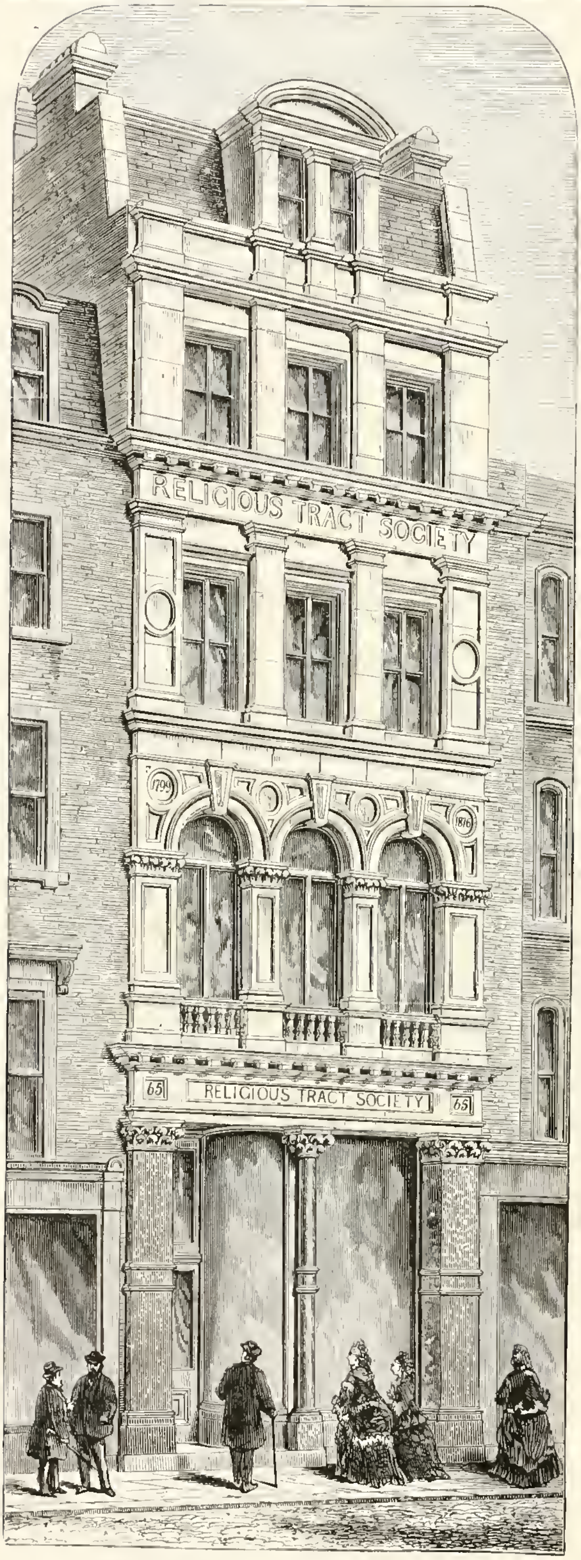
BUTTERWORTH & HEATH SC.

THE PUBLISHING DEPÔT OF THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY, AT NO. 56 PATERNOSTER ROW.

But here again the altered conditions of London life are also tending to diffusion, and great publishers are now found dotted over the whole area from St. Paul's to John Murray's, in Albemarle Street. As a good illustration of the development of modern publishing we may refer to the great society which issues this volume and the series to which it belongs. It was founded in 1799, and hence has not yet lived a century, in 56 Paternoster



THE RETAIL DEPARTMENT OF THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY, NO. 65 ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD.

Row. It was founded for the publication, distribution, and sale of religious tracts and books. In the early years of its life the transactions on both the business side and the missionary or free circulation side were small. But it has developed until now the general catalogue is a volume, there are books upon its list the sales of which can be numbered by the ten thousand, and in some cases even by the hundred thousand, and the magazines sent out monthly from its depot have not only in the past been among the pioneers of pure and healthy periodical literature, but are also to-day well holding their own in the fierce competition of modern sixpenny magazines.

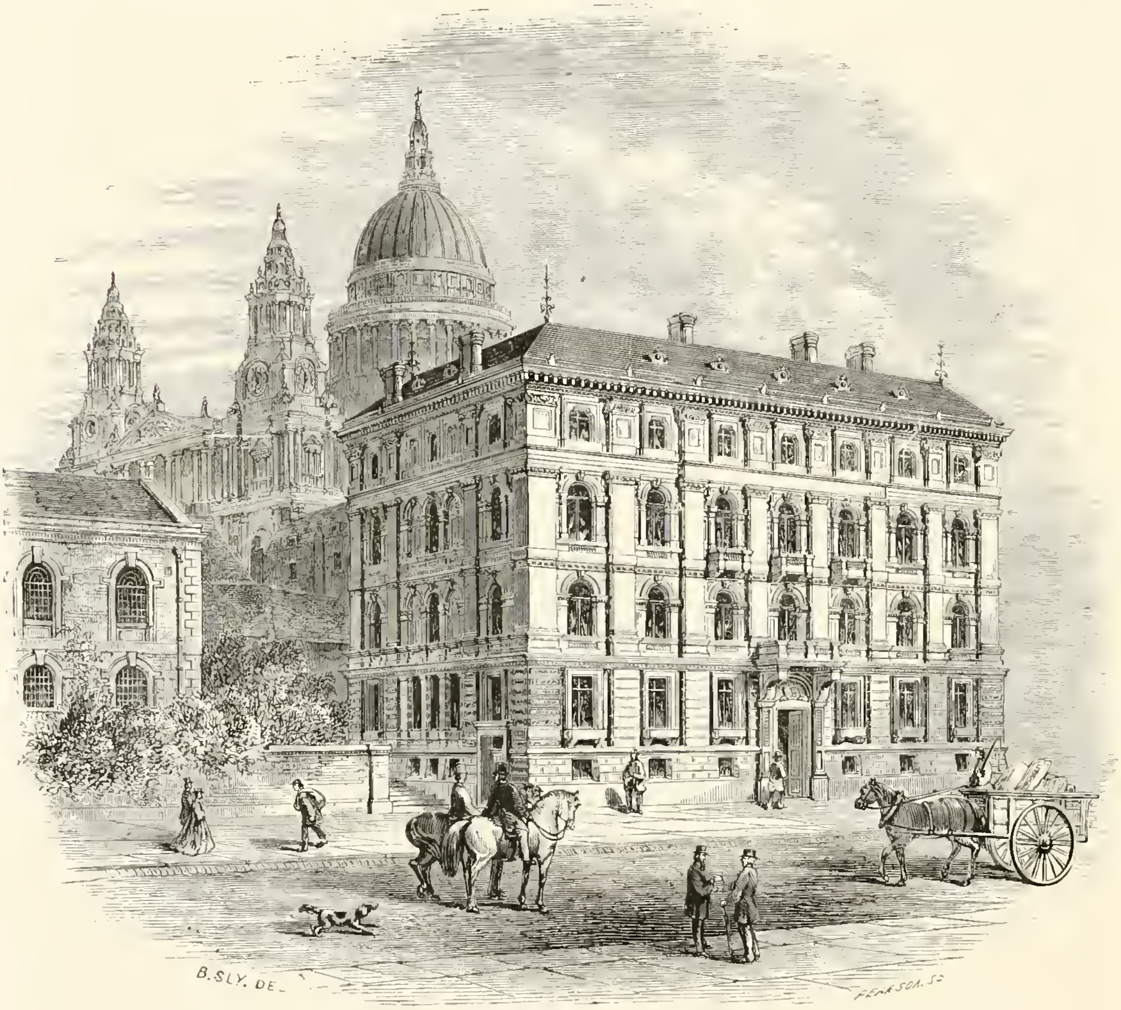
The following facts are quoted as an illustration of the enormous scale on which the publishing of to-day goes forward. Although the Society is one of the largest, it is yet only one out of many publishing houses situated in the world-renowned Paternoster Row. During the year closing March 31, 1889, the Society issued 62,696,190 separate publications. Of these 25,840,900 were tracts and leaflets and 1,054,990 bound books. The income from the business amounted to £183,952, and from subscriptions, legacies, and donations £17,829. The *missionary* work of the Society consists of the circulation, either free or at a greatly reduced price, of books, tracts, and various publications at home, and direct literary assistance to nearly, if not quite, all the missionary societies working among the heathen. This is given in the way of money grants, large quantities of paper on which to print books and magazines, electrotypes to illustrate them, and various publications specially prepared for missionary work in nearly two hundred different languages and dialects. Upon this work the Society during the last year spent £44,486, that is £16,855 *more* than it received. This fact proves how baseless was the long since exploded idea that the subscriptions to the Society rendered it able to compete unfairly with the ordinary publisher. The truth is that the Society is more heavily weighted than the ordinary publisher. It is not simply a publishing house, able to issue any literature which will find a ready market. It exists to preach the Gospel by means of the printed page, and the constant aim of its publications is to set forth the way of salvation through faith in Jesus Christ by the inward working of the Holy Spirit. Moreover, the business pays the entire working expenses of both departments of the Society, and the profit remaining is generally nearly or quite equal to the free contributions of the Christian public in any given year. Thus the Society is the largest contributor to its own missionary enterprises, a result due to the enormous increase in the number of readers and to the successful way in which the officers of the Society for nearly a century have provided the kind of literature needed.

Our illustrations represent the premises of the Society, and also those of the British and Foreign Bible Society, another great religious literary enterprise, originated by the founders of the Religious Tract Society, and directly springing out of that good work. The Bible Society last year issued 3,677,204 copies of the whole or portions of the Bible in 290 different languages and dialects, and its total income from all sources was £113,870.

There are extant few, if any, houses in London now remaining associated with such great names as those of Chaucer, Caxton, and Shakespeare. With regard to the last, we know where certain buildings were situated with which he was connected, but there are only three still standing with which Shakespeare was familiar, and within which we may well believe him to have been, possibly many times. These are the Middle Temple Hall, where it may be considered certain that he witnessed the performance of *Twelfth Night*, already referred to; Crosby Hall, in Bishopsgate Street, which was occupied by the mother of his friend, Pembroke, and which the great dramatist has introduced into *Richard III.*; and St. Saviour's, Southwark, the church in which his brother Edmund was buried. Shakespeare was associated with Blackfriars Theatre, a site commemorated in the name Play-House Yard, and said to be now occupied by Apothecaries Hall; with the Globe Theatre, which stood on part of the site now occupied by Barclay and Perkins' Brewery; and the Mermaid Tavern, which stood in

Cheapside, and where he used to meet Ben Jonson, and other wits of his time.

Mr. W. J. Loftie, in his admirable *History of London*, thus refers to the great poet: 'The connection of William Shakespeare with Southwark is one of the most unquestionable facts in his biography. There was a second inn called the Boar's Head, in the High Street, immediately opposite the east end of St. Saviour's Church. His brother Edmund was buried in the church in 1607. His theatre was the "Gloabe upon Banckside," to which reference has already been made. Close to it, but rather more to the westward, was the Rose, another theatre. A little further in the same direction were two "pits," for bear-baiting and bull-baiting, and the locality is still, or was very lately, known as the Bear Garden, and is so marked on many maps. Another old name still extant is that of the Falcon Dock,

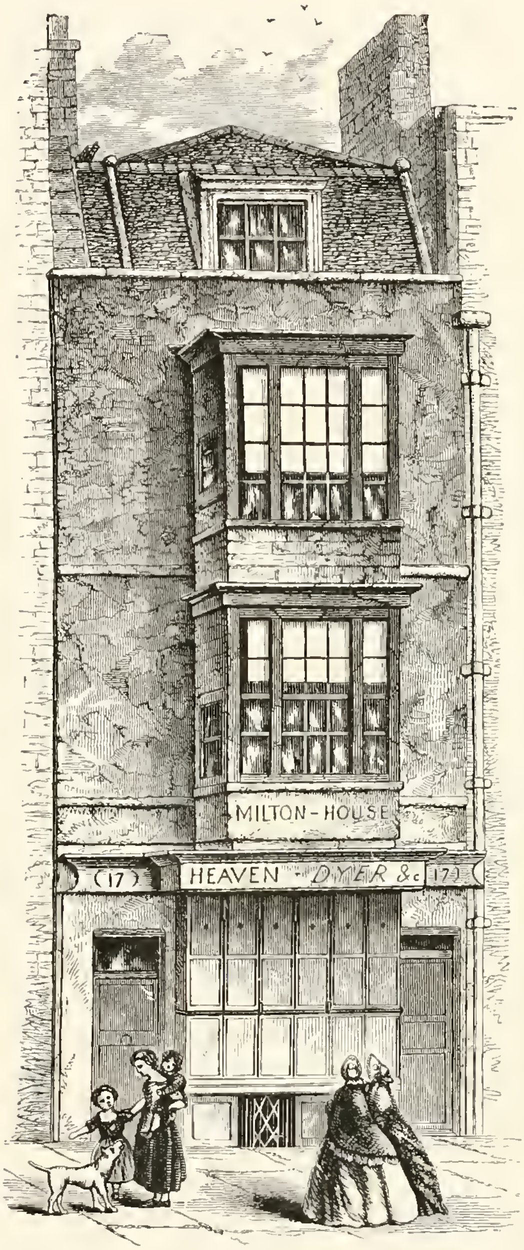


The Offices of the British and Foreign Bible Society in Queen Victoria Street.

close to which stood the Falcon Tavern, which is said to have been patronised by Shakespeare and his company. Paris Garden was exactly on the spot now covered by the southern approaches of Blackfriars Bridge. If the modern visitor, therefore, wishes to identify the place where Shakespeare played, he cannot do better than take the train from Charing Cross to Cannon Street, and when he has crossed the line of the Chatham and Dover Railway, he is in the region of Bankside. Looking toward the river, he will see St. Peter's Church, immediately beyond which, a little to the right, were the bull and bear pits. The train then crosses the Southwark Bridge Road, on the left hand side of which, looking from the railway, is Barclay and Perkins' Brewery. It covers the site, not only of the Globe, but also of the Rose, the Hope, and various other places of a similar kind, which existed here from before Shakespeare's time until all theatres were abolished by the Commonwealth.'

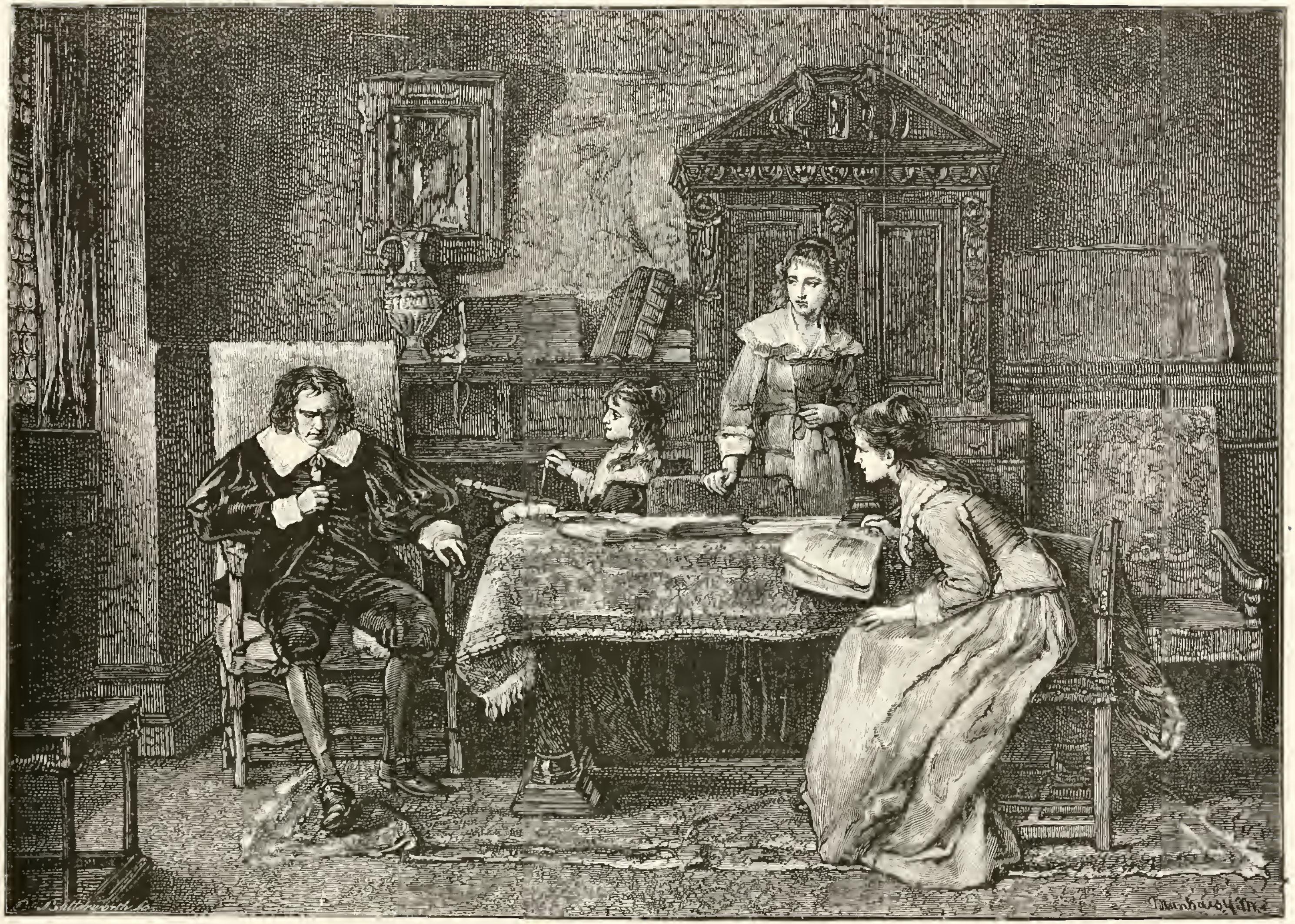
The engraving on page 48 shows the kind of house Michael Drayton, one of Shakespeare's contemporaries, lived in. No. 186 Fleet Street was the actual house, the front of which has been restored, that of its neighbour presenting much the same appearance now as when Ben Jonson frequented the Devil Tavern, which stood between the entrance to the Temple and Temple Bar, and upon the site of which, in 1788, the Child's Bank premises were built. Fuller records of him: 'He helped in the structure of Lincoln's Inn, where, having a trowel in his hand, he had a book in his pocket.' Tradition holds that it was upon the gate in Chancery Lane, still (1890) in existence—though also living a threatened life—and represented on page 206, that Jonson worked as a bricklayer. Belonging to an earlier generation, John Fox, the martyrologist, is connected with one of the loftiest geniuses that have enriched English poetry, and with a street not now desirable for its literary associations. Fox wrote his noted work when living in Grub Street, now Milton Street, situated in the parish of St. Giles's, Cripplegate, between Fore Street and Chiswell Street, and defined by Dr. Johnson: 'Grub Street, the name of a street in London much inhabited by writers of small histories, dictionaries, and temporary poems; whence any mean production is called "Grub Street."' Fox is also said to have held the living of St. Giles', and is buried in the church, where lie also the remains of John Milton, poet, statesman, scholar, and Puritan, a man who belonged to London by birth, by education, and by the fact that he spent in it most of his days, and that there the bulk of his life work was accomplished.

In Bread Street, Cheapside, was situated the Spread Eagle, as the house was called in which he was born, December 9th, 1608, and in Allhallows' Church, represented on page 32, he was baptized on December 20th. He, like the old gossip Samuel Pepys, received his early education at St. Paul's School, in the buildings swept away by the Great Fire. After his



Milton's House in the Barbican (pulled down in 1864).

university training and Continental travel he lodged in St. Bride's Churchyard, the back of the office of *Punch* is said now to occupy the site. This was in 1640. Not liking the neighbourhood, he migrated to Aldersgate Street, but no trace of that house remains. It was to this house that, in 1643, he brought his bride, Mary Powell, she being seventeen, he thirty-five, the discrepancy in age being nearly sufficient of itself to account for a good deal of what followed. In 1645 he removed to a house in the Barbican; thither his wife, after a two years' separation, returned to him. In 1647 he removed to Lincoln's Inn Fields, and then, while Latin Secretary to the Council of State, 1649–1652, he lived at Charing Cross and in Whitehall. In 1652 he removed to a house in Petty France, Westminster, now No. 19 York Street, Westminster. Here Milton lived for eight years, and in later days it was occupied by William Hazlitt. It was here that the great affliction of his life came upon him, the partial gradually changing into total darkness. Here his wife died, leaving him a widower with three daughters, Anne, Mary and Deborah, the eldest eight, the second six years old, and the third an infant. In 1656 he married Catherine Woodcock, but fifteen months later she died. 'Fancy,' writes Milton's great biographer, Masson, 'in the house in Petty France, the blind father, a kind of stern King Lear, mostly by himself, and the three young things pattering about as noiselessly as possible at their own will, or in charge of some servant! It was to be tragic in the end both for him and for them.' At the Restoration, Milton retired into hiding in Bartholomew Close, and after his pardon in December, 1660, he dwelt first



Milton and his Daughters.

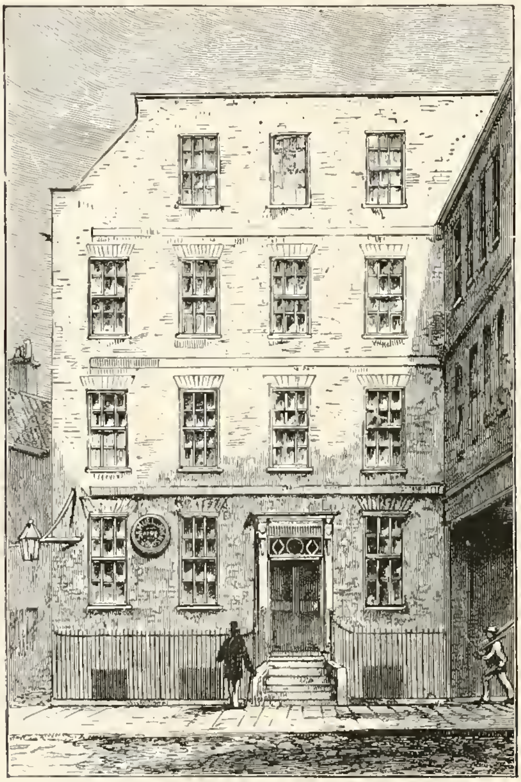
near Red Lion Square and then in Jewin Street, neither house having been identified. Here he lived—

> 'On evil days now fallen, and evil tongues,
> In darkness, and with dangers compassed round,
> And solitude.'

Here, too, he bent his daughters to his needs. 'The eldest, the deformed one, could not write; the other two could write, but indifferently. But, though he can therefore hardly have employed them as amanuenses, he did exact from them attendance which they found irksome. When no one else was at hand he would make them, or at least the two younger, read to him; and by some extraordinary ingenuity in his method, or by sheer practice on their part, they came at last to be able to read sufficiently well for his purpose in Latin, Greek, Italian, French, Spanish, and even Hebrew, without themselves understanding a word.' A life like this being satisfactory to none concerned, Milton married a third time in 1662, and not long after moved to 'Artillery Walk, leading to Bunhill Fields,' to a house in what is now Bunhill Row. Here he dictated *Paradise Lost.* 'His favourite attitude in dictating was sitting somewhat aslant in an elbow-chair, with his leg thrown over one of the arms. He would dictate his verses, thirty or forty at a time, to any one that happened to be at hand; but his two younger daughters, Mary and Deborah, whom he had by this time perfected in the art of reading to him in all languages without understanding what they read, had more than their share in such daily drudgery.' In this house he died on November 8th, 1674, and on November 12th he was buried in St. Giles', Cripplegate, attended to the grave by 'all his learned and great friends in London, not without a friendly concourse of the vulgar.'

John Bunyan was Milton's contemporary, and he also has associations with London. He often preached in the little meeting-house in Zoar Street, Southwark, and he died in 1688 at the house of a Mr. Strudwick, who lived 'at the Sign of the Star on Snow Hill.' His tomb is in Bunhill Fields Burying-ground, although controversy has arisen as to whether he was actually buried there. Not far from Bunyan lies a great man in English literature, like Milton a born Londoner, and like him too, but in a much less exalted position, associated with the Government of his day—Daniel Defoe, the author of immortal *Robinson Crusoe.* This book was written (probably) in a house in Stoke Newington which 'stood on the south side of Church Street, a little to the east of Lordship's Lane or Road.' This house was destroyed in 1875 and Defoe Street cut through the grounds. Defoe was born and died in the parish of St. Giles, Cripplegate, but none of the various houses in which he resided are known to be extant.

Those who love to repeople the London of the past ought to be grateful to such writers as Evelyn, Pepys, and Boswell. Through the diary of Pepys we see the London of Charles II. and James II., as it can be observed in no other production. To attempt to identify the various taverns and inns frequented by the noted gossip is both a hopeless and a useless task. But we can identify Seething Lane, though not the house to which, in 1660, he removed, and we still possess the Church of St. Olave's, Hart Street, in which he worshipped, and where he was buried. To indicate with any fulness the London associations of Goldsmith and Johnson, would be to write the literary history of their times. St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, still stands, and there, in 1737, Johnson worked for *The Gentleman's Magazine*. At No. 17 Gough Square he dwelt from 1748 to 1758, and there he began the *Rambler* and finished his *magnum opus*, the Dictionary. Thence he went in succession to Staple Inn, where he wrote *Rasselas*, thence to Gray's Inn, and thence to Inner Temple Lane. It was at 8 Russell Street, Covent Garden, that the first fateful meeting between Johnson and Boswell took place. From 1765 to 1776 he occupied No. 7 Johnson's Court, Fleet Street, and while living here began his friendship with the Thrales. In 1776 he removed to No. 8 Bolt Court, and there died on December 13th, 1784. This house was destroyed soon after his death. In 1764 Dr. Johnson and Sir Joshua Reynolds founded the club which used to meet at the Turk's Head Tavern, and which for some years had no name, but after Garrick's death was called the Literary Club. It consisted originally of nine members, most of whom became famous men: Dr. Johnson, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Edmund Burke, Dr. Nugent, Mr. Beauclerk, Mr. Langton, Oliver Goldsmith, Mr. Chamier, and Sir John Hawkins.

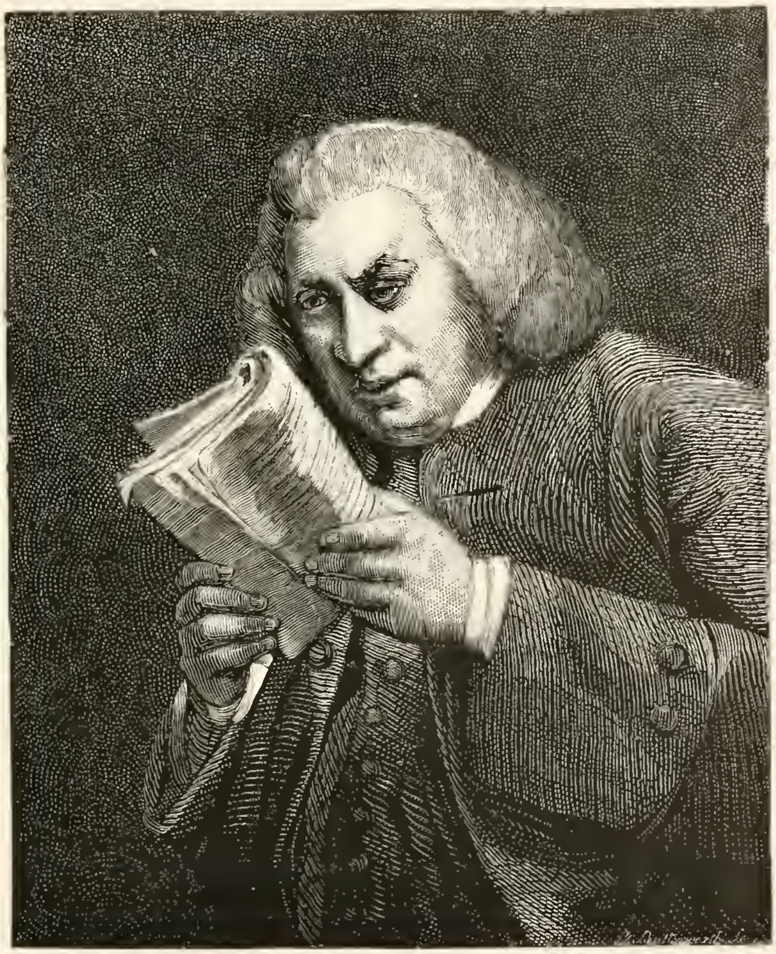


Dr. Johnson's House, No. 17 Gough Square

Inseparably associated with Dr. Johnson, nearly as much so as Boswell himself, is Oliver Goldsmith. Most of the houses associated with him have disappeared, and even the exact site of his grave is unknown. The school at Peckham, in which he was usher, No. 12 Green Arbour Court, No. 6 Wine Office Court, where the *Vicar of Wakefield* was written, have all disappeared, the house answering to the last description being later than

Goldsmith's day. In 1764 he lived at No. 2 Garden Court, Middle Temple, which has disappeared; but No. 2 Brick Court, Middle Temple, where he so recklessly spent the five hundred pounds he received for *The Good-Natured Man*, is still standing, very much the same as he left it. He was often at Canonbury House, of which the old brick tower still remains. He died on April 4th, 1774.

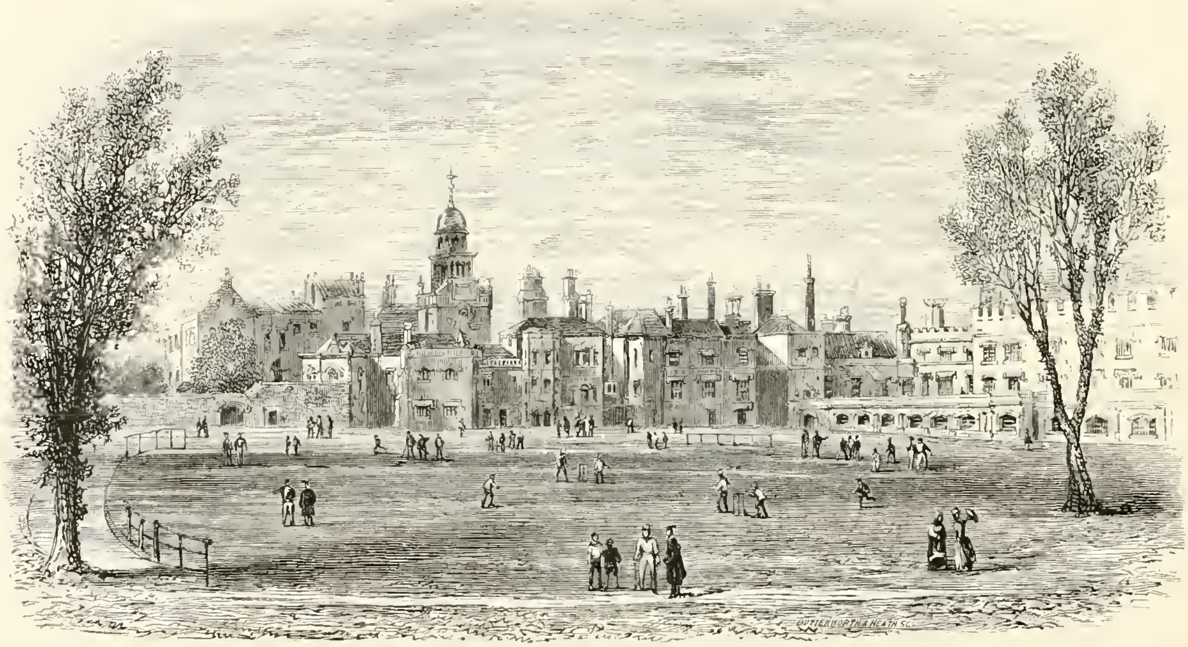
Coming still nearer to our own day, we have space for a few words only about three famous men — Charles Lamb, William Makepeace Thackeray, and Charles Dickens. They were all intimately acquainted with and fond of the great city. Lamb's life was mainly tragedy, and the greater part of it was spent in London. He was born in the Temple at Crown Office Row, part of which still remains as originally built in 1737. He was educated at Christ's Hospital, and after a brief career in the old South Sea House in Threadneedle Street, which stood upon the site of the present



Dr. Samuel Johnson.

building, he entered the East India Company's office in 1792. This pile of buildings was destroyed in 1862. It was at No. 7 Little Queen Street, Holborn, that his insane sister Mary murdered her mother and wounded her father. Holy Trinity Church now occupies the site of this house. In 1800 he returned to the Temple, remaining there for seventeen years. In 1823 he took No. 19 Colebrook Row, Islington, a house remaining much as it was in his day. In 1829 he removed to Enfield, and thence in 1832 to Edmonton, where in 1834 the faithful brother and genial friend and enchanting essayist passed to his rest. The sister to whom he had sacrificed his life lived until 1847.

Thackeray was educated at the Charterhouse, and his last public engagement was a dinner at his old school. He lived for some years at 10 Crown Office Row, in the Temple, a building since removed. From 1847 to 1853 he occupied No. 13, now No. 16, Young Street, Kensington, and here the literary work upon which his fame mainly rests was accomplished: *Vanity Fair*, *Pendennis*, *Esmond*, and part of the *Newcomes*. From 1853 to 1862 he lived at 36 Onslow Square, and in the latter year he moved to No. 2 Palace Green, Kensington, and here on Christmas Eve, 1863, he died.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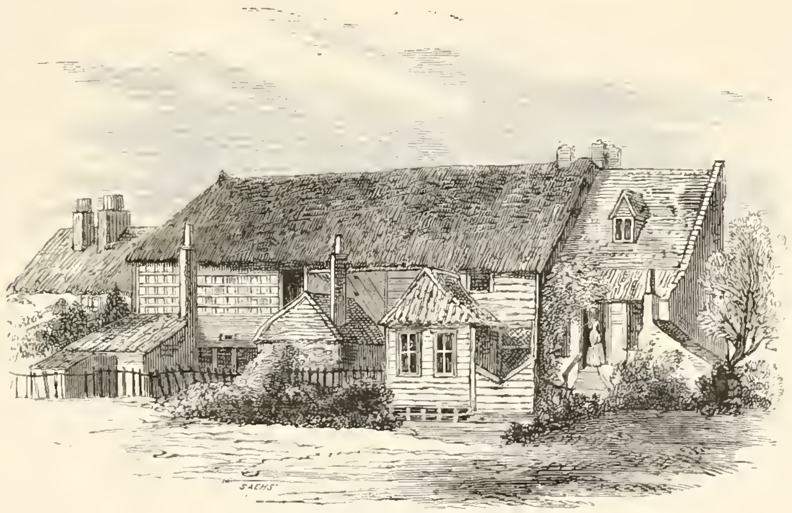
THE OLD CHARTERHOUSE. (NOW PARTLY DESTROYED.)

To trace the London homes and haunts of Charles Dickens would require a volume. It was, as already noted, in Furnival's Inn that *Pickwick Papers* was written, and there also he makes John Westlock, the lover of

Ruth Pinch, reside. No. 1 Devonshire Terrace, Regent's Park, was his home from 1839 to 1851, and here he wrote the most famous of his stories, notably *The Old Curiosity Shop*, *The Christmas Carol*, *The Chimes*, and *David Copperfield.* Here also died Grip, Barnaby Rudge's raven. In 1851 he moved to Tavistock House, Tavistock Square, and here wrote *Bleak House*, *Little Dorrit*, a story that embalms some of his own early troubles, *Hard Times*, and *A Tale of Two Cities.* Mr. Tulkinghorn's house in *Bleak House*, was that of Dickens's friend and biographer, Mr. Forster, and can still be seen as No. 58 Lincoln's Inn Fields. In 1860 he went to Gad's Hill, and thenceforward his only London home was at the office of *All the Year Round*, No. 26 Wellington Street, Strand. He began life under miserable conditions, his youth and early manhood were clouded, but by his native force, his keen appreciation of all that was genuine and good in human nature, and by his marvellous power of delineation, he gained a lasting affection from multitudes of his own day, as he probably will from generations yet to come. When, in 1870, he passed away, the power of public feeling demanded for him a last resting-place in the great Abbey where so many of the men who have mightily swayed English life by the pen rest from their labours. 'Close under the bust of Thackeray,' writes Stanley, in his *Memorials of Westminster Abbey*, 'lies Charles Dickens, not, it may be, his equal in humour, but more than his equal in his hold over the popular mind, as was shown in the intense and general interest manifested at his grave. For days the spot was visited by thousands; many were the flowers strewn upon it by unknown hands; many were the tears shed by the poorer visitors.'



Zoar Chapel, Southwark.

CENTRAL CIRC
CHILDREN'S ROOM

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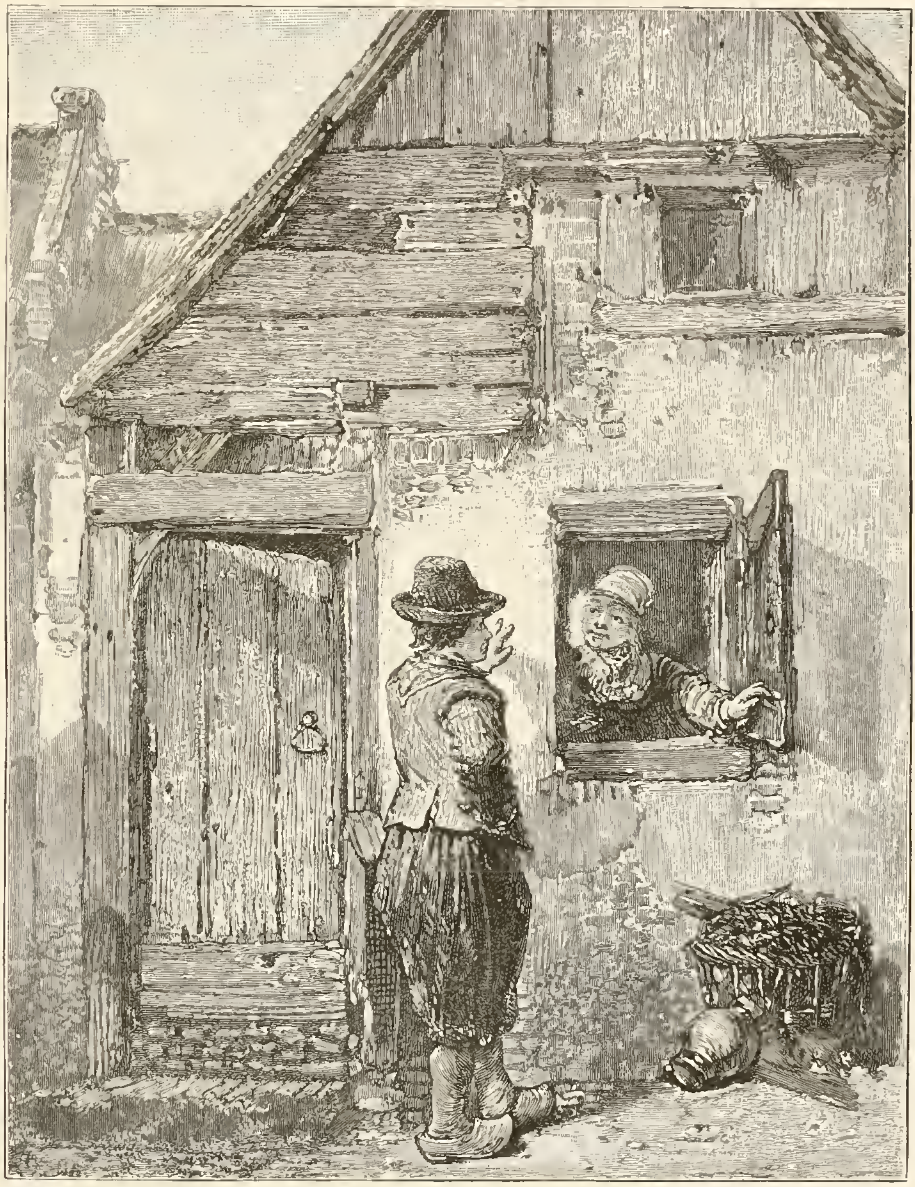

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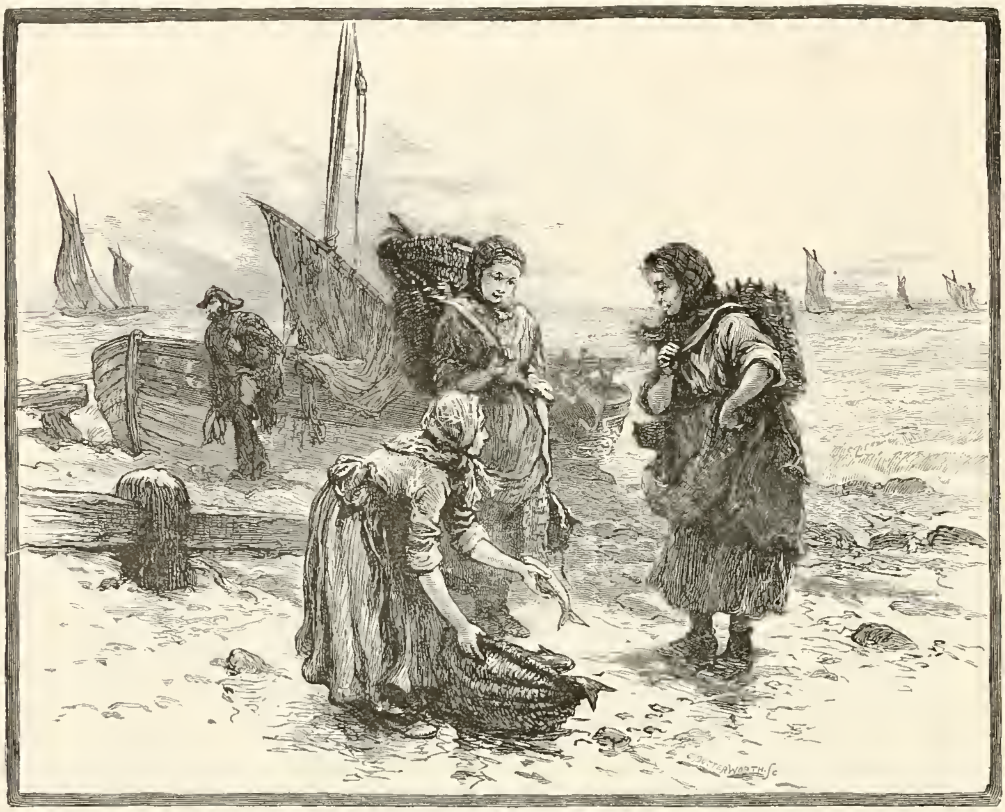

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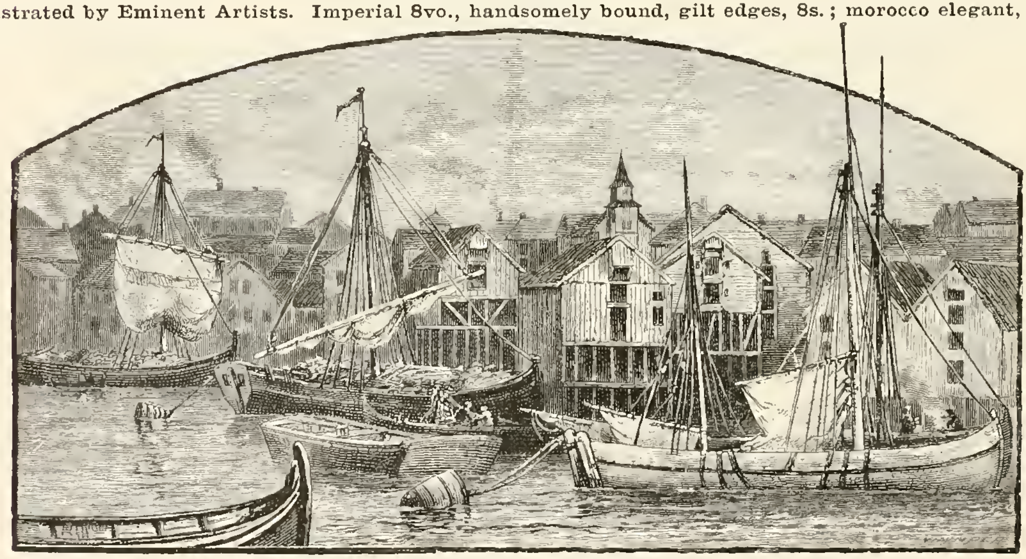

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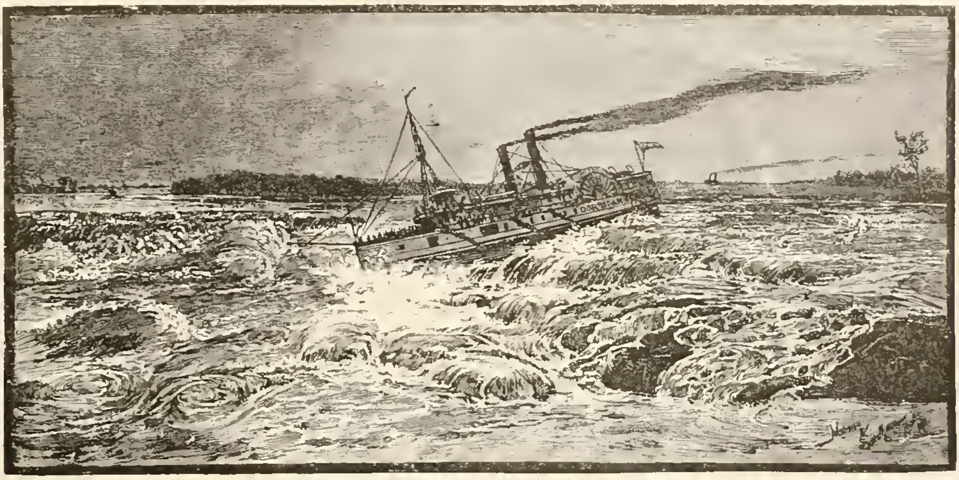

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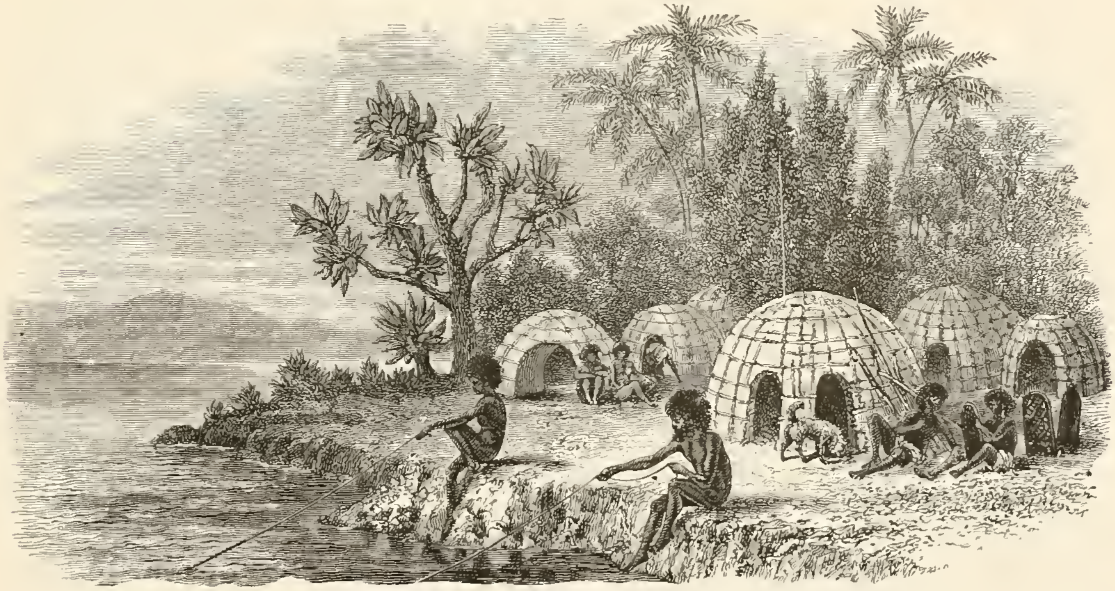

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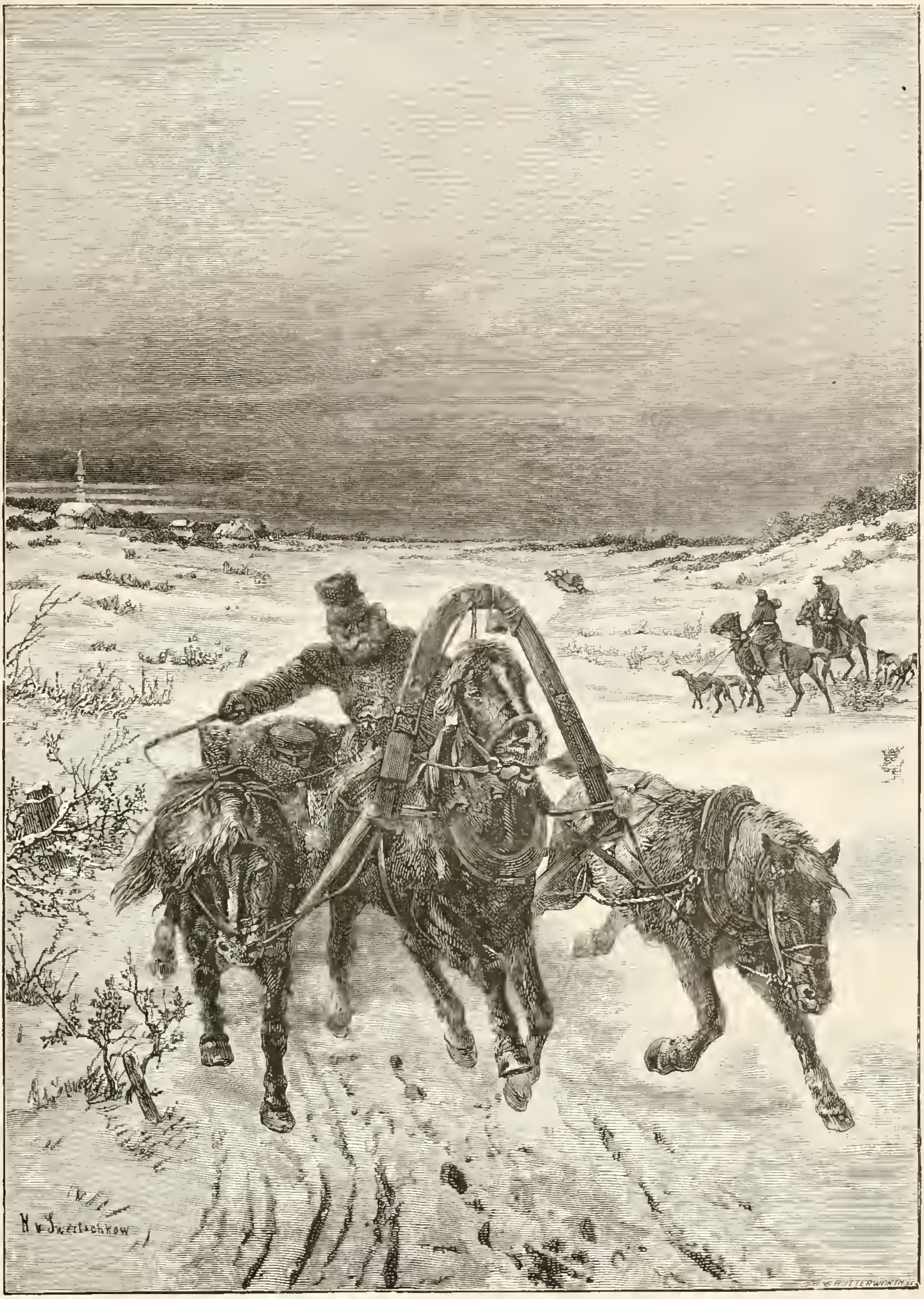
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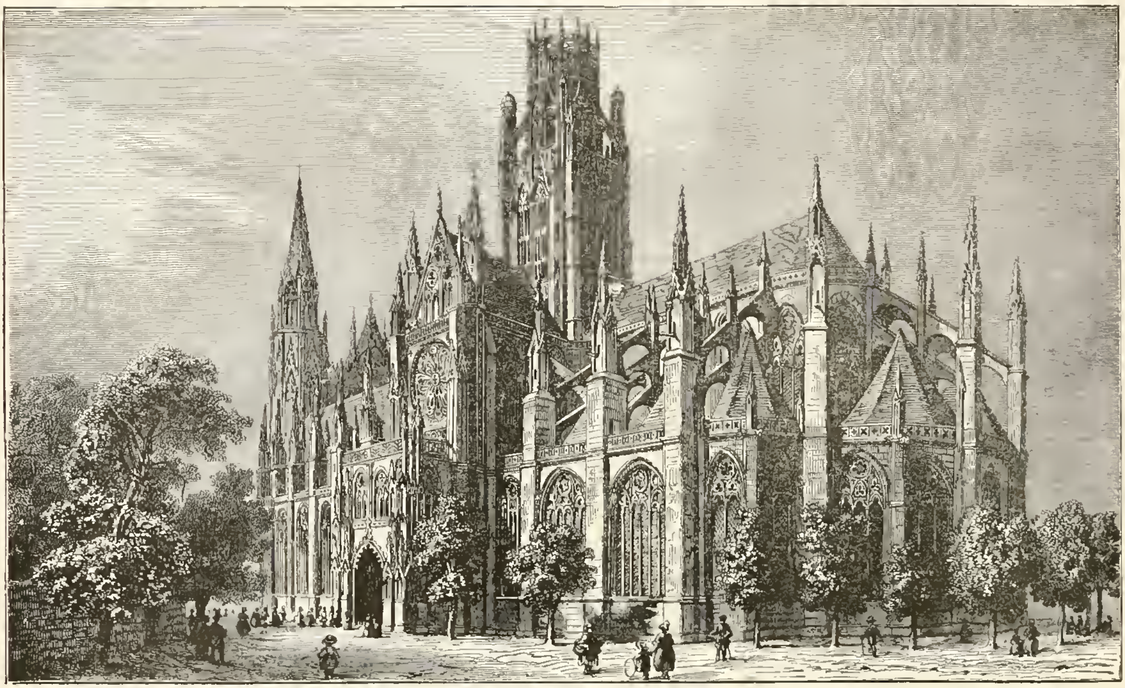

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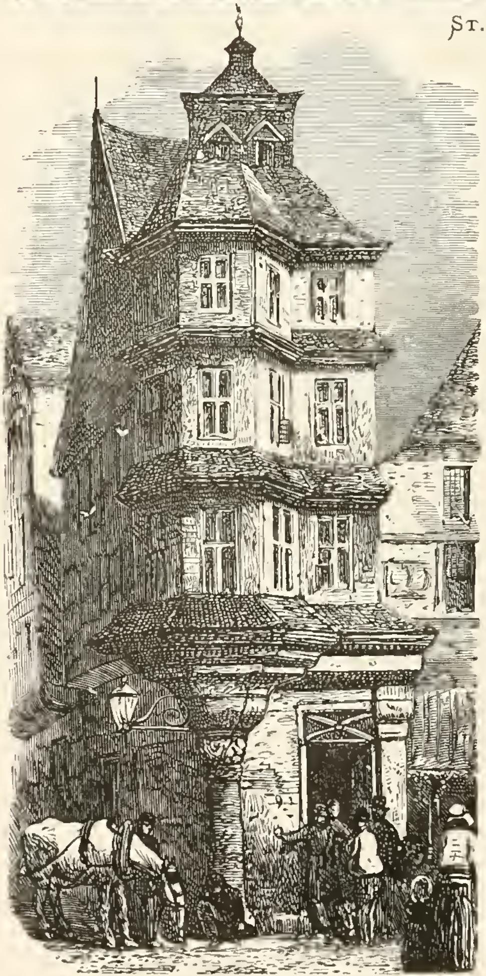

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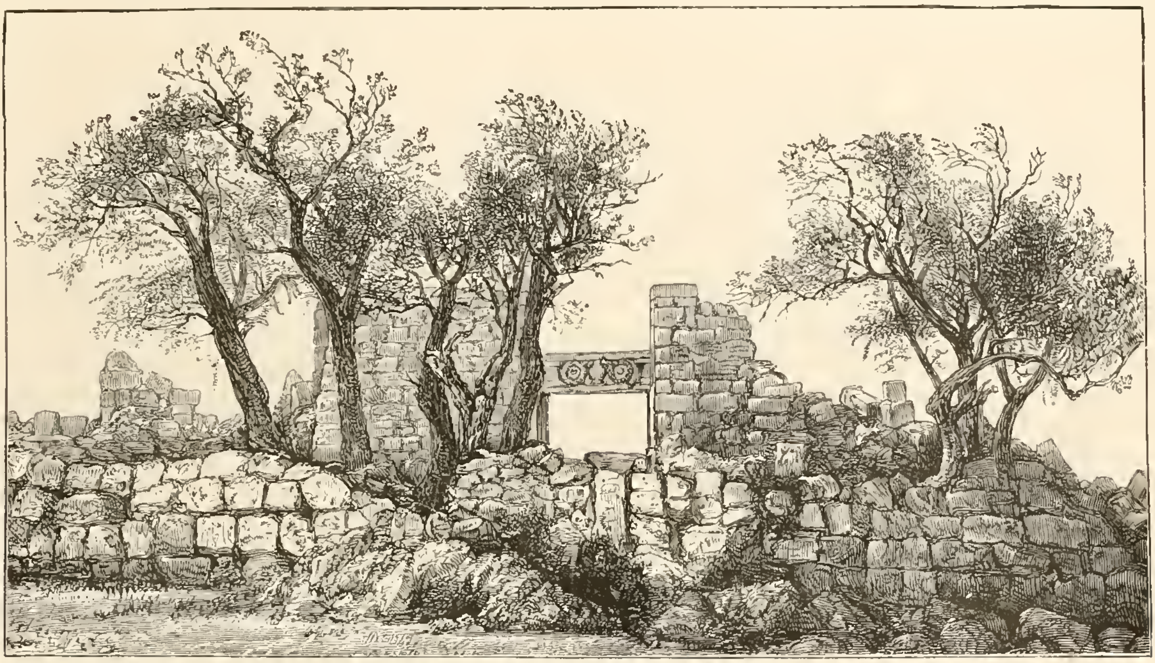

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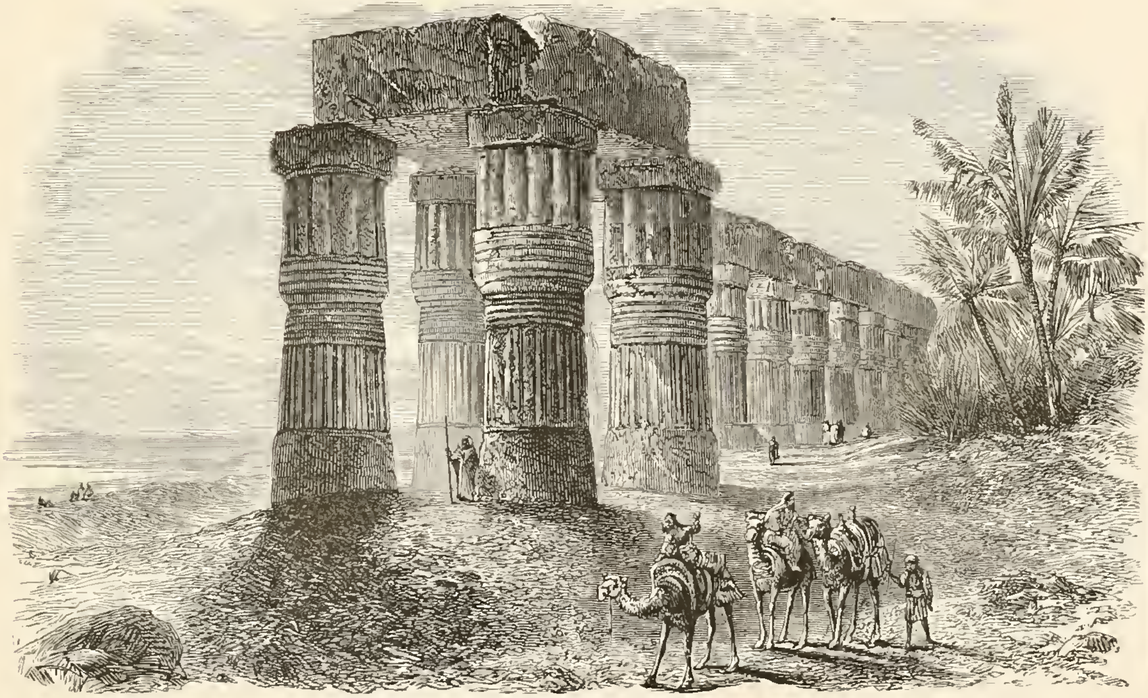

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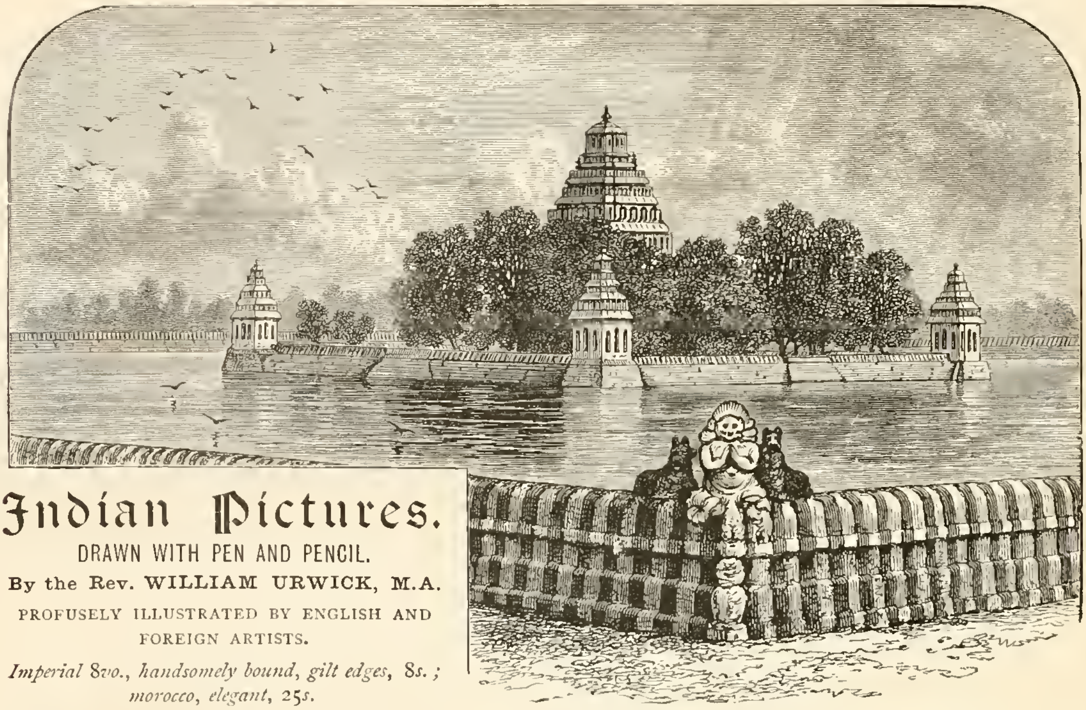

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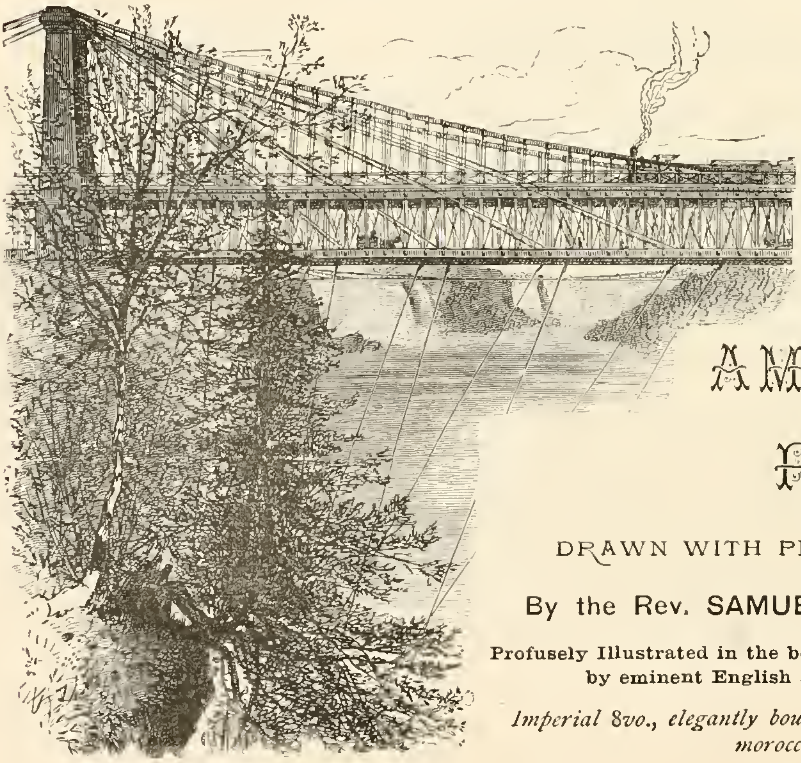

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